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# THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART II.



Vol II

1884



J. F. Campbell  
Middlesex Lodge,  
Kensington  
London W.

arrived Friday July 25 1884.

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J. T. Campbell  
of Stay  
319

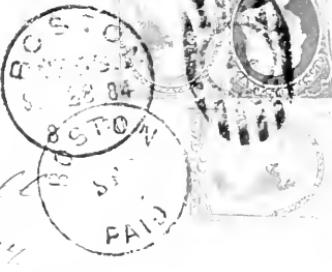
London,  
England.

Cambridge, Mass.  
1884

My dear Sir

Any desire of taking  
the information by you  
of such value that I might  
name of people who have had  
the hair then hand in the  
same kind of work. You  
will understand perfectly  
in entire pleasure the  
account you give of  
your health, we shall offer  
you nothing but the best

the Grade ballot could  
concentrate point I  
cannot believe that the  
British public could  
be committed to their  
value, or the British  
ballotster. I must confess  
that I shrink from the  
overall prospect albeit  
slightly more popular. A  
ballot box close enough  
specified as that of the  
West Highland Vale, and



J. L. Campbell  
of Stay  
19

Dear Mr.  
a couplet translation - England  
& Welsh said, & when  
you know I know  
regarding and what  
you do Salomon need  
there is, & an, the  
Miami Society, and this  
would be perfect  
any way also would  
sufficient for copies sufficient  
to publish a pamphlet. If  
I were over there, I would offer  
to see what matter for you

Since I can't work down

With your paper, to my  
source and school I am  
too busy about turning things  
to day to collect, both of the old  
and new, and like you to continue  
ballads. On costs of signs  
ought to afford a ballad or two.

You help to me do, been  
very successful, and I hope all  
might Sir Hugh Campbell  
as all that is connected.

Wishing that your projects  
health may be of the happiest  
I remain ever yours faithfully

J. G. Campbell, M.A.

J. A. Child



J. T. Campbell  
of Isleay

519

Widdry Lodge  
Kensington London W.  
England



THE

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART II



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK: 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*  
LONDON: HENRY STEVENS, 4 TRAFALGAR SQUARE

One Thousand Copies Printed.

No. .

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*The Riverside Press, Cambridge:*  
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

## ADVERTISEMENT

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I HAVE again to express my obligations and my gratitude to many who have aided in the collecting and editing of these Ballads.

To Sir HUGH HUME CAMPBELL, for the use of two considerable manuscript volumes of Scottish Ballads.

To Mr. ALLARDYCE, of Edinburgh, for a copy of the Skene Ballads, and for a generous permission to print such as I required, in advance of a possible publication on his part.

To Mr. MANSFIELD, of Edinburgh, for the use of the Pitcairn manuscripts.

To Mrs. ROBERTSON, for the use of Note-Books of the late Dr. JOSEPH ROBERTSON, and to Mr. MURDOCH, of Glasgow, Mr. LUGTON, of Kelso, Mrs. ALEXANDER FORBES, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. G. L. KITTREDGE and G. M. RICHARDSON, former students of Harvard College, for various communications.

To Dr. REINHOLD KÖHLER's unrivalled knowledge of popular fiction, and his equal liberality, I am indebted for valuable notes, which will be found in the Additions at the end of this volume.

The help of my friend Dr. THEODOR VETTER has enabled me to explore portions of the Slavic ballad-field which otherwise must have been neglected.

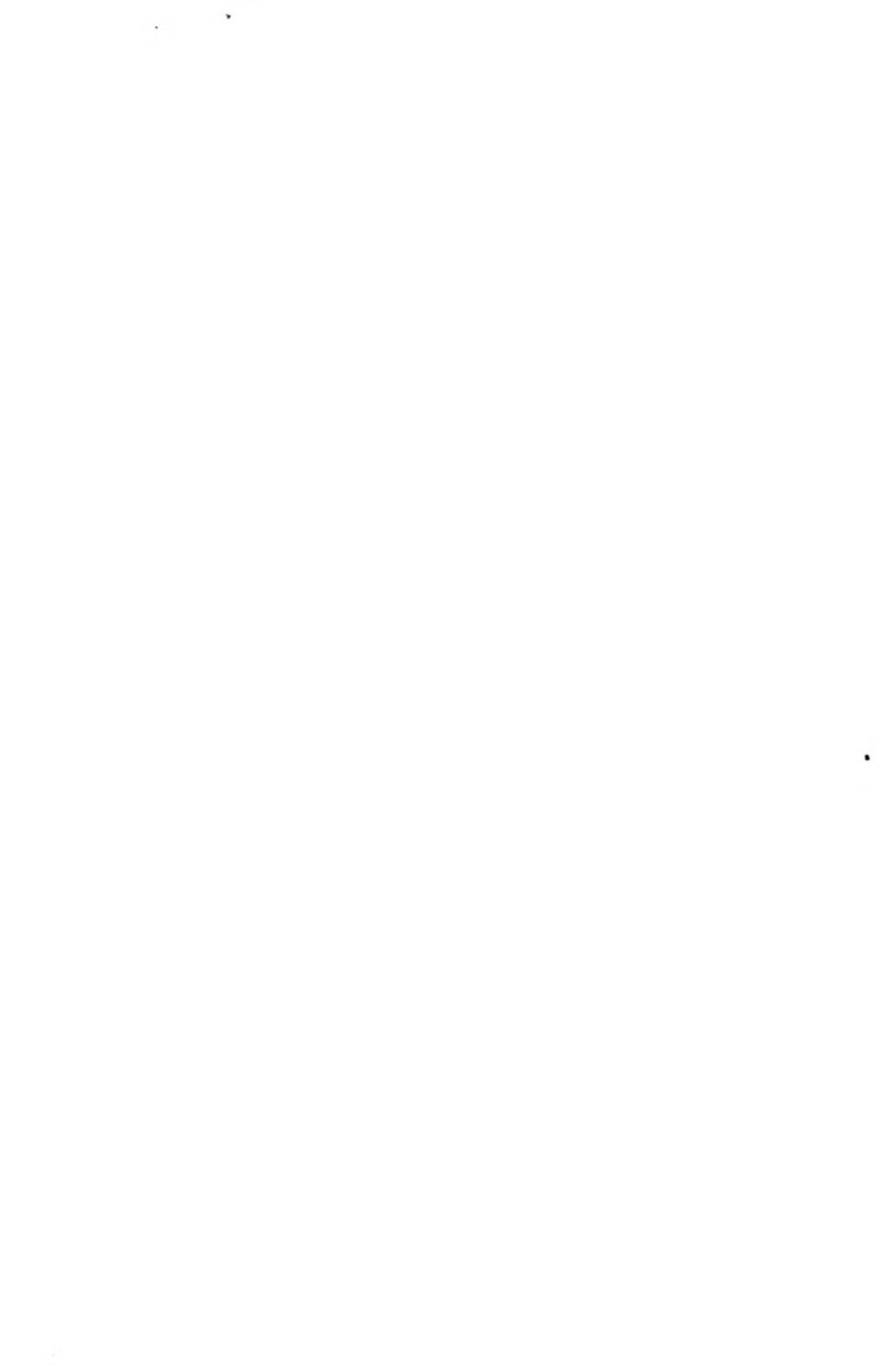
Professors D. SILVAN EVANS, JOHN RHYS, PAUL MEYER, and T. FREDERICK CRANE have lent me a ready assistance in literary emergencies.

The interest and coöperation of Mr. FURNIVALL and Mr. MACMATH have been continued to me without stint or weariness.

It is impossible, while recalling and acknowledging acts of courtesy, good will, and friendship, not to allude, with one word of deep personal grief, to the irreparable loss which all who are concerned with the study of popular tradition have experienced in the death of SVEND GRUNDTVIG.

F. J. C.

*June, 1884*



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## 29

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

Percy MS., p. 284. Hales &amp; Furnivall, II, 304.

THIS ballad and the two which follow it are clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as those which go before. They would come down by professional rather than by domestic tradition, through minstrels rather than knitters and weavers. They suit the hall better than the bower, the tavern or public square better than the cottage, and would not go to the spinning-wheel at all. An exceedingly good piece of minstrelsy 'The Boy and the Mantle' is, too; much livelier than most of the numerous variations on the somewhat overhandled theme.\*

Of these, as nearest related, the fabliau or "romance" of *Le Mantel Mautailié*, 'Cort Mantel,' must be put first: Montaignon et Raynaud, Recueil Général des Fabliaux, III, 1, from four manuscripts, three of the thirteenth century, one of the fourteenth; and previously by Michel, from the three older manuscripts,

\* After I had finished what I had to say in the way of introduction to this ballad, there appeared the study of the Trinkhorn- und Mantelsage, by Otto Warnatsch: *Der Mantel, Bruchstück eines Lanzelotromans, etc.*, Breslau, 1883. To this very thorough piece of work, in which the relations of the multiform versions of the double-branched story are investigated with a care that had never before been attempted, I naturally have frequent occasion to refer, and by its help I have supplied some of my deficiencies, indicating always the place by the author's name.

† The Bibliothèque des Romans, 1777, Février, pp. 112-115, gives an abstract of a small printed piece in prose, there assigned to the beginning of the sixteenth century, which, as Warnatsch observes, p. 72, must have been a different thing from the tale given by Legrand, inasmuch as it brings in Lancelot and Gawain as suppressing the jests of Kay and Dinadam.

‡ The custom of Arthur not to eat till he had heard of some adventure or strange news was confined to those days when he held full court, according to *Percival le Gallois*, II, 217, 15,664-71, and the *Roman de Percival*, fol. lxxxviii. It is mentioned, with the same limitations, I suppose, in the *Roman de Lancelot*, III, fol. lxxxii, and we learn from this

in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, p. 324. A rendering of the fabliau in prose, existing in a single manuscript, was several times printed in the sixteenth century: given in Legrand, ed. Renonard, I, 126, and before, somewhat modernized, by Caylus, 'Les Manteaux,' *Oeuvres Baudines*, VI, 435.†

The story in 'Cort Mantel' goes thus. Arthur was holding full court at Pentecost, never more splendidly. Not only kings, dukes, and counts were there, but the attendance of all young bachelors had been commanded, and he that had a *bele amie* was to bring her. The court assembled on Saturday, and on Sunday all the world went to church. After service the queen took the ladies to her apartments, till dinner should be ready. But it was Arthur's wont not to dine that day until he had had or heard-of some adventure; ‡ dinner was kept waiting; and it was therefore with great

last romance, I, fol. xxxvi, that Arthur was accustomed to hold a court and wear his crown five times in the year, at Easter, Ascension-day, Pentecost, All Saints, and Christmas. The *Roman de Merlin*, II, lv<sup>th</sup>; or, as cited by Southey, II, 48, 49, says that "King Arthur, after his first dinner at Logres, when he brought home his bride, made a vow that while he wore a crown he never would seat himself at table till some adventure had occurred." In Malory's King Arthur, Kay reminds the king that this had been the old custom of his court at Pentecost. Arthur is said to observe this custom on Christmas, "upon such a dere day," in Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Madden, p. 6, vv 90-99. Messire Gauvain says "a feste ne mangast, devant," etc., p. 2, vv 18-21. Wolfram von Eschenbach's Parzival does not limit the custom to high holidays, ed. Bartsch, I, 331, vv 875-79; and see Kibdarasigur, Parevals Saga, etc., ed. Kolbing, p. 26. Neither does Wigalois, vv 247-51, or a fragment of Daniel von Blumenthal, *Symbola ad literaturam Teutonicam*, p. 465, cited by Benecke, Wigalois, p. 436 f, or the Färöe Gallaars kvæði, Kolbing, in *Germania*, XX, 397. See Madden's Syr Gawayne, which has furnished much of this note, pp 310-12; Sonthey's King Arthur, II, 203, 462. Robin Hood imitates Arthur: see the beginning of the Little Gest.

satisfaction that the knights saw a handsome and courteous varlet arrive, who must certainly bring news; news that was not to be good to all, though some would be pleased (cf. stanza 5 of the ballad). A maid had sent him from a very distant country to ask a boon of the king. He was not to name the boon or the lady till he had the king's promise; but what he asked was no harm. The king having said that he would grant what was asked, the varlet took from a bag a beautiful mantle, of fairy workmanship. This mantle would fit no dame or damsel who had in any way misbehaved towards husband or lover; it would be too short or too long; and the boon was that the king should require all the ladies of the court to put it on.

The ladies were still waiting dinner, unconscious of what was coming. Gawain was sent to require their presence, and he simply told them that the magnificent mantle was to be given to the one it best fitted. The king repeated the assurance, and the queen, who wished much to win the mantle, was the first to try it on. It proved too short. Ywain suggested that a young lady who stood near the queen should try. This she readily did, and what was short before was shorter still. Kay, who had been making his comments unguardedly, now divulged the secret, and after that nobody cared to have to do with the mantle. The king said, We may as well give it back; but the varlet insisted on having the king's promise. There was general consternation and bad humor.

Kay called his mistress, and very confidently urged her to put on the mantle. She demurred, on the ground that she might give offence by forwardness; but this roused suspicion in Kay, and she had no resource but to go on. The mantle was again lamentably short. Bruns and Ydier let loose some gibes. Kay bade them wait; he had hopes for them. Gawain's *amie* next underwent the test, then Ywain's, then Perceval's. Still a sad disapp-

ointment. Many were the curses on the mantle that would fit nobody, and on him that brought it. Kay takes the unlucky ladies, one after the other, to sit with his mistress.

At this juncture Kay proposes that they shall have dinner, and continue the experiment by and by. The varlet is relentless; but Kay has the pleasure of seeing Ydier discomfited. And so they go on through the whole court, till the varlet says that he fears he shall be obliged to carry his mantle away with him. But first let the chambers be searched; some one may be in hiding who may save the credit of the court. The king orders a search, and they find one lady, not in hiding, but in her bed, because she is not well. Being told that she must come, she presents herself as soon as she can dress, greatly to the vexation of her lover, whose name is Carados Briebras. The varlet explains to her the quality of the mantle, and Carados, in verses very honorable to his heart, begs that she will not put it on if she has any misgivings.\* The lady says very meekly that she dare not boast being better than other people, but, if it so please her lord, she will willingly don the mantle. This she does, and in sight of all the barons it is neither too short nor too long. "It was well we sent for her," says the varlet. "Lady, your lover ought to be delighted. I have carried this mantle to many courts, and of more than a thousand who have put it on you are the only one that has escaped disgrace. I give it to you, and well you deserve it." The king confirms the gift, and no one can gainsay.

A Norse prose translation of the French fabliau was executed by order of the Norwegian king, Hákon Hákonarson, whose reign covers the years 1217-63. Of this translation, 'Möttuls Saga,' a fragment has come down which is as old as 1300; there are also portions of a manuscript which is assigned to about 1400, and two transcripts of this latter, made when it was complete, besides other less

\* 'Quar je vous aim tant bonelement,  
Que je ne vondroic savoir  
Vostre mesfet por nul avoir.  
Mieux en veuil je estre en doutance.'

Por tot le royanne de France,  
N'en vondroic jc estre cert;  
Quar qui sa bone amie pert  
Molt a perdu, ee m'est avis.' 818-25.

important copies. This translation, which is reasonably close and was made from a good exemplar, has been most excellently edited by Messrs Cederschiöld and Wulff, *Versions nordiques du Fabliau Le Mantel Mautailié*, Lund, 1877, p. 1.\* It presents no divergences from the story as just given which are material here.

Not so with the 'Skikkju Rímur,' or Mantle Rhymes, an Icelandic composition of the fifteenth century, in three parts, embracing in all one hundred and eighty-five four-line stanzas: Cederschiöld and Wulff, p. 51. In these the story is told with additions, which occur partially in our ballad. The mantle is of white velvet. Three elf-women had been not less than fifteen years in weaving it, and it seemed both yellow and gray, green and black, red and blue: II, 22, 23, 26. Our English minstrel describes these variations of color as occurring after Guenever had put the mantle on: stanzas 11, 12. Again, there are among the Pentecostal guests a king and queen of Dwarf Land; a beardless king of Small-Maids Land, with a queen eight years old; and a King Felix, three hundred years old, with a beard to the crotch, and a wife, tall and fat, to whom he has been two centuries married,— all these severally attended by generous retinues of pygmies, juveniles, and seniors: I, 28-35; III, 41. Felix is of course the prototype of the old knight patterning over a creed in stanzas 21-24 of the ballad, and he will have his representative in several other pieces presently to be spoken of. In the end Arthur sends all the ladies from his court in

disgrace, and his knights to the wars; we will get better wives, he says: III, 74, 75.

The land of Small-Maids and the long-lived race are mentioned in a brief geographical chapter (the thirteenth) of that singular gallimaufry the saga of Samson the Fair, but not in connection with a probation by the mantle, though this saga has appropriated portions of the story. Here the mantle is one which four fairies have worked at for eighteen years, as a penalty for stealing from the fleece of a very remarkable ram; and it is of this same fleece, described as being of all hues, gold, silk, *ok kolors*, that the mantle is woven. It would hold off from an unchaste woman and fall off from a thief. Quintalin, to ransom his life, undertakes to get the mantle for Samson. Its virtue is tried at two weddings, the second being Samson's; and on this last occasion Valentina, Samson's bride, is the only woman who can put it on. The mantle is given to Valentina, as in the fabliau to Carados's wife, but nevertheless we hear later of its being presented by Samson to another lady, who, a good while after, was robbed of the same by a pirate, and the mantle carried to Africa. From Africa it was sent to our Arthur by a lady named Elida, "and hence the saga of the mantle."† Björner, *Nordiska Kämpa Dater*, cc 12, 14, 15, 21, 22, 24.

There is also an incomplete German version of the fabliau, now credibly shown to be the work of Heinrich von dem Türlin, dating from the earliest years of the thirteenth century.‡ Though the author has dealt freely with his original, there are indications that

\* See also Brynjólfsson, *Saga af Tristram ok Ísönd, samt Möttuls Saga*, Udgøg, pp 318-26, Copenhagen, 1878. There is a general presumption that the larger part of the works translated for King Hákon were derived from England. C. & W., p. 47.

† That is, the current one. The Samson saga professes to supply the earlier history. Samson's father is another Arthur, king of England. An abstract of so much of the saga as pertains to the Mantle is given by Cederschiöld and Wulff, p. 90f. Warnatsch, p. 73f, shows that the Rímur and Samson had probably a common source, independent of the Möttulssaga.

‡ By Warnatsch, who gives the text with the corresponding passages of the fabliau in a parallel column, pp 8-54; the argument for Heinrich's authorship, pp 85-105. 'Der Mantel' had been previously printed in Haupt and Hoff-

mann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, II, 217, and by Müllenhoff in his *Altdeutsche Sprachproben*, p. 125. Of this poem, which Warnatsch, pp 105-110, holds to be a fragment of a lost romance of Lanzelet, written before the 'Crône,' only 994 verses are left. Deducting about a hundred of introduction, there are some 782 German against some 314 French verses, an excess which is owing, no doubt, largely to insertions and expansions on the part of Heinrich, but in some measure to the existing texts of the fabliau having suffered abridgment. The whole matter of the church service, with the going and coming, is dispatched in less than a dozen verses in the French, but occupies more than seventy in German, and just here we read in the French:

Ci ne vuel je plus demorer,  
Ni de noient fere l'oc conte,  
Si con l'estoire le racente.

this, like the Möttulssaga, was founded upon some version of the fabliau which is not now extant. One of these is an agreement between vv 574-6 and the sixth stanza of our ballad. The mantle, in English, is enclosed between two nut-shells; \* in German, the bag from which it is taken is hardly a span wide. In the Möttulssaga, p. 9, l. 6, the mantle comes from a püss, a small bag hanging on the belt; in Ulrich von Zatzikhoven's Lanzelet, from ein mæzigez teschelin, and in the latter case the mantle instantaneously expands to full size (Warnatsch); it is also of all colors known to man, vv 5807-19. Again, when Guenever had put on the mantle, st. 10 of our ballad, "it was from the top to the toe as sheeres had itt shread." So in "Der Mantel," vv 732, 733:

Unde [= unten] het man in zerissen,  
Oder mit mezzern zensnitten.†

The Lanzelet of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, dating from the first years of the thirteenth century, with peculiarities of detail and a partially new set of names, presents the outline of the same story. A sea-fairy sends a maid to Arthur with a magnificent gift, which

But possibly the last verse should be taken with what follows.

\* In Hahn, Griechische Märchen, No 70, II, 60 f., a walnut contains a dress with the earth and its flowers displayed on it, an almond one with the heaven and its stars, a hazel-nut one with the sea and its fishes. No 7, I, 99, a walnut contains a complete costume exhibiting heaven with its stars, a hazel-nut another with the sea and its waves. No 67, II, 33, an almond encloses a woman's dress with heaven and its stars on it, a hazel-nut a suit for her husband. In the Grinns' No 113, three walnuts contain successively each a finer dress than the other, II, 142 f., ed. 1857. There are three similar nuts in Haltrich, No 43, and in Volksmärchen aus Venetien, Jahrbuch für r. u. c. Lit., VII, 249, No 12. Ulrich's mantle is worked with all manner of beasts, birds, and sea monsters, on earth or under, and betwixt earth and heaven: Lanzelet, 5820-27.

† I cite the text according to Warnatsch. Warnatsch thinks it worth noticing that it is the queen only, in Mantel 771 f., as in our ballad, st. 14, that curses the maker of the mantle; not, as in the fabliau, the gentlemen whose feelings were so much tried. These, like the queen in the ballad, ont maudit le mantel, et célu qui li apporta.

‡ Not even for Gimvere hibsch unde guot, or Enite diu reine. The queen has always been heedful of her acts, and has never done anything wrong; doch ist sin an den gedachten missevarn, Heaven knows how. Ulrich is very feeble here.

is, however, conditioned upon his granting a boon. Arthur assents, and the maid takes, from a small bag which she wears at her girdle, a mantle, which is of all colors that man ever saw or heard of, and is worked with every manner of beast, fowl, and strange fish. The king's promise obliges him to make all the court ladies don the mantle, she to have it whom it perfectly fits. More than two hundred try, and there is no absolute fit.‡ But Iblis, Lanzelet's wife, is not present: she is languishing on account of his absence on a dangerous adventure. She is sent for, and by general agreement the mantle is, on her, the best-fitting garment woman ever wore. Ed. Hahn, vv 5746-6135.

The adventure of the Mantle is very briefly reported to Gawain, when on his way with Ydain to Arthur, by a youth who had just come from the court, in terms entirely according with the French fabliau, in Messire Gauvain, ou La Vengeance de Raguidel, by the trouvère Raoul, ed. Hippéau, p. 135 ff., vv 3906-55, and in the Dutch Laneelet, ed. Jonekbloet, Part II, p. 85, vv 12,500-527, poems of the thirteenth century. The one lady whom the mantle fits is in the latter

A remark is here in place which will be still more applicable to some of the tests that are to be spoken of further on. Both the French fabliau and the English ballad give to the mantle the power of detecting the woman that has once done amiss, a de rien messerre. We naturally suppose that we understand what is meant. The trial in the fabliau is so conducted as to confirm our original conception of the nature of the inquest, and so it is, in the case of Arthur's queen, Kay's lady, and the old knight's wife, in the ballad. But when we come to the charmingly pretty passage about Cradock's wife, what are we to think? Is the mantle in a teasing mood, or is it exhibiting its real quality? If once to have kissed Cradock's mouth before marriage is once to have done amiss, Heaven keep our Mirandas and our Perditas, and Heaven forgive our Juliefs and our Rosinluds! ("Les dames et demoiselles, pour être bâisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France," we know, but this nice custom could hardly have had sway in England. Is then this passage rendered from something in French that is lost?) But the mantle, in the ballad, after indulging its humor or its captiousness for a moment, does Cradock's wife full justice. The mantle, if uncompromising as to acts, at least does not assume to bring thoughts under its jurisdiction. Many of the probations allow themselves this range, and as no definite idea is given of what is charged, no one need be shocked, or perhaps disturbed, by the number of convictions. The satire loses zest, and the moral effect is not improved. \*

Carados vrindinne, in the other l'amie Carduel Briefbras.

The Sealachronica, by Sir Thomas Gray of Heton, a chronicle of England and Scotland, 1066–1362, begun in 1355, gives the analysis of many romances, and that of the adventure of the Mantle in this form. There was sent to Arthur's court the mantle of Karodes, which was of such virtue that it would fit no woman who was not willing that her husband should know both her act and her thought.\* This was the occasion of much mirth, for the mantle was either too short, or too long, or too tight, for all the ladies except Karodes' wife. And it was said that this mantle was sent by the father of Karodes, a magician, to prove the goodness of his son's wife.†

Two fifteenth-century German versions of the Mantle story give it a shape of their own. In Fastnachtspiele aus dem fünfzehnten Jahrhundert, II, 665, No. 81, 'Der Laneten Mantel,' the amiable Lunet, so well and favorably known in romances, takes the place of the English boy and French varlet. The story has the usual course. The mantle is unsuccessfully tried by Arthur's queen, by the wife of the Greek emperor, and by the queen of Lorraine. The king of Spain, who announces himself as *the oldest man* present, is willing to excuse his wife, who is the youngest of the royal ladies. She says, If we lack lands and gold, "so sei wir doch an eren reich," offers herself to the test with the fearlessness of innocence, and comes off clear, to the delight of her aged spouse. A meistersgesang, Bruns,

Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften, p. 143.‡ 'Lanethen Mantel,' again awards the prize to the young wife of a very old knight. Laneth, a clean maid, who is Arthur's niece, having made herself poor by her bounty, is cast off by her uncle's wife and accused of loose behavior. She makes her trouble known to a dwarf, a good friend of her father's, and receives from him a mantle to take to Arthur's court: if anybody huffs her, she is to put it to use. The queen opens upon Laneth, as soon as she appears, with language not unlike that which she employs of Cradock's wife in stanzas 33, 34 of the ballad. The mantle is offered to any lady that it will fit. In front it comes to the queen's knee, and it drags on the ground behind. Three hundred and fifty knights' ladies fare as ill as the sovereign.§

The Dean of Lismore's collection of Gaelic poetry, made in the early part of the sixteenth century, contains a ballad, obscure in places, but clearly presenting the outlines of the English ballad or French fabliau.|| Finn, Diarmuid, and four other heroes are drinking, with their six wives. The women take too much, and fall to boasting of their chastity. While they are so engaged, a maid approaches who is clad in a seamless robe of pure white. She sits down by Finn, and he asks her what is the virtue of the garment. She replies that her seamless robe will completely cover none but the spotless wife. Conan, a sort of Kay, says, Give it to my wife at once, that we may learn the truth of what they have been saying.

\* Nul femme que [ne] vouloit lesser sauoir à sonn marry sonn fet et pensé. T. Wright, in Archaeologia Cambrensis, January, 1863, p. 10. Mr Wright gives one of the texts of Cort Mantel, with an English translation. We are further told, in Sealachronica, that this mantle was afterwards made into a chasuble, and that it is "to this day" preserved at Glastonbury. Three versions of the fabliau testify that Carados and his *amie* deposited the mantle in a Welsh abbey. The Skikku Rimur say that the lady presented it to the cloister of Cologne; the Möttulssaga has simply a monastery (and, indeed, the mantle, as described by some, must have had a vocation that way from the beginning). "Item, in the castel of Douer ye may see Gauwaya's skull and Cradok's mantel;" Caxton, in his preface to Kyng Arthur, 145, I, ii, in Southey's ed.; cited by Michel, Tristan, II, 181, and from him by Warnatsch.

† For this enchanter see *Le Livre de Karados* in Perceval

le Gallois, ed. Potvin, II, 118 ff. It is not said in the printed copy that he sent the mantle [horn].

‡ Another copy, assigned to the end of the 14th century, from the Kolmar MS., Bartsch, p. 373, No. LXIX (Warnatsch).

§ Warnatsch shows, p. 75 f, that the fastnachtspiel must have been made up in part from some version of the Mantle story which was also the source of the meisterlied, and in part from a meisterlied of the Horn, which will be mentioned further on.

|| The Dean of Lismore's Book, edited by Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan, p. 72 of the translation, 50 of the original. Repeated in Campbell's Heroic Gaelic Ballads, p. 138 f, 'The Maid of the White Mantle.' Mr Campbell remarks: "The ballad, or the story of it, is known in Irish writings. It is not remembered in Scotland now." Mr Wright cites this poem, Archaeologia Cambrensis, p. 14 f, 39 f.

The robe shrinks into folds, and Conan is so angry that he seizes his spear and kills his wife.\* Diarmaid's wife tries, and the robe clings about her hair; Oscar's, and it does not reach to her middle; Maighinis, Finn's wife, and it folds around her ears. MacRea's wife only is completely covered. The 'daughter of Deirg,' certainly a wife of Finn, and here seemingly to be identified with Maighinis, claims the robe: she has done nothing to be ashamed of; she has erred only with Finn. Finn curses her and womankind, "because of her who came that day."

The probation by the Horn runs parallel with that by the Mantle, with which it is combined in the English ballad. Whether this or that is the anterior creation it is not possible to say, though the 'Lai du Corn' is, beyond question, as Ferdinand Wolf held, of a more original stamp, fresher and more in the popular vein than the fabliau of the Mantle, as we have it.† The 'Lai du Corn,' preserved in a single not very early manuscript (Digby 86, Bodleian Library, "of the second half of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century"), may well belong, where Wolf puts it, in the middle of the twelfth. Robert Bizek, the jongleur who composed it, attributes the first authorship to "Garadue," the hero, and says that he himself derived the story from the oral communication of an abbé. Arthur has assembled thirty thousand knights at a feast at Pentecost, and each of them is paired with a lady. Before dinner there arrives a domez, with an ivory horn adorned with four gold bands and rich jewels. This horn has been sent Arthur by Mangounz, king of Moraine. The youth is told to take his place before the king, who promises to knight him after dinner and give him a handsome present the next

day; but he laughingly excuses himself, on the ground that it is not proper for a squire to eat at a knight's table, and retires. Arthur sees that there is an inscription on the horn, and desires that his "chapelein" may read it. Everybody is eager to hear, but some repent afterwards. The horn was made by a fairy, who endued it with this quality, that no man should drink of it without spilling, if his wife had not been true in act and thought. Even the queen hung her head, and so did all the barons that had wives. The maids jested, and looked at their lovers with "Now we shall see." Arthur was offended, but ordered Kay to fill. The king drank and spilled; seized a knife, and was about to strike the queen, but was withheld by his knights. Gawain gallantly came to the queen's vindication. "Be not such a churl," he said, "for there is no married woman but has her foolish thought." The queen demanded an ordeal by fire: if a hair of her were burned, she would be torn by horses. She confessed that the horn was in so far right that she had once given a ring to a youth who had killed a giant that had accused Gawain of treason, etc. She thought this youth would be a desirable addition to the court. Arthur was not convinced: he would make everybody try the horn now, king, duke, and count, for he would not be the only one to be shamed. Eleven kings, thirty counts, all who essay, spill: they are very angry, and bid the devil take him who brought and him who sent the horn. When Arthur saw this, he began to laugh: he regarded the horn as a great present, he said, and he would part with it to nobody except the man that could drink out of it. The queen blushed so prettily that he kissed her three times, and asked her pardon for his bad humor. The queen said, Let everybody

\* Cf. Arthur in the Lai du Corn and Fraw Tristerat Horn, a little further on.

† Wolf at first speaks of the lai as being made over into the fabliau, in regular court style, ganz nach höfischer Weise, about the middle of the 13th century; then goes on to say that even if the author of the fabliau followed another version of the story, he must have known the jongleur's poem, because he has repeated some of the introductory lines of the lai. This excellent scholar happened, for once, not to observe that the first fourteen lines of the lai, excepting the

fourth, which is questionable, are in a longer metre than the rest of the poem, in eights and sevens, not sixes, and the first three of the lai, which agree with the first three of the fabliau, in the eight-syllable verse of the latter; so that it was not the author of the fabliau that borrowed. Warnatsch (who has also made this last remark) has noted other agreements between lai and fabliau, p. 61. Both of these acknowledge their derivation from an earlier *dit, estoire*, not having which we shall find it hard to determine by which and from what the borrowing was done.

take the horn, small and great. There was a knight who was the happiest man in all the court, the least a braggart, the most mannerly, and the most redoubtable after Gawain. His name was Garadue, and he had a wife, *mout leal*, who was a fairy for beauty, and surpassed by none but the queen. Garadue looked at her. She did not change color. "Drink," she said; "indeed, you are at fault to hesitate." She would never have husband but him: for a woman should be a dove, and accept no second mate. Garadue was naturally very much pleased: he sprang to his feet, took the horn-and, crying Wassail! to the king, drank out every drop. Arthur presented him with Cirencester, and, for his wife's sake, with the horn, which was exhibited there on great days.

The romance of *Perceval le Gallois*, by Chrestien de Troyes and others (second half of the twelfth century), describes Arthur, like the fabliau, as putting off dinner till he should hear of some strange news or adventure. A knight rides into the hall, with an ivory horn, gold-banded and richly jewelled, hanging from his neck, and presents it to the king. Have it filled with pure water, says the bearer, and the water will turn to the best wine in the world, enough for all who are present. "A rich present!" exclaims Kay. But no knight whose wife or love has betrayed him shall drink without spilling. "Or empire vostre présens," says Kay. The king has the horn filled, and does not heed Guenever, who begs him not to drink, for it is some enchantment, to shame honest folk. "Then I pray God," says the queen, "that if you try to drink you may be wet." The king essays to drink, and Guenever has her prayer. Kay has the same luck, and all the knights,\* till the horn comes to Carados (*Brisié-Bras*). Carados, as in the lai, hesitates; his wife (*Guinon, Guimer*) looks at him, and says, Drink! He spills not a drop. Guenever and

many a dame hate nothing so much as her. *Perceval le Gallois*, ed. Potvin, II, 216 ff., vv. 15,640-767.†

The story of 'Le Livre de Carados,' in *Perceval*, is given in abridgment by the author of *Le Roman du Renard contrefait*, writing in the second half of the fourteenth century: Tarbé, *Poètes de Champagne antérieurs au siècle de François I<sup>e</sup>*, *Histoire de Quarados Brun-Bras*, p. 79 ff. The horn here becomes a cup.

A meistergesang, entitled 'Dis ist Frau Tristerat Horn von Saphoien,' and found in the same fifteenth-century manuscript as *Der Lanethen Mantel*, Bruns, as before, p. 139, preserves many features of the lai. While Arthur is at table with seven other kings and their wives, a damsel comes, bringing an ivory horn, with gold letters about the rim, a present from Frau Tristerat of Savoy. The king sends for a clerk to read the inscription, and declares he will begin the experiment. The damsel prudently retires. Arthur is thoroughly wet, and on the point of striking the queen, but is prevented by a knight. The seven kings then take the horn, one after the other. Six of them fare like Arthur. The king of Spain looks at his wife, fearing shame. She encourages him to drink, saying, as in the other meistergesang, If we are poor in goods, we are rich in honor. Arthur presents him with the horn, and adds cities and lands. Another copy of this piece was printed by Zingerle, in *Germania*, V, 101, 'Das goldene Horn.' The queen is aus der Syrenen lant.‡

A fastnachtspiel gives substantially the same form to the story: Keller, *Nachlese*, No. 127, p. 183. Arthur invites seven kings and queens to his court. His wife wishes him to ask his sister, the Queen of Cyprus, also; but she has offended him, and he cannot be prevailed upon to do it. The Queen of Cyprus sends the horn to Arthur by her maid as a gift

\* Montpellier MS.

† *Perceval* exhibits agreements, both as to phrase and matter, now with the lai, now with the fabliau, and this phenomenon will occur again and again. This suggests the likelihood of a source which combined traits of both lai and fabliau: Warnatsch, pp. 62-64.

‡ So amended by Zingerle from Syrneyer lant. A third

copy is cited as in the Kolmar MS., No 806, Bartsch, *Meisterlieder der Kolmarer Handschrift*, p. 74 (Warnatsch). A remarkable agreement between the French lai, 94, 97, 99-102, and Wigandur 2623-30 convinces Warnatsch that the source of this meisterlied must have been a Middle High German rendering of some form of the Drinking-horn Test closely resembling the lai. See Warnatsch, p. 66.

from a queen who is to be nameless, and in fulfilling her charge the messenger describes her lady simply as a sea princess. The inscription is read aloud by one of Arthur's knights. The King of Spain carries off the honors, and receives in gift, besides the horn, a ducal crown, and gold to boot. Arthur resolves that the horn shall be forgotten, and no grudge borne against the women, and proposes a dance, which he leads off with his wife.\*

We have Arthur joining in a dance under nearly the same circumstances in an English "bowrd" found in a MS. of about the middle of the fifteenth century (Ashmolean Museum, No 61). The king has a bugle horn, which always stands before him, and often amuses himself by experimenting with it. Those who cannot drink without spilling are set at a table by themselves, with willow garlands on their heads, and served with the best. Upon the occasion of a visit from the Duke of Gloucester, the king, wishing to entertain his guest with an exhibition of the property of the horn, says he will try all who are present. He begins himself, as he was wont to do, but this time spills. He takes the mishap merrily, and says he may now join in a dance which the "freyr" were to have after meat. 'The Cokwolds Daunce,' Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, p. 209; Karajan, Frühlingsgabe [Schatzgräber], p. 17; Hazlitt, Remains of Early Popular Poetry, I, 38.†

Heinrich von dem Türlin narrates the epi-

\* The king of Spain, who is again the poorest of all the kings, p. 206, line 32, p. 214, line 22, is addressed by Arthur as his nephew, p. 207, line 11, and p. 193, line 30. Carados is called Arthur's nephew in Perceval (he is son of Arthur's niece), e. g. 15,782, and Caradus, his father, is Carados de Vierge, II, 117. It is said of Kaledras' *amic* in the 'Martial Rhymes,' III, 59, that many a lady looked down upon her. This may be a chance expression, or possibly point to the poverty which is attributed to the royal pair of Spain in Fastnachtsstücke, Nos 81, 127, and in *Frau Tristerat Horn*. In *Der Lanthen Mantel*, Laneth is Arthur's niece, and poor; see p. 261.

The fastnachtsstück has points in common with the faldian, and the assumption of a source which combined features of both lai and faldian is warrantable: Warnatsch, pp 66-68.

† This is a thoroughly dissolute piece, but not ambiguous. It is also the most humorous of the whole series.

‡ Warnatsch shows that Heinrich cannot have derived any part of his Trinkhornprobe from the Perceval of Chres-

sode of the probation by the Horn with many variations of his own, among them the important one of subjecting the women to the test as well as the men.‡ In his Crône, put at 1200-10, a misshapen, dwarfish knight, whose skin is overgrown with scales, riding on a monster who is fish before and dolphin behind, with wings on its legs, presents himself to Arthur on Christmas Day as an envoy from a sea king, who offers the British monarch a gift on condition of his first granting a boon. The gift is a cup, made by a necromancer of Toledo, of which no man or woman can drink who has been false to love, and it is to be the king's if there shall be anybody at the court who can stand the test. The ladies are sent for, and the messenger gives the cup first to them. They all spill. The knights follow, Arthur first; and he, to the general astonishment, bears the proof, which no one else does except the sea king's messenger. Caraduz § von Caz fails with the rest. *Diu Crône*, ed. Scholl, vv 466-3189.

The prose Tristan confines the proof to the women, and transfers the scene to King Mark's court. Morgan the Fay having sent the enchanted horn to Arthur's court by the hands of a damsel, to avenge herself on Guenevere, two knights who had a spite against Mark and Tristan intercept it, and cause the horn to be taken to King Mark, who is informed that no lady that has been false to her lord can drink of it without spilling. Yseult

tien, characteristic agreements with Perceval being entirely wanting. There are agreements with the lai, many more with the fabliau; and Heinrich's poem, so far as it is not of his own invention, he believes to be compounded from his own version of the fabliau and some lost version of the Horn-test: pp 111-114.

§ The principal variations of this name, of which the Welsh Caradoc is assumed to be the original, are: Cradoc (English ballad); Carados, Caradus (*Cort Mantel*); Karoden (*Sealachronica*); Caraduz (*Crône*, 2309, elsewhere) Karadas; Carigras, Kaligras (*Rimur*); Karodeus, Caradnel (*Perceval*, 12,466, 12,457, 12,391, but generally), Carados, -ot, or; Caraduel (*Messire Gauvain*, 3943); Garadue (*Lai du Corn*); Karadin (*Môtuuls Saga*). Garadue probably = Caraduel, which, in Perceval twice, and once in *Messire Gauvain*, is used for Carados, through confusion with Arthur's residence, Carduel, Cardoil. So Karadas is twice put in the Crône, 16,726, 16,743, for Karidol = Cardoil. Might not Karadin have been written for Karadui?

spills, and the king says she deserves to die. But, fortunately or unfortunately, all the rest of the ladies save four are found to be in the same plight as the queen. The courtiers, resolved to make the best of a bad matter, declare that they have no confidence in the probation, and the king consents to treat the born as a deception, and acquires his wife.\*

Ariosto has introduced the magical vessel made by Morgan the Fay for Arthur's beehoof† into Orlando Furioso. A gentleman tries it on his guests for ten years, and they all spill but Rinaldo, who declines il periglio saggio : canto XLII, 70-73, 97-104 ; XLIII, 6-44. Upon Ariosto's narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of 'La Coupe Enchantée,' Works ed. Moland, IV, 37, V, 361.

In a piece in the Wunderhorn, I, 389, ed. 1819, called 'Die Ausgleichung,' and purporting to be from oral tradition, but reading like an imitation, or at most a reconstruction, of a meistersgesang, the cup and mantle are made to operate conjointly: the former to convict a king and his knights, the other a queen and her ladies, of unfaithfulness in love. Only the youngest of the ladies can wear the mantle, and only the oldest of the knights, to whom she is espoused, can drink from the cup. This knight, on being presented with the cup, turns into a dwarf; the lady, on receiving the gift of the mantle, into a fay.

\* Tristan of Hélie de Borron, I, 73 verso, in Rajna, Founte dell' Orlando Furioso, p. 498 ff. So in Malory's King Arthur, Southey, I, 297, Wright, II, 64. The Italian Tristan, La Tavola Ritonda, ed. Polidori, XLIII, pp 157-160, makes 686 try, of whom only 13 prove to be innocent, and those in spite of themselves. Another account exempts 2 out of 365 : Nannucci, Manuale, II, 168-171.

† Un vassello fatto da ber, qual già, per fare accorto il suo fratello del fallo di Ginevra, fe Morgana : XLIII, 28; un bel nappo d'or, di fuor di gemme, XLII, 98. The Orlando concurs with the prose Tristan as to the malice of Morgan, but does not, with the Tristan, depart from prescription in making the women drink. Warnæsø observes that the Orlando agrees with the Horn Faustachts-piel, and may with it follow some lost version of the story : p. 69.

Before leaving these drinking tests, mention may be made of Oberon's gold cup, which, upon his passing his right hand three times round it and making the sign of the cross, fills with wine enough for all the living and the dead; but no one

an drink s'il n'est preudom, et nes et purs et sans peiecé

They pour a drop of wine from the cup upon the mantle, and give the mantle to the queen, and the cup, empty, to the king. After this, the king and all the world can drink without inconvenience, and the mantle fits every woman. But the stain on the mantle grows bigger every year, and the cup gives out a hollow sound like tin! An allegory, we may suppose, and, so far as it is intelligible, of the weakest sort.

Tegau Eurvron is spoken of in Welsh triads as one of the three chaste ladies, and again as one of the three fair ladies, of Arthur's court.‡ She is called the wife of Caradawc Vreichvras by various Welsh writers, and by her surname of "Gold-breasted" she should be so.§ If we may trust the author of The Welsh Bards, Tegau was the possessor of three treasures or rarities "which befitted none but herself," a mantle, a goblet, and a knife. The mantle is mentioned in a triad,|| and is referred to as having the variable hue attributed to it in our ballad and elsewhere. There are three things, says the triad, of which no man knows the color; the peacock's expanded tail, the mantle of Tegan Eurvron, and the miser's pence. Of this mantle, Jones, in whose list of "Thirteen Rarities of Kingly Regalia" of the Island of Britain it stands eleventh, says, No one could put it on who had dishonored marriage, nor a young damsel who had committed incontinence; but it would cover a chaste

mortel : Huon de Bordeaux, ed. Guessard et Grandmaison, p. 109 f, vv 3632-69.

‡ See the Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales, II, 13, triad 54 = triad 103, p. 73 : p. 17, triad 78 = triad 108, p. 73.

§ See the story in Le Livre de Carados, Perceval le Gallois, Potvin, especially II, 214-16, vv 15,577-638. "The Rev. Evan Evans," says Percy, Reliques, III, 349, ed. 1794, "affirmed that the story of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS of Tegau Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses." This aspersion, which is even absurd, must have arisen from a misunderstanding on the part of the Bishop: no Welshman could so err.

|| Myvyrian Archaeology, III, 247<sup>a</sup>, No 10, pointed out to me by Professor Evans. The story of the 'Boy and the Mantle,' says Warton, "is recorded in many manuscript Welsh chronicles, as I learn from original letters of Llwyd, in the Ashmolean Museum :" History of English Poetry, ed. 1871, I, 97, note 1.

woman from top to toe: Welsh Bards, II, 49. The mantle certainly seems to be identified by what is said of its color in the (not very ancient) triad, and so must have the property attributed to it by Jones, but one would be glad to have had Jones cite chapter and verse for his description.

There is a drinking-horn among the Thirteen Precious Things of the Island of Britain, which, like the conjurer's bottle of our day, will furnish any liquor that is called for, and a knife which will serve four-and-twenty men at meat "all at once." How this horn and this knife should befit none but the chaste and lovely Tegau, it is not easy to comprehend. Meanwhile the horn and the knife are not the property of Cradock's wife, in the English ballad: the horn falls to Cradock of right, and the knife was his from the beginning. Instead of Tegau's mantle we have in another account a mantle of Arthur, which is the familiar cloak that allows the wearer to see everything without himself being seen. Not much light, therefore, but rather considerable mist, comes from these Welsh traditions, of very uncertain date and significance. It may be that somebody who had heard of the three Welsh rarities, and of the mantle and horn as being two of them, supposed that the knife must have similar virtues with the horn and mantle, whence its appearance in our ballad; but no proof has yet been given that the Welsh horn and knife had ever a power of testing chastity.\*

Heinrich von dem Türlin, not satisfied with

\* The horn is No 4 in Jones's list, and No 3 in a manuscript of Justice Bosanquet; the knife is 13th in Jones and 6th in the other; the mantle of invisibility is 13th in the Bosanquet series, and, under the title of Arthur's veil or mask, 1st in Jones. The mantle of Tegau Euryron does not occur in the Bosanquet MS. Jones says, "The original Welsh account of the above regalia was transcribed from a transcript of Mr Edward Llwyd, the antiquary, who informs me that he copied it from an old parchment MS. I have collated this with two other MSS." Not a word of dates, Jones's Welsh Bards, II, 47-49; Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion, II, 353-55.

Lady Charlotte Guest remarks that a boar's head in some form appears as the armorial bearing of all of Caradawc's name. Though most anxious to believe all that is said of Caradawc, I am compelled to doubt whether this goes far to prove that he owned the knife celebrated in the ballad.

testing Arthur's court first with the mantle, and again with the horn, renews the experiment with a Glove, in a couple of thousand lines more of tedious imitation of 'Cort Mantel,' † Crône, 22,990-24,719. This glove renders the right side of the body invisible, when put on by man or woman free of blame, but leaves in the other case some portion of that side visible and bare. A great many ladies and knights don the glove, and all have reason to regret the trial except Arthur and Gawain.‡

There is another German imitation of the fabliau of the mantle, in the form (1) of a farce of the fifteenth century and (2) of a meistersgesang printed in the sixteenth. In these there is substituted for the mantle a Crown that exposes the infidelity of husbands,

1. "Das Vasnachtspil mit der Kron." § A "master" has been sent to Arthur's court with a rich crown, which the King of Abian wishes to present to whichever king or lord it shall fit, and it will fit only those who have not "lost their honor." The King of Orient begins the trial, very much against his will: the crown turns to ram's horns. The King of Cyprus is obliged to follow, though he says the devil is in the crown: the crown hangs about his neck. Appeals are made to Arthur that the trial may now stop, so that the knights may devote themselves to the object for which they had come together, the service and honor of the ladies. But here Lanet, Arthur's sister (so she is styled), interposes, and expresses a hope that no honors are intended the queen,

† Heinrich seeks to put his wearisome invention off on Chrestien de Troyes. Warnatsch argues with force against any authorship but Heinrich's, pp 116 ff.

‡ Gawain had failed in the earlier trial, though he had no fault in mind or body, except that he rated his favor with women too high: 1996-2000.

In the first two probations a false heart is the corpus delicti; something is said of carnal offences, but not very distinctly.

The scope of the glove is of the widest. It takes cognizance of *redo und gedane* in maidens, *were und gedane* in wives, *tugent und manheit, zuzoht und zaychheit*, in men. One must have known as little what one was convicted of as if one had been in the hands of the Holy Office.

§ Fa-nachtspiele am dem funfzehnten Jahrhundert, Zweiter Theil, p. 654, No 80.

for she is not worthy of them, having broken her faith. Arthur is very angry, and says that Lanet has by her injurious language forfeited all her lands, and shall be expelled from court. (Cf. *Der Lanethen Mantel*, p. 261.) A knight begs the king to desist, for he who heeds every tale that is told of his wife shall never be easy.

2. The meistergesang ‘Die Krone der Königin von Afion.’\* While his majesty of Afion is holding a great feast, a youth enters the hall bearing a splendid crown, which has such chaste things in it that no king can wear it who haunts false love. The crown had been secretly made by order of the queen. The king wishes to buy the crown at any price, but the youth informs him that it is to be given free to the man who can wear it. The king asks the favor of being the first to try the crown: when put on his head it falls down to his back. The King of Portugal is eager to be next: the crown falls upon his shoulder. The King of Holland at first refuses to put on the crown, for there was magic in it, and it was only meant to shame them: but he is obliged to yield, and the crown goes to his girdle. The King of Cyprus offers himself to the adventure: the crown falls to his loins. And so with eleven. But there was a “Young Philips,” King of England, who thought he might carry off the prize. His wife was gray and old and ugly, and quite willing, on this account, to overlook e bisserle Falschheit, and told him that he might spare himself. But he would not be prevented; so they put the crown on him, and it fitted to a hair. This makes an edifying pendant to ‘*Der Luneten Mantel*,’ p. 261.

Still another imitation is the Magical Bridge

in the younger Titurel which Klingsor throws over the Sibra. Knights and ladies assembled at Arthur’s court, if less than perfect,† on attempting to ride over it are thrown off into the water, or stumble and fall on the bridge: ed. Hahn, p. 232 ff., st. 2337 ff. Hans Sachs has told this story twice, with Virgil for the magician: ed. Keller, *Historia, König Artus mit der ehbrecher-brugk*, II, 262; Goedeke, *Dichtungen von Hans Sachs*, I, 175. Kirchhof follows Hans Sachs in a story in *Wendunmuth*, ed. Österley, II, 38.

Florimel’s Girdle, in the fourth book of the ‘Fairy Queen,’ canto v, once more, is formed on the same pattern.‡

There might be further included in imitations of the horn or mantle test several other inventions which are clearly, as to form, modelled on this original, but which have a different object: the valley from which no false lover could escape till it had been entered by one “qui de nulle chose auroit vers s’amie fausé né mespris, né d’envre né de pensée né de talent,” the prose *Lancelot* in *Jouckbloet*, II, lxix (Warnatsch), Ferrario, *Storia ed Analisi, Lancilotto del Lago*, III, 372, Legrand, *Fabliaux*, I, 156; the arch in Amadis, which no man or woman can pass who has been unfaithful to a first love, and again, the sword which only the knight who loves his lady best can draw, and the partly withered garland which becomes completely fresh on the head of the lady who best loves her husband or lover, *Amadis de Gaula*, I. ii, introducción, c. 1, c. 14, and ballad 1890 in Duran, II, 665; the cup of congealed tears in *Palmerin of England*, which liquefies in the hand of the best knight and fairest lover, chapters 87–89, II, 322 ff., ed. of London, 1807.

\* From Vulpini’s *Curiositäten*, II, 463, in Erlach, I, 132, after a printed copy of the beginning of the 16th century: Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, II, 243, from a *Fliegendes Blatt* of the 16th century. Two copies are cited by title in Monc’s *Anzeiger*, VIII, 354 b, No 1; 378, No 165. Wolff prints *Afion*.

† A man must be “clear as beryl.” One of the knights is tumbled into the water for having kissed a lady; but this is according to the code, for he had done it without leave. We learn from *Pereval* that kissing is permissible; marry, not without the lady be willing. ‘*Die hruek zu Karidol*’ is alluded to in ‘*Der Spiegel*,’ Meister Alswert, ed. Holland u. Keller, p. 179, vv 10–13. (Goedeke.) A man who has transferred his devotion from an earlier love to the image of a lady shown him in a mirror says the bridge would have thrown him over.

‡ Florimel’s girdle is a poor contrivance every way, and most of all for practical purposes; for we are told in stanza 3 that it *gives* the virtue of chaste love to all who wear it, and then that whosoever contrary doth prove cannot keep it on. But what could one expect from a east-off girdle of Venus?

Besides those which have been spoken of, not a few other criterions of chastity occur in romantic tales.

**Bed clothes and bed.** ‘Gil Brenton,’ A, B; the corresponding Swedish ballad, A, B, E; Danish, Grundtvig, No 275: \* see pp 64, 65, of this volume.

A **stepping-stone** by the bed-side. ‘Vesle Aase Gaascpige,’ Asbjørnsen og Moe, No 29: see p. 66.

A **chair** in which no leal maiden can sit, or will sit till bidden (?). ‘Gil Brenton,’ D, C.

**Flowers [foliage].** 1. In the Sanskrit story of Guhasena, the merchant’s son, and Devasmitá, this married pair, who are to be separated for a time, receive from Shíva each a red lotus: if either should be unfaithful, the lotus in the hand of the other would fade, but not otherwise: Kathá Sarit Ságara, ch. 13, Tawney, I, 86, Brockhaus, I, 137. 2. In the Tales of a Parrot, a soldier, going into service, receives from his wife a **rose** [flower, nosegay], which will keep fresh as long as she remains true: Rosen, Tuti-nameh, from the Turkish version, I, 109; Wickerhauser, also from the Turkish, p. 57; Iken, p. 30, † from the Persian of Kadiri. 3. So the knight Margon in the French romance of Perceforest, vol. IV, ch. 16 and 17. 4. In a Turkish tale found in a manuscript collection called ‘Joy after Sorrow,’ an architect or housewright, having to leave home for want of employment, is presented by his wife with a bunch of evergreen of the same property. 5. An English story of a wright reverts to the rose. A widow, having nothing else to give with her daughter, presents the bridegroom with a rose-garland, which will hold its hue while his wife is ‘stable’: ‘The Wright’s Chaste Wife,’ by Adam of Cobham, from a manuscript of about 1462, ed. Furnivall.‡

\* Nightingales in Grundtvig, No 274, A, B: see p. 64. See, also, Uhland, Znr Geschichte der Dichtung, III, 121 f.

† Neither the Sanskrit Shukasaptati nor Nakshabi’s Persian version, made early in the fourteenth century, has been published. The Turkish version is said to have been made in the second half of the next century, for Bajazet II. Kadiri’s is probably of the seventeenth century. An English and Persian version (Kadiri’s), 1801, has the tale at p. 43;

A **shirt** [mantle]. 1. In connection with the same incidents there is substituted for the unfading flower, in Gesta Romanorum, 69, a shirt. This a knight’s wife gives to a carpenter or housewright who has married her daughter, and it will not need washing, will not tear, wear, or change color, as long as both husband and wife are faithful, but will lose all its virtues if either is untrue. The shirt is given by a wife to a husband in several versions of an otherwise different story. 2. In the German meistersang and the Flemish tale Alexander of Metz: Körner, Historische Volkslieder, p. 49, No 8; Goedeke, Deutsche Dichtung im Mittelalter, 2d ed., p. 569 ff; ‘De Historia van Florentina,’ etc., Van den Bergh, De nederlandse Volksromans, p. 52 f. 3. In the story ‘Von dem König von Spanien § und seiner Frau,’ Müllenhoff, Sagen, u. s. w., p. 586, No 607, a wife gives the shirt to her husband the morning after the wedding: it will always be white until she dies, when it will turn black, or unless she misbehaves, in which case it will be spotted. 4. ‘Die getreue Frau,’ Plönnies, in Wolf’s Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie, II, 377. An English princess gives her consort, a Spanish prince, at parting, a white shirt which will not spot as long as she is faithful. 5. ‘Die treue Frau,’ Curtze, Volksüberlieferungen aus Waldeck, p. 146. A merchant’s son, married to a princess, goes away for a voyage: they change rings and shirts, and neither shirt will soil until one of the two shall be untrue. 6. ‘Die getreue Frau,’ J. W. Wolf, Deutsche Hansymärchen, at p. 102. A prince, going on a voyage, gives his sword to his wife; as long as the blade is not spotted, he is faithful. He receives from the princess a mantle; as long as it is white, her faith is inviolate.

A **picture.** For the rose, as in Perceforest,

Small’s English, from a Hindustani version of Kadiri, 1875, at p. 40.

† In the Contes à rire, p. 89, a sylph who loves a prince gives him a flower and a vase which will blacken upon his wife’s proving unfaithful: Legrand, 1779, I, 78. I have not seen this edition of the book, but presume that this tale is entirely akin with the above.

§ Cf. the King of Spain, at pp. 261, 263. The agreement may, or may not, be accidental.

there is substituted, in a story otherwise essentially the same, a picture. A knight, compelled to leave his wife, receives from a magician a picture of her, small enough to carry in a box about his person, which will turn yellow if she is tempted, pale if she wavers, black if she yields, but will otherwise preserve its fresh hues: Bandello, Part I, nov. 21. This tale, translated in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1567 (ed. Haslewood, II, 471, nov. 28), furnished the plot for Massinger's 'Picture,' 1630. The miniature will keep its color as long as the woman is innocent and unattempted, will grow yellow if she is solicited but unconquered, and black if she surrenders: Act I, Scene 1. Bandello's story is also the foundation of Sénecc's tale, 'Filer le parfait amour,' with a wax image taking the place of the picture: Œuvres Choisies, ed. Charles et Cap, p. 95.\*

A **ring**. The picture is exchanged for a ring in a French tale derived, and in parts almost translated, from Bandello's: the sixth in 'Les Faveurs et les Disgraces de l'Amour,' etc., said to have appeared in 1696.† A white stone set in the ring may become yellow or black under circumstances. Such a ring Rinnild gave Horn Child: when the stone should grow wan, her thoughts would have changed; should it grow red, she is no more a maid: see p. 192. A father, being required to leave three daughters, gives them each such a ring in Basile, Pentamerone, III, 4. The rings are changed into glass distaffs in 'L'Adroite Princesse,' an imitation of this story by Mlle. Lhéritier de Villaudon, which has sometimes been printed with Perrault's tales: Perrault, Contes des Fées, ed. Giraud, p. 239; Dunlop, ch. 13.

A **mirror**, in the History of Prince Zeyn Alasnam, reflecting the image of a chaste maid, will remain unblurred: Arabian Nights,

Scott, IV, 120, 124; 1001 Nacht, Habicht, VI, 146, 150; etc. Virgil made a mirror of like property: it exposed the woman that was "new-fangle," wandelmietic, by the ignition of a "worm" in the glass: Meisterlieder der Kolmarer Handschrift, Bartsch, p. 605 (Warnatsch). There is also one of these mirrors in Primaleon, I, ii, cap. 27: Rajna, Le Fonte dell' Orlando Furioso, p. 504, note 3. Alfred de Musset, in 'Barberine,' substitutes a pocket-mirror for the picture in Bandello, Part I, nov. 21: Œuvres Complètes, III, 378 ff.

A harp, in the hands of an image, upon the approach of a *despucelée*, plays out of tune and breaks a string: Perceval le Gallois, II, 149, vv 13,365-72 (Rajna, as above).

A crystal brook, in the amiral's garden in Flor and Blancheflor, when crossed by a virgin remains pellucid, but in the other case becomes red, or turbid: ed. Du Méril, p. 75, vv 1811-14; Bekker, Berlin Academy, XLIV, 26, vv 2069-72; Fleck, ed. Sommer, p. 148, vv 4472-82: Swedish, ed. Klemming, p. 38, 1122-25; Lower Rhine, Haupt's Zeitschrift, XXI, 321, vv 57-62; Middle Greek, Bekker, Berlin Academy, 1845, p. 165; Wagner, Mediaeval Greek Texts, p. 40 f, vv 1339-48; etc. In the English poem, Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, p. 93, if a clean maid wash her hands in the water, it remains quiet and clear; but if one who has lost her purity do this, the water will yell like mad and become red as blood.

The **stone** Aptor, in Wigamur, vv 1100-21, is red to the sight of clean man or woman, but misty to others: Von der Hagen und Büsching, Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters, p. 12 (Warnatsch).‡

A **statue**, in an Italian ballad, moved its eyes when young women who had sacrificed their honor were presented to it: Ferraro,

\* All these examples of the probation by flowers, shirt, or picture are noticed in Loiseleur Deslongchamps, Essai sur les Fables Juiliennes, p. 107 ff; or in Von der Hagen's Gesammelte Beuteneuer, III, lxxxiv ff; or in an article by Reinhold Köhler, of his usual excellence, in Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur, VIII, 44 ff.

† Köhler, as above, p. 60 f.

‡ There is a stone in the Danish Vigoleis with the Gold Wheel which no one could approach "who was not as clean

as when he came from his mother's body." Gawain could touch it with his hand, Arthur often sat upon it, and Vigoleis was found sitting on it. Nyerup, Almindelig Morskabs-læsning i Danmark og Norge, p. 129, a chap-book of 1732. The stone is not quite so strict in the German Volksbuch, Marbach, No 18, p. 13 f; Simrock, III, 432 f. In the German romance no man less than immaculate in all respects can touch it: Wigalois, ed. Benecke, p. 57, vv 1485-88.

Canti popolari di Ferrara, Cento e Pontelagoseuro, p. 84, 'Il Conte Cagnolino.' There was said to be a statue of Venus in Constantinople which could not be approached by an incontinent woman without a very shameful exposure; and again, a pillar surmounted by four horns, which turned round three times if any *κεράτος* came up to it.\* Virgil, 'Filius,' made a brass statue which no misbehaving woman might touch, and a vicious one received violent blows from it: Meisterlieder der Kolmarer Handschrift, Bartsch, p. 604, 14th century. This statue would bite off the fingers of an adulteress if they were put in its mouth, according to a poem of the same century published by Bartsch in Germania, IV, 237; and a third version makes the statue do this to *all* perjurers, agreeing in other respects with the second: Kolmarer Meisterlieder, as before, p. 338. In the two last the offence of the wife causes a horn to grow out of the husband's forehead. Much of the story in these poems is derived from the fifteenth tale of the Shukasaptati, where a woman offers to pass between the legs of a statue of a Yaksha, which only an innocent one can do: Benfey, Pantischatra, I, 457.†

According to a popular belief in Austria, says J. Grimm, you may know a clean maid by her being able to blow out a candle with one puff and to light it again with another. The phrase was known in Spain: "Matar un candil con un soplo y encenderlo con otro."

\* Georgii Codini Excerpta de antiquitatibus Constantino-poltanis, in Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantine, XLV, 50 f., cited by Liebrecht, Germania, I, 264; De Originibus Constantino-poltanis, cited by Lütcke, Von der Hagen's Germania, I, 252, referred to by Liebrecht: both anecdotes in Banduri, Imperium Orientale, Anonymus de Ant. Const. p. 25, 96, p. 57, 162. The statue again in a note of Nic. Alemannus to Procopius, Arcana, 1623, p. 83: cited by Mr Wright, Archaeologia Cambrensis, as above, p. 17. Mr Wright also makes mention, p. 16, of the blind dog that quidam Andreas (evidently a merry one) was exhibiting in the seventeenth year of Justinian, which, among other clever performances, ostendebat in utero habentes et forniciarios et adulteros et avaros et magnanimos — omnes cum veritate: Historia Miscella, Eysenhardt, p. 377 f., l. 18, c. 23; Cedrenus, in the Byzantine Corpus, XXXIII, 657, Theophanes, in XXXVIII, 347 f.

† The Meisterlieder and the Indian tale are cited by Warnatsch. Virgil's statue was circumvented by an artifice

Grimm adds that it is an article of popular faith in India that a virgin can make a ball of water, or carry water in a sieve: Rechtsalterthümer, p. 932.‡

An ordeal for chastity is a feature in several of the Greek romances. In Heliodorus's Æthiopica, x, 8, 9, victims to be offered to the sun and moon, who must be pure, are obliged to mount a brazier covered with a golden grating. The soles of those who are less than perfect are burned. Theagenes and Chariclea experience no inconvenience. The Clitophon and Leucippe of Achilles Tatius, VIII, 6, 13, 14, has a cave in the grove of Diana of Ephesus, in which they shut up a woman. If it is a virgin, a delicious melody is presently heard from a syrinx, the doors open of themselves, and the woman comes out crowned with pine leaves: if not a virgin, a wail is heard, and the woman is never seen again. There is also a not perfectly convincing trial, by the Stygian water, in § 12, which seems to be imitated in the Hysmine and Hysminias of Eustathius [Eumathius], VIII, 7, xi, 17. In the temple of Diana, at Artycomis, stands a statue of the goddess, with bow in hand, and from about her feet flows water like a roaring river. A woman, crowned with laurel, being put in, she will float quietly, if all is right; but should she not have kept her allegiance to Dian, the goddess bends her bow as if to shoot at her head, which causes the culprit to duck, and the water carries off her wreath.§

which is employed in this tale of the Shukasaptati, and in other oriental stories presumably derived from it; and so was the well-known Bocca della Verità, Kaiserchronik, Massmann, pp 448 f. The Bocca della Verità bit off the fingers of perjurers, but took no particular cognizance of the unchaste. A barley-corn [grain of wheat], again, which stood on end when *any* false oath was sworn over it, Julz, Mongolische Märchensammlung, Die Geschichte des Ardschi-Bordschi Chan, pp 250-52, cited by Benfey, Pantischatra, I, 458, and referred to by Warnatsch, does not belong with special tests of chastity.

‡ The phrase looks more malicious than *naïf*, whether Austrian or Spanish, and implies, I fear, an exsiccative and blown surmise about female virtue; and so of the Indian 'Volksgläube.' The candle-test is said to be in use for men in Silesia: Warnatsch, citing Weinhold, p. 58.

§ These are all noted in Liebrecht's Dunlop, pp 11, 16, 33. The spring, says the author of Hysmine, served as good a purpose for Artycomis as the Rhine did for the Celts; refer-

It is prescribed in Numbers v, 11–31, that any man jealous of his wife may bring her to the priest, who shall, with and after various ceremonies, give her a bitter drink of holy water in which dust from the floor of the tabernacle has been infused. If she have trespassed, her body shall swell and rot. In the Pseudo-Matthew's Gospel, ch. xii, Joseph and Mary successively take this aquam potationis domini. No pretender to innocence could taste this and then make seven turns round the altar, without some sign of sin appearing in the face. The experiment shows both to be faultless. So, with some variation, the sixteenth chapter of the Protevangelium of James. This trial is the subject of one of the Coventry Mysteries, No 14, p. 137 ff, ed. Halliwell, and no doubt of other scripture plays. It is naturally introduced into Werner's Maria, Hoffmann, Fundgruben, II, 188, line 26 ff, and probably into other lives of the Virgin.

Herodotus relates, II, 111, that Pheron, son of Sesostris, after a blindness of ten years' duration, received an intimation from an oracle

that he would recover his sight upon following a certain prescription, such as we are assured is still thought well of in Egypt in cases of ophthalmia. For this the coöperation of a chaste woman was indispensable. Repeatedly balked, the king finally regained his vision, and collecting in a town many women of whom he had vainly hoped aid, in which number his queen was included, he set fire to the place and burned both it and them, and then married the woman to whom he was so much indebted. (First cited in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1795, vol. 65, I, 114.) The coincidence with foregoing tales is certainly curious, but to all appearance accidental.\*

The 'Boy and the Mantle' was printed "verbatim" from his manuscript by Percy in the Reliques, III, 3, ed. 1765. The copy at p. 314 is of course the same "revised and altered" by Percy, but has been sometimes mistaken for an independent one.

Translated by Herder, I, 219; Bodmer, I, 18; Bothe, p. 59.

Percy MS., p. 284 : Hales and Furnivall, II, 304.

- 1 In the third day of May  
to Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
that cold much of wisdome.
- 2 A kirtle and a mantle  
this child had yppon.  
With branches and ringes  
full richelye bedone.
- 3 He had a sute of silke,  
about his middle drawne :  
Without he cold of curtesye,  
he thought itt much shame.

- 4 · God speed thee, *King Arthur*,  
sitting att thy meate !  
And the goodly Queene Gueneuer !  
I canott her forgett.
- 5 · I tell you lords in this hall,  
I hett you all heede,  
Except you be the more surer,  
is you for to dread.'
- 6 He plucked out of his potewer,  
and longer wold not dwell.  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
betweene two nut-shells.
- 7 · Haue thou here, *King Arthure*,  
haue thou heere of mee ;

ring to a test of the legitimacy of children by swinging or dipping them in the Rhine, which the "Celts" practiced, according to a poem in the Anthology: Jacobs, II, 42 f. No 125; Grimm, Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer, p. 935 (Warnatsch).

\* Besides sources specially referred to, there may be men-

tioned, as particularly useful for the history of these tests. Legrand, Fabliaux, 1779, I, 60, 76–78; Dunlop's History of Fiction, 1814, in many places, with Liebrecht's notes, 1851; Graize, Sagenkreise, 1842, pp 185–87; Von der Hagen's Gesamtalabentener, 1850, III, lxxxiv–xc, cxxxvif

Giue itt to thy comely queene,  
shapen as itt is already.

8 'It shall neuer become *that* wiffe  
*that* hath once done amisse :'  
Then every knight in the *kings* court  
began to care for his.

9 Forth came dame Gueneuer,  
to the mantle shee her bed ;  
The ladye shee was new-fangle,  
but yett shee was affrayd.

10 When shee had taken the mantle,  
shee stooode as she bad beene madd ;  
It was from the top to the toe  
as sheeres had itt shread.

11 One while was itt gaule,  
another while was itt greene ;  
Another while was itt wadded ;  
ill itt did her beseeme.

12 Another while was itt blacke,  
and bore the worst hue ;  
'By my troth,' quoth King Arthur,  
'I thinke thou be not true.'

13 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,  
Fast with a rudd redd  
to her chamber can shee flee.

14 Shee curst the weauer and the walker  
that clothe *that* had wrought,  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
*that* hither hath itt brought.

15 'I had rather be in a wood,  
vnder a greene tree,  
Then in King Arthurs court  
shamed for to bee.'

16 Kay called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come neere ;  
Saies, ' Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.'

17 Forth came his ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
Boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.

18 When she had tane the mantle,  
and cast it her about,  
Then was shee bare  
all aboue the buttockes.

19 Then enery knight  
*that* was in the kings court  
Talked, laughed, and showted,  
full oft att *that* sport.

20 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,  
Ffast with a red rudd  
to her chamber can shee flee.

21 Forth came an old knight,  
pattering ore a creede,  
And he preferred to this little boy  
twenty markes to his meede,

22 And all the time of the Christmasse  
willinglye to feede ;  
For why, this mantle might  
doe his wiffe some need.

23 When shee had tane the mantle,  
of cloth *that* was made,  
Shee had no more left on her  
but a tassell and a thred :  
Then every knight in the *kings* court  
bade euill might shee speed.

24 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,  
And fast with a redd rudd  
to her chamber can shee flee.

25 Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come in :  
Saith, ' Winne this mantle, ladye,  
with a litle dinne.'

26 ' Winne this mantle, ladye,  
and it shalbe thine  
If thou never did amisse  
since thou wast mine.'

27 Forth came Craddockes ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
But boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.

28 When shee had tane the mantle,  
and cast itt her about,  
Vpp att her great toe  
itt began to crinkle and crowt ;  
Shee said. ' Bowe downe, mantle,  
and shane me not for nought.'

29 · Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certaintlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
vnder a greene tree,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
before he marryed mee.'

30 When shee had her shreeuen,  
and her sines shee had tolde,  
The mantle stoode about her  
right as shee wold ;

31 Seemelye of coulour,  
glittering like gold :  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
did her behold.

32 Then spake dame Gueneuer  
to Arthur our king:  
' She hath tane yonder mantle,  
not with wright but with wronge !'

33 · See you not yonder woman  
*that* maketh her selfe soe cleene ?  
I haue seene tane out of her bedd  
of men finteene :

34 · Preists, clarke, and wedded men,  
from her by-deene ;  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
and maketh her-selfe cleane !'

35 Then spake the litle boy  
*that* kept the mantle in hold ;  
Says ' King, chasten thy wiffe ;  
of her words shee is to bold.'

36 · Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
and a whore bold ;  
King, in thine owne hall  
thou art a euchold.'

37 The litle boy stoode  
looking ouer a dore ;

He was ware of a wyld bore,  
wold haue werryed a man.

38 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
fast thither *that* he ran :  
He brought in the bores head,  
and quitted him like a man.

39 He brought in the bores head,  
and was wonderous bold ;  
He said there was neuer a eucholds kniffe  
earue itt that cold.

40 Some rubbed their kniues  
vpon a whet-stone ;  
Some threw them vnder the table,  
and said they had none.

41 King Arthur and the child  
stood looking them vpon ;  
All their kniues edges  
turned backe againe.

42 Craddocke had a litle kniue  
of iron and of steele ;  
He birtled the bores head  
wonderous weele.  
*That* every knight in the kings court  
had a morsell.

43 The litle boy had a horne,  
of red gold *that* ronge ;  
He said, ' there was noe cuckolde  
shall drinke of my horne,  
But he shold itt sheede,  
either behind or beforene.'

44 Some shedd on their shoulder,  
and some on their knee ;  
He *that* cold not hitt his mouth  
put it in his eye :  
And he *that* was a cuckold,  
every man might him see.

45 Craddocke wan the horne  
and the bores head ;  
His ladye wan the mantle  
vnto her meede ;  
Euerye such a lonely ladye,  
God send her well to spedee !

& is printed and, wherever it occurs.

2<sup>a</sup>. MS. might be read branches.

5<sup>a</sup>. all heate. 6<sup>a</sup>. 2 nut-shells.

8<sup>a</sup>. his wiffe.

9<sup>a</sup>. biled. "Query the le in the MS." Furnivall.

18<sup>a</sup>. Perhaps the last word was originally tout, as  
Mr T. Wright has suggested.

19<sup>a</sup>. lauged. 21<sup>a</sup>. 20 markes.

22<sup>a</sup>. willinglye.

33<sup>a</sup>. MS. perhaps has cleare altered to clene.

33<sup>a</sup>. fiueteeene.

37<sup>a</sup>. A little.

37<sup>a</sup>. Perhaps, as Percy suggested, two lines have  
dropped out after this, and the two which  
follow belong with the next stanza.

40<sup>a</sup>, 41<sup>a</sup>. kues.

41<sup>a</sup>. Arthus.

44<sup>a</sup>. some on.

## 30

## KING ARTHUR AND KING CORNWALL

Percy MS., p. 24. Hales & Furnivall, I, 61; Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 275.

THE mutilation of the earlier pages of the Percy manuscript leaves us in possession of only one half of this ballad, and that half in eight fragments, so that even the outline of the story cannot be fully made out.\* We have, to be sure, the whole of a French poem which must be regarded as the probable source of the ballad, and, in view of the recklessness of the destroyer Time, may take comfort; for there are few things in this kind that the Middle Ages have bequeathed which we could not better spare. But the losses from the English ballad are still very regrettable, since from what is in our hands we can see that the story was treated in an original way, and so much so that comparison does not steady materially.

'King Arthur and King Cornwall' is apparently an imitation, or a traditional variation,

of Charlemagne's Journey to Jerusalem and Constantinople, a *chanson de geste* of complete individuality and of remarkable interest. This all but incomparable relié exists in only a single manuscript,† and that ill written and not older than the end of the thirteenth century, while the poem itself may be assigned to the beginning of the twelfth, if not to the latter part of the eleventh.‡ Subsequently, the story, with modifications, was introduced into the romance of Galien, and in this setting it occurs in three forms, two manuscript of the fifteenth century, and the third a printed edition of the date 1500. These are all in prose, but betray by metrical remains imbedded in them their descent from a romance in verse, which there are reasons for putting at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century.§

A very little of the story, and this little

\* Half a page is gone in the manuscript between 'Robin Hood's Death' and the beginning of this ballad, and again between the end of this ballad and the beginning of 'Sir Lionel.' 'Robin Hood's Death,' judging by another copy, is complete within two or three stanzas, and 'Sir Lionel' appears to lack nothing. We may suppose that quite half a dozen stanzas are lost from both the beginning and the end of 'King Arthur and King Cornwall.'

† British Museum (but now missing), King's Library, 16, E, viii, fol. 131, recto: "Ci comence le luerre eument charels de fraunce voiet in ierusalem Et par porols sa feine a constantinoble pur vere roy hogon." First published by

Michel, London, 1836, and lately reedited, with due care, by Koschwitz: *Karls des Grossen Reise nach Jerusalem und Constantinopel*, Heilbronn, 1880; 2d ed., 1883.

‡ See the argument of Gaston Paris, *Romania*, XI, 7 ff.; and of Koschwitz, *Karl des Grossen Reise*, 2te Auflage, Einleitung, pp. xiv-xxii.

§ Printed by Koschwitz in *Siechs Bearbeitungen von Karls des Grossen Reise*, the last from a somewhat later edition, pp. 40-133. The recovery of a metrical form of Galien is looked for. In the view of Gaston Paris, the Pilgrimage was made over (renouvelé) at the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, and this *rifacimento*

much changed, is found in Italian romances of Charles's Journey to Spain and of Ogier the Dane. The derivation from Galien is patent.\*

The Journey of Charlemagne achieved great popularity, as it needs must. It forms a section of the Karlamagnus Saga, a prose translation into Norse of *gestes* of Charles and his peers, made in the thirteenth century, and probably for King Hákon the Old, though this is not expressly said, as in the case of the 'Mantle.' Through the Norwegian version the story of Charles's journey passed into the other Scandinavian dialects. There is a Swedish version, slightly defective, existing in a manuscript earlier than 1450, and known to be older than the manuscript, and a Danish abridgment, thought to have been made from the Swedish version, is preserved in a manuscript dated 1480, which again is probably derived from an elder. Like the 'Mantle,' the Journey of Charlemagne is treated in Icelandic Rímur, the oldest manuscript being put at about 1500. These Rhymes (Geiplur, Galbs, Japes), though their basis is the Norwegian saga, present variations from the existing manuscripts of this saga. There is also a Färöe traditional ballad upon this theme, 'Geipa-táttur.' This ballad has much that is peculiar to itself.†

Charlemagne's Journey was also turned

intercalated in Galien by some rhymier of the fourteenth. See his 'Galien,' in Hist. Litt. de la France, XXVIII, 221-239, for all that concerns the subject.

\* Il Viaggio di Carlo Magno in Ispagna, pubblicato per cura di Antonio Ceruti, c. li, II, 170: Rajna, Uggeri il Danese nella letteratura romanzea degli Italiani, Romania IV, 414 ff. A king of Portugal, of the faith of Apollo and Mahound, takes the place of the king of Constantinople in the former, and one Saracen or another in the several versions of the second. G. Paris, in Romania, IX, 3, 10, notes.

† The Norwegian version in Karlamagnus Saga ok Kappa hansk, ed. Unger, p. 466, the Seventh Part. Both the Swedish and Danish are given in Storm's Sagnkredse om Karl den Store, etc., Kristiania, 1874, pp. 225-245. For the sources, see p. 160 ff. The whole of the Danish Chronicle of Charlemagne is printed in Brandt's Romantisk Digtning fra Middelalderen, Copenhagen, 1877, the Journey to the Holy Land, p. 146 ff. Brandt does not admit that the Danish chronicle was translated from Swedish: p. 347. The 'Geiplur,' 968 vv, and one version of 'Geipa-táttur,' 340 vv, are included in Koschwitz's Sechs Bearbeitungen, p. 139 ff,

into Welsh in the thirteenth century. Three versions are known, of which the best is in the Red Book of Hergest.‡

Let us now see what is narrated in the French poem.

One day when Charlemagne was at St Denis he had put on his crown and sword, and his wife had on a most beautiful crown, too. Charles took her by the hand, under an olive-tree, and asked her if she had ever seen a king to whom crown and sword were so becoming. The empress was so unwise as to reply that possibly he thought too well of himself: she knew of a king who appeared to even better advantage when he wore his crown. Charles angrily demanded where this king was to be found: they would wear their crowns together, and if the French sided with her, well; but if she had not spoken truth, he would cut off her head. The empress endeavored to explain away what she had said: the other king was simply richer, but not so good a knight, etc. Charles bade her name him, on her head. There being no escape, the empress said she had heard much of Hugo, the emperor of Greece and Constantinople. "By my faith," said Charles, "you have made me angry and lost my love, and are in a fair way to lose your head, too. I will never rest till I have seen this king."

p. 174 ff. For a discussion of them see Kölbing in Germania, XX, 233-239, and as to the relations of the several versions, etc., Koschwitz, in Romanische Studien, II, 1 ff, his Ueberlieferung und Sprache der Chanson du Voyage de Charlemagne, and Sechs Bearbeitungen, Einleitung. The Färöe ballad is thought to show traces in some places of Christen Pedersen's edition of the Danish chronicle, 1534 (Kölbing, as above, 238, 239), or of stall prints founded on that. This does not, however, necessarily put the ballad into the sixteenth century. Might not Pedersen have had ballad authority for such changes and additions as he made? It may well be supposed that he had, and if what is peculiar to Pedersen may have come from ballads, we must hesitate to derive the ballad from Pedersen. It is, moreover, neither strange nor unexampled that popular ballads should be affected by tradition committed to print as well as by tradition still floating in memory. The Färöe copies of 'Greve Genselin,' for example, as Grundtvig remarks, I, 223, note, though undoubtedly original and independent of Danish, evince acquaintance with Vedel's printed text.

‡ Given, with an English translation by Professor Rhys, in Sechs Bearbeitungen, p. 1, p. 19.

The emperor, having made his offering at St Denis, returned to Paris, taking with him his twelve peers and some thousand of knights. To these he announced that they were to accompany him to Jerusalem, to adore the cross and the sepulchre, and that he would incidentally look up a king that he had heard of. They were to take with them seven hundred camels, laden with gold and silver, and be prepared for an absence of seven years.

Charlemagne gave his people a handsome equipment, but not of arms. They left behind them their lances and swords, and took the pilgrim's staff and scrip. When they came to a great plain it appeared that the number was not less than eighty thousand: but we do not have to drag this host through the story, which concerns itself only with Charles and his peers. They arrived at Jerusalem one fine day, selected their inns, and went to the minster. Here Jesus and his apostles had sung mass, and the chairs which they had occupied were still there. Charles seated himself in the middle one, his peers on either side. A Jew came in, and, seeing Charles, fell to trembling; so fierce was the countenance of the emperor that he dared not look at it, but fled from the church to the patriarch, and begged to be baptized, for God himself and the twelve apostles were come. The patriarch went to the church, in procession, with his clergy. Charles rose and made a profound salutation, the priest and the monarch embraced, and the patriarch inquired who it was that had assumed to enter that church as he had done. "Charles is my name," was the answer. "Twelve kings have I conquered, and I am seeking a thirteenth whom I have heard of. I have come to Jerusalem to adore the cross and the sepulchre." The patriarch proving gracious, Charles went on to ask for reliques to take home with him. "A plenet en avrez," says the patriarch; "St

Simeon's arm, St Lazarus's head, St Stephen's— " "Thanks!" "The sudarium, one of the nails, the crown of thorns, the cup, the dish, the knife, some of St Peter's beard, some hairs from his head—" "Thanks!" "Some of Mary's milk, of the holy shift—" And all these Charles received.\* He stayed four months in Jerusalem, and began the church of St Mary. He presented the patriarch with a hundred mule-loads of gold and silver, and asked "his leave and pardon" to return to France: but first he would find out the king whom his wife had praised. They take the way through Jericho to gather palms. The reliques are so strong that every stream they come to divides before them, every blind man receives sight, the crooked are made straight, and the dumb speak.† On reaching Constantinople they have ample reason to be impressed with the magnificence of the place. Passing twenty thousand knights, who are playing at chess and tables, dressed in pall and ermine, with fur cloaks training at their feet, and three thousand damsels in equally sumptuous attire, who are disporting with their lovers, they come to the king, who is at that moment taking his day at the plough, not on foot, goad in hand, but seated most splendidly in a chair drawn by mules, and holding a gold wand, the plough all gold, too; none of this elegance, however, impairing the straightness of his majesty's furrow. The king exchange greetings. Charles tells Hugo that he is last from Jerusalem, and should be glad to see him and his knights. Hugo makes him free to stay a year, if he likes, unyokes the oxen, and conducts his guests to the palace.

The palace is gorgeous in the extreme, and, omitting other architectural details, it is circular, and so constructed as to turn like a wheel when the wind strikes it from the west. Charles thinks his own wealth not worth a glove in comparison, and remembers how he

\* There are some variations in the list of reliques in the other versions. The *Rimur* say "many," without specifying.

† On the way from Jerusalem to Constantinople the French, according to Gallien, were waylaid by several thousand Saracens. Three or four of the peers prepared for a

fight, though armed only with swords ("which they never or only most reluctantly put off," Arsenal MS.), but Charles and the rest felt a better confidence in the reliques, and through the prayers of the more prudent and pious of the company their foes were turned into rocks and stones.

had threatened his wife. "Lordings," he says, "many a palace have I seen, but none like this had even Alexander, Constantine, or Cæsar." At that moment a strong wind arose which set the palace in lively motion; the emperor was fain to sit down on the floor; the twelve peers were all upset, and as they lay on their backs, with faces covered, said one to the other, "This is a bad business: the doors are open, and yet we can't get out!" But as evening approached the wind subsided: the Franks recovered their legs, and went to supper. At the table they saw the queen and the princess, a beautiful blonde, of whom Oliver became at once enamored. After a most royal repast, the king conducted Charles and the twelve to a bed-chamber, in which there were thirteen beds. It is doubtful whether modern luxury can vie with the appointments in any respect, and certain that we are hopelessly behind in one, for this room was lighted by a carbuncle. But, again, there was one luxury which Hugo did not allow them, and this was privaey, even so much privaey as thirteen can have. He had put a man in a hollow place under a marble stair, to watch them through a little hole.

The Franks, as it appears later, had drunk heavily at supper, and this must be their excuse for giving themselves over, when in a foreign country, to a usage or propensity which they had no doubt indulged in at home, and which is familiar in northern poetry and saga, that of making brags (gabs, Anglo-Saxon *bēot*, *gilp*\*). Charles began: Let Hugo arm his best man in two haubeks and two helms, and set him on a charger: then, if he will lend me his sword, I will with a blow cut through helms, haubeks, and saddle, and if I let it have its course, the blade shall never be recov-

ered but by digging a spear's depth in the ground. "Perdy," says the man in hiding, "what a fool King Hugo was when he gave you lodging!"

Roland followed: Tell Hugo to lend me his horn, and I will go into yon plain and blow such a blast that not a gate or a door in all the city shall be left standing, and a good man Hugo will be, if he faces me, not to have his beard burned from his face and his fur robe carried away. Again said the man under the stair, "What a fool was King Hugo!"

The emperor next called upon Oliver, whose gab was:

Prenget li reis sa fille qui tant at blo le peil,  
En sa chambre nos metet en un lit en requieit:  
Se jo n'ai testimoigne de li anuit cent feiz,  
Demain perde la teste, par covent li otrei.'

"You will stop before that," said the spy; "great shame have you spoken."

Archbishop Turpin's brag was next in order: it would have been more in keeping for Turpin of Hounslow Heath, and we have all seen it performed in the travelling circus. While three of the king's best horses are running at full speed on the plain, he will overtake and mount the foremost, passing the others, and will keep four big apples in constant motion from one hand to the other; if he lets one fall, put out his eyes.† "A good brag this," is the comment of the simple scout (*l'esolute*), "and no shame to my lord."

William of Orange will take in one hand a metal ball which thirty men have never been able to stir, and will hurl it at the palace wall and bring down more than forty toises of it. "The king is a knave if he does not make you try," says *l'esolute*.

The other eight gabs may be passed over,

\* The heir of a Scandinavian king, or earl, at the feast which solemnized his accession, drank a *bragur-full*, a chief's cup or king's toast, to the memory of his father, and then made some important vow. This he did before he took his father's seat. The guests then made vows. The custom seems not to have been confined to these funeral banquets. See Vigfusson, at the word *Bragr*. Charles and his peers show their blood.

† Excepting the Welsh translation, which conforms to the original, all other versions give Bernard's gab to Tur-

pin, and most others Turpin's to Bernard. The Danish chronicle assigns the "grand three-horse act" to Gerard; the Färöe ballad omits it; the two manuscript Galiens attribute it to Bernard [Berart] de Mondidier, the printed Galien to Berenger. In these last the feat is, though enormously weighted with armor, to leap over two horses and come down on the back of the third so heavily as to break his bones. There are, in one version or another, other differences as to the feats.

save one. Bernard de Brusban says, "You see that roaring stream? To-morrow I will make it leave its bed, cover the fields, fill the cellars of the city, drench the people, and drive King Hugo into his highest tower, from which he shall never come down without my leave." "The man is mad," says the spy. "What a fool King Hugo was! As soon as morning dawns they shall all pack."

The spy carries his report to his master without a moment's delay. Hugo swears that if the brags are not accomplished as made, his guests shall lose their heads, and orders out a hundred thousand men-at-arms to enforce his resolution.

When the devout emperor of the west came from mass the next morning (Hugo was evidently not in a state of mind to go), he advanced to meet his brother of Constantinople, olive branch in hand; but Hugo called out from far off, "Charles, why did you make me the butt of your brags and your scorns?" and repeated that all must be done, or thirteen heads would fall. Charles replied that they had drunk a good deal of wine the night before, and that it was the custom for the French when they had gone to bed to allow themselves in jesting. He desired to speak with his knights. When they were together, the emperor said that they had drunk too much, and had uttered what they ought not. He caused the reliques to be brought, and they all fell to praying and beating their breasts, that they might be saved from Hugo's wrath, when lo, an angel appeared, who bade them not be afraid; they had committed a great folly yesterday, and must never brag again, but for this time, "Go, begin, not one of them shall fail." \*

Charles returned to Hugo master of the situation. He repeated that they had drunk too much wine the night before, and went on to say that it was an outrage on Hugo's part to set a spy in the room, and that they knew a

land where such an act would be accounted villainy: "but all shall be carried out; choose who shall begin." Hugo said, Oliver; and let him not fall short of his boast, or I will cut off his head, and the other twelve shall share his fate. The next morning, in pursuance of an arrangement made between Oliver and the princess, the king was informed that what had been undertaken had been precisely discharged. "The first has saved himself," says Hugo; "by magie, I believe; now I wish to know about the rest." "What next?" says Charlemagne. William of Orange was called for, threw off his furs, lifted the huge ball with one hand, hurled it at the wall, and threw down more than forty toises. "They are enchanters," said the king to his men. "Now I should like to see if the rest will do as much. If one of them fails, I will hang them all to-morrow." "Do you want any more of the gabs?" asked Charles. Hugo called upon Bernard to do what he had threatened. Bernard asked the prayers of the emperor, ran down to the water, and made the sign of the cross. All the water left its bed, spread over the fields, came into the city, filled the cellars, drenched the people, and drove King Hugo into his highest tower; Charles and the peers being the while ensconced in an old pine-tree, all praying for God's pity.

Charles in the tree heard Hugo in the tower making his moan: he would give the emperor all his treasure, would become his man and hold his kingdom of him. The emperor was moved, and prayed that the flood might stop, and at once the water began to ebb. Hugo was able to descend from his tower, and he came to Charles, under an "ympe tree," and repeated what he had uttered in the moment of extremity. "Do you want the rest of the gabs?" asked Charles. "Ne de ceste semaine," replied Hugo. "Then, since you are my man," said the emperor, "we will make a holiday and wear our crowns together."

\* In Galien, Hugo is exceedingly frightened by Charlemagne's fierce demeanor and by what he is told by a recreant Frenchman who is living in exile at his court, and rouses the city for an assault on his guests, in which he loses two thousand of his people. A parley ensues. Hugo will hear of no

accommodation unless the gabs are performed. "Content," says Charles, angrily, "they shall be, if you wish;" but he feels how great the peril is, and goes to church to invoke the aid of heaven, which is vouchsafed.

When the French saw the two monarchs walking together, and Charles overtopping Hugo by fifteen inches, they said the queen was a fool to compare anybody with him.

After this promenade there was mass, at which Turpin officiated, and then a grand dinner. Hugo once more proffered all his treasures to Charles, but Charles would not take a denier. "We must be going," he said. The French mounted their mules, and went off in high spirits. Very happy was Charles to have conquered such a king without a battle. Charles went directly to St Denis, and performed his devotions. The nail and the crown he deposited on the altar, distributed the other reliques over the kingdom, and for the love of the sepulchre he gave up his anger against the queen.

The story in the English ballad, so far as it is to be collected from our eight fragments, is that Arthur, represented as King of Little Britain, while boasting to Gawain of his round table, is told by Guenevere that she knows of one immeasurably finer; the very trestle is worth his halls and his gold, and the palace it stands in is worth all Little Britain besides; but not a word will she say as to where this table and this goodly building may be. Arthur makes a vow never to sleep two nights in one place till he sees that round table; and, taking for companions Gawain, Tristram, Sir Bredbedille, and an otherwise unknown Sir Marramiles, sets out on the quest.

\* Arthur is said to have "socht to the ciete of Criste," in 'Golagros and Gawane,' Madden's 'Syr Gawayne,' p. 143, v. 302. The author probably followed the so-called Nennius, c. 63.

† Cf. 'Young Beichan,' where the porter has also served thirty years and three; 'The Grene Knight,' Percy Ms., Hales and Furnivall, II, 62; the porter in Kilweh and Olwen, Mabinogion, II, 255 f.

‡ In Heinrich von Tirlin's Crône we have the following passage, vv. 3313-4888, very possibly to be found in some French predecessor, which recalls the relations of Cornwall King and Guenevere. The queen's demeanor may be an imitation of Charlemagne's (Arthur's) wife's bluntness, but the liaison of which Cornwall boasts appears to be vouched by no other tradition, and must be regarded as the invention of the author of this ballad.

Arthur and three comrades return half frozen from a hunt. Arthur sits down at the fire to warm himself. The queen taunts him: she knows a knight who rides, winter and sun-

The pilgrimage which, to save his dignity, Charles makes a cover for his visit to the rival king forms no part of Arthur's programme.\* The five assume a palmer's weed simply for disguise, and travel east and west, in many a strange country, only to arrive at Cornwall, so very little a way from home.

The proud porter of Cornwall's gate, a minion swain, befittingly clad in a suit of gold, for his master is the richest king in Christendom, or yet in heathenness, is evidently impressed with Arthur's bearing, as is quite the rule in such cases: † he has been porter thirty years and three, but [has never seen the like]. Cornwall would naturally ask the pilgrims some questions. From their mentioning some shrine of Our Lady he infers that they have been in Britain,—Little Britain we must suppose to be meant. Cornwall asks if they ever knew King Arthur, and boasts that he had lived seven years in Little Britain, and had had a daughter by Arthur's wife, now a lady of radiant beauty, and Arthur has none such.‡ He then sends for his steed, which he can ride three times as far in a day as Arthur can any of his, and we may suppose that he also exhibits to his guests a horn and a sword of remarkable properties, and a Burlow-Beanie, or Billy-Blin, a seven-headed, fire-breathing fiend whom he has in his service. Arthur is then conducted to bed, and the Billy-Blin, shut up, as far as we can make out, in some sort of barrel, or other vessel,§

mer alike, in a simple shirt, chanting love-songs the while. Arthur resolves to go out with the three the next night to overhaul this hardy chevalier. The three attendants of the king have an encounter with him and fare hard at his hands, but Arthur has the advantage of the stranger, who reveals himself to the king as Guenevere's first love, by name Gasozein, and shows a token which he had received from her.

§ Under thrub chandler closed was hee. 292.

The bunge of the trubchandler he burst in three. 432.

Being unable to make anything of thrub, trub, I am compelled to conjecture the rub-chandler, that rubchandler. The word is certainly closed under a barrel or tub, and I suppose a rubbish barrel or tub. Rubb, however derived, occurs in Icelandic in the sense of rubbish, and chalder, however derived, is a Scottish form of the familiar chadrón. Professor Skeat, with great probability, suggests that chandler = chaunder, chaudiere. Caldaria lignea are cited by Ducange. Cad or kad is well known in the sense barrel, and cadiolus,

is set by Arthur's bed-side to hear and report the talk of the pilgrims. Now, it would seem, the knights make each their vow or brag. Arthur's is that he will be the death of Cornwall King before he sees Little Britain. Gawain, who represents Oliver, will have Cornwall's daughter home with him. Here there is an unlucky gap. Tristram should undertake to carry off the horn, Marramiles the steed, and Sir Bredbeddle the sword. But first it would be necessary to subdue the loathly fiend. Bredbeddle goes to work without dallying, bursts open the rub-chandler with his sword, and fights the fire-breathing monster in a style that is a joy to see; but sword, knife, and axe all break, and he is left without a weapon. Yet he had something better to fall back on, and that was a little book which he had found by the seaside, no doubt in the course of those long travels which conducted the pilgrims from Little Britain to Cornwall. It was probably a book of Evangiles; our Lord had written it with his hands and sealed it with his blood. With this little book, which in a manner takes the place of the relies in the French tale, for the safety of the pilgrims and the accomplishment of their vows are secured through it, Bredbeddle conjures the Burlow-beanie, and shuts him up till wanted in a "wall of stone," which reminds us of the place in which Hugo's spy is concealed. He then reports to Arthur, who has a great desire to see the fiend in all his terrors, and, upon the king's promising to stand firm, Bredbeddle makes the fiend start out again, with his seven heads and the fire flying out of his mouth. The Billy-Blin is now entirely amenable to command: Bredbeddle has only to "conjure" him to do a thing, and it is done. First he fetches down the steed. Marramiles, who perhaps had vowed to bring off the horse, considers that he is the man to ride him, but finds he can do

cadulus, are found in Dueange. Cadler, chandler, however, cannot be called a likely derivative from cad.

In stanza 48 the fiend, after he has been ousted from the "trubchandler," is told to "lie still in that wall of stone," which is perhaps his ordinary lair. The spy is concealed under a flight of stone steps in the French poem; in "a large hollow stone in the door outside" in the Welsh story; in a hollow pillar in Galien and the Rimir; in a stone vault in

nothing with him, and has to call on Bredbeddle for help. The Billy-Blin is required to tell how the steed is to be ridden, and reveals that three strokes of a gold wand which stands in Cornwall's study-window will make him spring like spark from brand. And so it comes out that Cornwall is a magician. Next the horn has to be fetched, but, when brought, it cannot be sounded. For this a certain powder is required. This the fiend procures, and Tristram blows a blast which rends the horn up to the midst.\* Finally the Billy-Blin is conjured to fetch the sword, and with this sword Arthur goes and strikes off Cornwall's head. So Arthur keeps his vow, and, so far as we can see, all the rest are in a condition to keep theirs.

The English ballad retains too little of the French story to enable us to say what form of it this little was derived from. The poem of Galien would cover all that is borrowed as well as the Journey of Charlemagne. It may be regarded as an indication of late origin that in this ballad Arthur is king of *Little* Britain, that Bredbeddle and Marramiles are made the fellows of Gawain and Tristram, Bredbeddle carrying off all the honors, and that Cornwall has had an intrigue with Arthur's queen. The name Bredbeddle is found elsewhere only in the late Percy version of the romance of the Green Knight, Hales and Furnivall, II, 56, which version alludes to a custom of the Knights of the Bath, an order said to have been instituted by Henry IV at his coronation, in 1399.

The Färöe ballad, "Geipa-táttur," exists in four versions: A, Svabo's manuscript collection, 1782, III, 1, 85 stanzas; B, Sandobog, 1822, p. 49, 140 stanzas; C, Fuglobog, c. 1810, p. 9, 120 stanzas; D, Sydero version, obtained by Hammershaimb, 1848, 103 stanzas.† It repeats the story of the Norse saga, with a

the Färöe ballad: Koschwitz, Karls Reise, p. 64; Sechs Bearbeitungen, pp 29, 52, 85, 117, 153, 179.

\* Roland's last blast splits his horn. See the citations by G. Paris, in Romania, XI, 506 ff.

† The first has been printed by Kölbing in Koschwitz's Sechs Bearbeitungen, as already said. The four texts were most kindly communicated to me by Professor Grundtvig, a short time before his lamentable death, copied by his own

moderate number of traditional aceritions and changes. The emperor, from his throne, asks his champions where is his superior [equal]. They all drop their heads; no one ventures to answer but the queen, who better had been silent. "The emperor of Constantinople" (Hákin, D), she says, "is thy superior." "If he is not," answers Karl, "thou shalt burn on bale." In B, when they have already started for Constantinople, Turpin persuades them to go rather to Jerusalem: in the other versions it must be assumed that the holy city was on the route. As Karl enters the church the bells ring and the candles light of themselves, C, D. There are thirteen seats in the choir: Karl takes the one that Jesus had occupied, and the peers those of the apostles. A heathen tells the patriarch \* that the Lord is come down from heaven, C, D. The patriarch proceeds to the church, with no attendance but his altar-book [singing from his altar-book]; he asks Karl what he has come for, and Karl replies, to see the halidoms, A, C, D. In B the patriarch presents himself to the emperor at his lodging, and inquires his purpose; and, learning that he is on his way to Constantinople, for glory, advises him first to go to the church, where the ways and means of success are to be found. The patriarch gives Karl some of the reliques: the napkin on which Jesus had wiped his hands, cups from which he had drunk, etc. Karl, in A, C, now announces that he is on his way to Constantinople; the patriarch begs him not to go, for he will have much to suffer. At the exterior gate of the palace will be twelve white bears, ready to go at him; the sight of his sword [of the holy napkin, B] will cause them to fall stone-dead, or at least harmless, B. At the gate next within there will be twelve wolf-dogs † [and further on twelve toads, B], which must be

disposed of in like wise: etc. The castle stands on a hundred pillars, A, and is full of ingenious contrivances: the floor goes up to the sky, and the roof comes down to the ground, B. Karl now sets out, with the patriarch's blessing and escort. Before they reach the palace they come upon three hundred knights and ladies dancing, which also had been foretold, and at the portals of the palace they find and vanquish the formidable beasts. The palace is to the full as splendid and as artfully constructed as they had been informed: the floor goes up and the roof comes down, B: there are monstrous figures (?), with horns at their mouths, and upon a wind rising the horns all sound, the building begins to revolve, and the Frenchmen jump up, each clinging to the other, B, C, D. Karl remembers what his wife had said, A, D.

Of the reception by the monarch of Constantinople nothing further is said. We are immediately taken to the bedroom, in which there are twelve beds, with a thirteenth in the middle, and also a stone arch, or vault, inside of which is a man with a candle. Karl proposes that they shall choose feats, make boasts, rouses [*skemtar*, jests, C]. These would inevitably be more or less deranged and corrupted in the course of tradition. A and C have lost many. Karl's boast, dropped in B, C, is that he will smite King Hákin, so that the sword's point shall stick in the ground, D; hit the emperor on the neck and knock him off his horse, A. Roland, in all, will blow the emperor's hair off his head with the blast of his horn. Oliver's remains as in the French poem. William of Orange's ball is changed to a bolt. The exploit with the horses and apples is assigned to Bernard in D, the only version which preserves it, as in the Norse saga; and, as in the saga again, it is Turpin,

hand in parallel columns, with a restoration of the order of the stanzas, which is considerably disturbed in all, and a few necessary emendations.

\* Pól, A, C. Kortunatus, B, i. e. Koronatus (Grundtvig). Coronatus = clericus, tonsura seu corona clericali donatus: Ducange.

† The white bears and the wolf-dogs are found in another Färöe ballad, as yet unprinted, 'Asmundar skeinkjari,'

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where they are subdued by an arm-ring and "rune-gold;" the white bears in a kindred ballad, Grundtvig, No 71, A 4, 5, 8, 9, C 6, 7, 13, quelled with a fly-twig; B 12, 13, with runes; and in No 70, A 28, B 27, 30. The source of this ballad is *Fjólsynnsmál*, which has two watch-dogs in 13, 14. 'Kilhwel and Olwen,' Mabinogion, II, has a similar story, and there are nine watch-dogs, at p. 277. (Grundtvig.)

and not Bernard, who brings in the river upon the town, and forces the king to take refuge in the tower.

Early in the morning the spy reports in writing, and King Hákin, D, says that Karl and his twelve peers shall burn on the bale, A, C, D, if they cannot make good their boasts, B. Karl's queen appears to him in his sleep, A, and bids him think of last night's words. It is the queen of Constantinople in B, C, D who rouses Karl to a sense of his plight; in B she tells him that the brags have been reported, and that burning will be the penalty unless they be achieved. Karl then sees that his wife knew what she was saying, and vows to give her Hildarheim and a scarlet cloak if he gets home alive. He hastens to church; a dove descends from heaven and sits on his arm [in B a voice comes from heaven]; he is assured that the boasts shall all be performed, but never let such a thing be done again. In A three of the feats are executed, in D four, in C seven, Oliver's in each case strictly, and Turpin's naturally, last. The king in C does the feat which is proposed by Eimer in the saga. A and C end abruptly with Turpin's exploit. In D Karl falls on his knees and prays, and the water retires; Karl rides out of Constantinople, followed three days on the road by Koronatus, as Hákin is now called, stanza 103: it is Karlamagnús that wears his crown higher. B takes a turn of its own. Roland, Olger and Oliver are called upon to do their brags. Roland blows so that nobody in Constantinople can keep his legs, and the emperor falls into the mud, but he blows not a hair off the emperor's head; Olger slings the gold-bolt over the wall, but breaks off none; Oliver gives a hundred kisses, as in the saga. The emperor remarks each time, I hold him no champion that performs his rouse that

way. But Turpin's brag is thoroughly done; the emperor is driven to the tower, and begs Karl to turn off the water; no more feats shall be exacted. Now the two kaisers walk in the hall, conferring about tribnte, which Karl takes and rides away. When he reaches home his queen welcomes him, and asks what happened at Constantinople: "Hvat gekk af?" "This," says Karl; "I know the truth now; you shall be queen as before, and shall have a voice in the rule."

It is manifest that Charlemagne's pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the visit to the king of Constantinople, though somewhat intimately combined in the old French *geste*, were originally distinct narratives. As far as we can judge, nothing of the pilgrimage was retained by the English ballad. We are not certain, even, that it is Charlemagne's visit to Hugo upon which the ballad was formed, though the great popularity of the French poem makes this altogether likely. As M. Gaston Paris has said and shown,\* the visit to Hugo is one of a cycle of tales of which the framework is this: that a king who regards himself as the richest or most magnificent in the world is told that there is somebody that outstrips him, and undertakes a visit to his rival to determine which surpasses the other, threatening death to the person who has disturbed his self-complacency, in case the rival should turn out to be his inferior. A familiar example is afforded by the tale of Aboulessem, the first of the *Mille et un Jours*. Haroun Alraschid was incessantly boasting that no prince in the world was so generous as he.† The vizier Giafar humbly exhorted the caliph not to praise himself, but to leave that to others. The caliph, much piqued, demanded, Do you then know anybody who compares with me? Giafar felt compelled to reply that there was

\* Romania, IX, 8 ff. The English ballad has also combined two stories: that of the gabs with another in which a magical horse, horn, and sword are made prize of by a favored hero.

† The particular for which superiority is claimed will naturally vary. The author of Charlemagne's Journey has the good taste not to give prominence to simple riches, but in Galien riches is from the beginning the point. So none hath so much gold as Cornwall King. Solomon's fame is to

exceed all the kings of the earth "for riches and for wisdom;" and although the queen of Sheba came to prove him with hard questions, she must have had the other matter also in view, for she says, The half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard: 1 Kings, x. Coming down to very late times, we observe that it is the wealth of the Abbot of Canterbury which exposes him to a visit from the king.

a young man at Basra, who, though in a private station, was not inferior even to the caliph in point of generosity. Haroun was very angry, and, on Giafar's persisting in what he had said, had the vizier arrested, and finally resolved to go to Basra to see with his own eyes: if Giafar should have spoken the truth, he should be rewarded, but in the other event he should forfeit his life.\*

This story, it is true, shows no trace of the gabs which Charlemagne and the peers make, and which Hugo requires to be accomplished on pain of death. The gabs are a well-known North-European custom, and need not be sought for further; but the requiring by one king of certain feats to be executed by another under a heavy penalty is a feature of a large class of Eastern tales of which there has

already been occasion to speak: see 'The Elfin Knight,' p. 11. The demand in these, however, is made not in person, but through an ambassador. The combination of a personal visit with a task to be performed under penalty of death is seen in the *Vafþrúðnismál*, where Odin, disguised as a traveller, seeks a contest in knowledge with the wisest of the giants.†

The story of the gabs has been retold in two modern imitations: very indifferently by Nivelle de la Chaussée, 'Le Roi Hugon,' *Oeuvres*, t. V., supplément, p. 66, ed. 1778, and well by M. J. Chénier, 'Les Miracles,' III, 259, ed. 1824.‡ Uhland treated the subject dramatically in a composition which has not been published: Keller, *Altfranzösische Sagen*, 1876, Inhalt (Koschwitz).

\* Percy MS., p. 24. Hales and Furnivall, I, 61; Madden's Syr Gawayne, p. 275.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 [SAIES, 'Come here, cuzen Gawaine so gay,  
My sisters sonne be yee;  
Ffor you shall see one of the fairest round ta-  
bles  
That euer you see with your eye.'

2 Then bespake Lady Queen Gueneuer,  
And these were the words said shie:

\* The tale in the *Mille et un Jours* is directly from the Persian, but the Persian is in the preface said to be a version from Indian, that is, Sanskrit. There are two Tatar traditional versions in Radloff, IV, 120, 310, which are cited by G. Paris.

† Cited by G. Paris, who refers also to King Gylfi's expedition to Asgard (an imitation of Odin's to *Vafþrúðnir*), and sees some resemblance to the revolving palace of King Hugo in the vanishing mansion in which Gylfi is received in *Gylfaginning*; and again to Thor's visit to the giant Geirrörðr, Skáldskaparmál, 18, which terminates by the giant's flinging a red-hot iron bar at Thor, who catches it and sends it back through an iron pillar, through Geirrörðr skulking behind the pillar, through the wall of the house, and into the ground, a fair matching of Charlemagne's gab. (The giant Geirrörðr, like Cornwall King, is skilled in magic.) The beginning of Biterolf and Dietleib also recalls that of Charlemagne's Journey. Biterolf, a Spanish king, hears from an old palmer, who has seen many a hero among Christians

'I know where a round table is, thou noble king.'

Is worth thy round table and other such three.

3 'The trestle that stands vnder this round ta-  
ble,' she said,

'Lowe downe to the mould,  
It is worth thy round table, thou worthy king,  
Thy halls, and all thy gold.'

4 'The place where this round table stands in,

and heathens, that none is the equal of Attila. Biterolf had thought that he himself had no superior, and sets out with eleven chosen knights to see Etzel's court with his own eyes. Romania, IX, 9 f.

Játmundr [Hlóðver], a haughty emperor in Saxon-land, sitting on his throne one day, in the best humor with himself, asks Sigurðr, his prime minister, where is the monarch that is his match. Sigurðr demurs a little; the emperor specifies his hawk, horse, and sword as quite incomparable. That may be, says the counsellor, but his master's glory, to be complete, requires a queen that is his peer. The suggestion of a possible equal rouses the emperor's ire. "But since you talk such folly, name one," he says. Sigurðr names the daughter of Hroðfr [Hugo] of Constantinople, and is sent to demand her in marriage. Magus saga jarls, ed. Cederschiöld, c. 1: Wulff, *Recherches sur les Sagas de Magus et de Geirard*, p. 14 f.

‡ G. Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, p. 344.

It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee,  
And all good Little Britaine.'

5 'Where may that table be, lady?' quoth hee,  
'Or where may all that goodly building  
be?'

'You shall it seeke,' shee says, 'till you it find,  
For you shall neuer gett more of me.'

6 Then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
These were the words said hee:  
'Ie make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,

7 'He never sleepe one night there as I doe another,  
Till *that* round table I see :  
*Sir Marramiles* and *Sir Tristeram*,  
Fellowes *that* ye shall bee.

8 . . . . .

'Weele be clad in palmers weed,  
Fine palmers we will bee ;

9 'There is noe ontlandish man will vs abide,  
Nor will vs come nye.'  
Then they riued east and the riued west,  
In many a strange country.

10 Then they tranckled a litle further,  
They saw a battle new sett :  
'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthur,  
   well .

\*      \*      \*      \*

11 But when he eam to this . . . e . . .  
And to the palace gate,  
Soe ready was ther a proud porter,  
And met him soone therat.

12 Shooes of gold the porter had on,  
And all his other rayment was vnto the  
same :  
'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthur,  
'Yonder is a minion swaine.'

13 Then bespake noble King Arthur,  
These were the words says hee :  
'Come hither, thou proud porter,  
I pray thee come hither to me.

14 'I haue two poore rings of my finger,  
The better of them Ile giv to thee;  
Tell who may be lord of this castle,' he  
says,  
'Or who is lord in this euntry?'

15 'Cornewall King,' the porter sayes,  
'There is none soe rich as hee :  
Neither in christendome, nor yet in heathen-  
nest,  
None hath soe much gold as he.'

16 And then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
These were the words says hee :  
'I haue two poore rings of my finger,  
The better of them Ile giv thee,  
If thou wilt greete him well, Cornewall King,  
And greete him well from me.

17 'Pray him for one nights lodging and two  
meales meate,  
For his love that dyed vppon a tree ;  
Of one ghesting and two meales meate,  
For his loue that dyed vppon a tree.

18 'Of one ghesting, of two meales meate,  
For his love that was of virgin borne,  
And in the morning *that* we may seape away,  
Either without seath or scorne.'

19 Then forth is gone this proud porter,  
As fast as he cold hye,  
And when he came befor Cornewall King,  
He kneeled downe on his knee.

20 Sayes, 'I haue beene porter-man, at thy gate,  
This thirty winter and three . . .

\*      \*      \*      \*

21 . . . . .

Our Lady was borne : then thought Cornewall  
King  
These palmers had beene in Brittaine.

22 Then bespake him Cornwall King,  
These were the words he said there :  
'Did you euer know a comely king,  
His name was King Arthur?'

23 And then bespake him noble *King Arthur*,  
 These were the words said hee :  
 'I doe not know that comly *king*.  
 But once my selfe I did him see.'  
 Then bespake Cornwall *King againe*,  
 These were the words said hee :

24 Sayes, 'Seuen yeere I was clad and fed,  
 In Little Brittaine, in a bower ;  
 I had a daughter by *King Arthurs wife*,  
 That now is called my flower ;  
 For *King Arthur*, that kindly coekward,  
 Hath none such in his bower.

25 'For I durst swaie, and saue my othe,  
 That same lady soe bright,  
 That a man *that* were laid on his death bed  
 Wold open his eyes on her to haue sight.'  
 'Now, by my faith,' sayes noble *King Arthur*,  
 'And that's a full faire wight !'

26 And then bespake Cornewall [King] againe,  
 And these were the words he said :  
 'Come hither, fife or three of my knights,  
 And feitch me downe my steed ;  
 King Arthur, that foule coekward,  
 Hath none such, if he had need.

27 'For I can ryde him as far on a day  
 As *King Arthur* can doe any of his on  
 three ;  
 And is it not a pleasure for a *king*  
 When he shall ryde forth on his iourney ?'

28 'For the eyes that beene in his head,  
 The glister as doth the glead.'  
 'Now, by my faith,' says noble *King Arthur*,  
 'That is a well faire steed.'

\* \* \* \* \*

29 . . . . .  
 'Nobody say . . . . .  
 But one *that*'s learned to speake.'

30 Then *King Arthur* to his bed was brought,  
 A greeined man was hee ;  
 And soe were all his fellowes with him,  
 From him the thought nener to flee.

31 Then take they did that lolly groome,  
 And under the rub-chadler closed was hee,

And he was set by *King Arthurs* bed-side,  
 To heere their talke and theirre comunye :

32 *That* he might come forth, and make proclamation,  
 Long before it was day ;  
 It was more for *King Cornwalls* pleasure,  
 Then it was for *King Arthurs* pay.

33 And when *King Arthur* in his bed was laid,  
 These were the words said hee :  
 'He make mine avow to God,  
 And alsoe to the Trinity.  
 That He be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
 Little Brittaine or euer I see !'

34 'It is an vnaduised vow,' saies *Gawaine* the gay,  
 'As ever *king* hard make I ;  
 But wee *that* beene ffeue christen men,  
 Of the christen faith are wee,  
 And we shall fight against anyoynted *king*  
 And all his armorie.'

35 And then bespake him noble *Arthur*,  
 And these were the words said hee :  
 'Why, if thou be afraid, *Sir Gawaine* the gay,  
 Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne  
 country.'

36 And then bespake *Sir Gawaine* the gay,  
 And these were the words said hee :  
 'Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty  
 vow,  
 Heere another vow make will I.'

37 'He make mine avow to God,  
 And alsoe to the Trinity,  
 That I will hane yonder faire lady  
 To Little Brittaine with mee.'

38 'He hose her hourly to my heart,  
 And with her He worke my will ;'  
 . . . . .  
 \* \* \* \* \*

39 . . . . .  
 These were the words said hee :  
 'Befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,  
 It is better be drowned in the sea.'

40 And then bespake Sir Bredbeddle,  
And these were the words said he :  
‘ Why, I will wrestle with yon lody feend,  
God, my gouernor thou wilt bee ! ’

41 Then bespake him noble Arthur,  
And these were the words said he :  
‘ What weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle  
knight ?  
I pray thee tell to me.’

42 He sayes, ‘ Collen brand Ile haue in my hand,  
And a Millaine knife fast by me knee,  
And a Danish axe fast in my hands,  
*That a sure weapon I thinke wilbe.*’

43 Then with his Collen brand *that* he had in his  
hand  
The bunge of that rub-chandler he burst in  
three;  
With that start out a lody feend,  
With seuen heads, and one body.

44 The fyre towards the element flew,  
Out of his mouth, where was great plentie ;  
The knight stode in the middle and fough,  
*That it was great ioy to see.*

45 Till his Collaine brand brake in his hand,  
And his Millaine knife burst on his knee,  
And then the Danish axe burst in his hand first,  
*That a sur weapon he thought shold be.*

46 But now is the knight left without any weap-  
ons,  
And alacke ! it was the more pitty ;  
But a surer weapon then he had one,  
Had never lord in Christentye ;  
And all was but one little booke,  
He found it by the side of the sea.

47 He found it at the sea-side,  
Wrucked upp in a floode ;  
Our Lord had written it with his hands,  
And sealed it with his blode.

\* \* \* \* \*

48 ‘ That thou doe not s . . . . .  
But ly still in that wall of stone,  
Till I haue beene with noble King Arthur,  
And told him what I haue done.’

49 And when he came to the *kings* chamber,  
He cold of his curtesie :  
Says, ‘ Sleepe you, wake you, noble King Ar-  
thur ?  
And euer Jesus waken yee ! ’

50 ‘ Nay, I am not sleeping, I am wakin,’  
These were the words said hee :  
‘ For thee I haue card : how hast thou fared ?  
O gentle knight, let me see.’

51 The knight wrought the *king* his booke,  
Bad him behold, reede and see ;  
And euer he found it on the backside of the  
leafe  
As noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

52 And then bespake him King Arthur.  
‘ Alas ! thou gentle knight, how may this  
be,  
That I might see him in the same licksnesse  
*That he stood vnto thee ?* ’

53 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said hee :  
‘ If youle stand stify in the battell stronge,  
For I haue won all the victory.’

54 Then bespake him the *king* againe,  
And these were the words said hee :  
‘ If wee stand not stify in this battell strong,  
Wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree.’

55 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said he :  
Sais, ‘ I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
In the same licksnesse thou stood vnto me.’

56 With that start out a lody feend,  
With seuen heads, and one body ;  
The fier towards the element flaugh,  
Out of his mouth, where was great plenty.

57 The knight stood in the middle p . . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

58 . . . . .

they stood the space of an hour,  
I know not what they did.

59 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
And these were the words said he :  
Saith, ' I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
*That thou feitch downe the steed that we  
see.'*

60 And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold lie,  
And feitch he did *that faire steed,*  
And came againe by and by.

61 Then bespake him Sir Marramiles.  
And these were the words said hee :  
' Riding of this steed, brother Bredbeddle,  
The mastery belongs to me.'

62 Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
To ryd him he was full bold ;  
He cold noe more make him goe  
Then a child of three yeere old.

63 He laid vpon him with heele and hand,  
With yard that was soe fell ;  
' Helpe ! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
' For I thinke he be the devill of hell.'

64 ' Helpe ! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
' Helpe ! for Christs pitty ;  
Ffor without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
He will nener be rydden for me.'

65 Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
These were the words said he :  
' I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
Thou tell me how this steed was riddin in  
his country.'

66 He saith, ' there is a gold wand  
Stands in King Cornwalls study windowe ;

67 ' Let him take that wand in *that* window,  
And strike three strokes on that steed ;  
And then he will spring forth of his hand  
As sparke doth out of gleede.'

68 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
\* \* \* \* \*

69 . . . . .

A lowd blast he may blow then.

70 And then bespake Sir Bredebeddle,  
To the ffend these words said hee :  
Says, ' I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
The powder-box thou feitch me.'

71 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold lie,  
And feich he did the powder-box,  
And came againe by and by.

72 Then Sir Tristeram tooke powder forth of *that*  
box,  
And blent it with warme sweet milke,  
And there put it vnto that horne,  
And swilled it about in that ilke.

73 Then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
And a lowd blast he blew ;  
He rent the horne vp to the midst,  
All his ffellowes this the knew.

74 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said he :  
Saius, ' I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
*That thou feitch me the sword that I see.'*

75 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold lie,  
And feitch he did *that faire sword,*  
And came againe by and by.

76 Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
To the *king* these words said he :  
' Take this sword in thy hand, thou noble *King*  
*Arthur,*  
For the vowes sake *that* thou made He gine  
it th[ee.]  
And goe strike off *King* Cornewalls head,  
In bed were he doth lye.'

77 Then forth is gone noble King Arthur,  
As fast as he cold lyte,  
And strucken he hath off King Cornwalls  
head,  
And came againe by and by.

78 He put the head vpon a swords point,

\* \* \* \*

1<sup>1</sup>. *The tops of the letters of this line were cut off in binding. Percy thought it had stood previously.*

come here Cuzen Gawaine so gay.

*Furnivall says* "the bottoms of the letters left suit better those in the text" as given.  
4 and 5, 8 and 9, are joined in the MS.  
10<sup>4</sup>. Half a page is gone from the MS., or about 38 or 40 lines; and so after 20<sup>2</sup>, 28<sup>4</sup>, 38<sup>2</sup>, 47<sup>4</sup>, 57<sup>1</sup>, 68<sup>1</sup>, 78<sup>1</sup>.

14<sup>2</sup>. they better.

17<sup>8</sup>, 18<sup>1</sup>. *The first two words are hard to make out, and look like A vne.*

18<sup>2</sup>. boirne.

19<sup>1</sup>. his gone.

20<sup>2</sup>. *The lower half of the letters is gone.*

21. In MS. :

our Lady was borne  
then thought cornwall King these palmers had  
beene in Brittanie.

28<sup>4</sup>. ? MS. *Only the upper part of the letters is left.*

31<sup>2</sup>. under thrub chadler.

33. *After this stanza is written, in the left margin of the MS., The 3d Part.*

38<sup>1</sup>. homly to my hurt. *Madden read hourly.*

39<sup>1</sup>. *The top line is pared away.*

41<sup>2</sup>. they words.

43<sup>2</sup>. of the trubchandler.

46<sup>3</sup>. then had he.

64. p', i. e. pro or per, me. *Madden.*

66. *Attached to 65 in MS.*

69<sup>4</sup>. ? MS.

76<sup>5,6</sup>. *Joined with 77 in MS.*

& and Arabic numerals have been frequently written out.

## 31

### THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAIN

Percy MS., p. 46. Hales & Furnivall, I, 105; Madden's Syr Gawayne, p. 288; Percy's Reliques, ed. 1794, III, 350.

We have here again half a ballad, in seven fragments, but the essentials of the story, which is well known from other versions, happen to be preserved, or may be inferred.

Arthur, apparently some day after Christmas, had been encountered at Tarn Wadling,\* in the forest of Inglewood, by a bold baron

armed with a club, who offered him the choice of fighting, or ransoming himself by coming back on New Year's day and bringing word what women most desire. Arthur puts this question in all quarters, and having collected many answers, in which, possibly, he had little confidence, he rides to keep his day. On the way he meets a frightfully ugly woman; she intimates that she could help him. Arthur promises her Gawain in marriage, if she will,

\* Still so called: near Aiketgate, Hesket. Lysons, Cumberland, p. 112.

and she imparts to him the right answer. Arthur finds the baron waiting for him at the tarn, and presents first the answers which he had collected and written down. These are contemptuously rejected. Arthur then says that he had met a lady on a moor, who had told him that a woman would have her will. The baron says that the misshapen lady on the moor was his sister, and he will burn her if he can get hold of her. Upon Arthur's return he tells his knights that he has a wife for one of them, and they ride with the king to see her, or perhaps for her to make her choice. When they see the bride, they decline the match in vehement terms, all but Gawain, who is somehow led to waive "a little foul sight and misliking." She is bedded in all her repulsiveness, and turns to a beautiful young woman. To try Gawain's compliance further, she asks him whether he will have her in this likeness by night only or only by day. Putting aside his own preference, Gawain leaves the choice to her, and this is all that is needed to keep her perpetually beautiful. For a stepmother had witched her to go on the wild moor in that fiendly shape until she should meet some knight who would let her have all her will. Her brother, under a like spell, was to challenge men either to fight with him at odds or to answer his hard question.

These incidents, with the variation that Arthur (who does not show all his customary chivalry in this ballad) waits for Gawain's consent before he promises him in marriage, are found in a romance, probably of the fifteenth century, printed in Madden's *Syr Gaywayne*, and somewhat hastily pronounced by the editor to be "unquestionably the original of the mutilated poem in the Percy folio." \*

Arthur, while hunting in Ingleswood, stalked and finally shot a great hart, which fell in a fern-brake. While the king, alone and far from his men, was engaged in making the

assay, there appeared a groom, bearing the quaint name of Gromer Somer Joure,† who grimly told him that he meant now to requite him for having taken away his lands. Arthur represented that it would be a shame to knighthood for an armed man to kill a man in green, and offered him any satisfaction. The only terms Gromer would grant were that Arthur should come back alone to that place that day twelvemonth, and then tell him what women love best; not bringing the right answer, he was to lose his head. The king gave his oath, and they parted. The knights, summoned by the king's bugle, found him in heavy cheer, and the reason he would at first tell no man, but after a while took Gawain into confidence. Gawain advised that they two should ride into strange country in different directions, put the question to every man and woman they met, and write the answers in a book. This they did, and each made a large collection. Gawain thought they could not fail, but the king was anxious, and considered that it would be prudent to spend the only month that was left in prosecuting the inquiry in the region of Ingleswood. Gawain agreed that it was good to be speering, and bade the king doubt not that some of his saws should help at need.

Arthur rode to Ingleswood, and met a lady, riding on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, but herself of a hideousness which beggars words; nevertheless the items are not spared. She came up to Arthur and told him that she knew his counsel: none of his answers would help. If he would grant her one thing, she would warrant his life; otherwise, he must lose his head. This one thing was that she should be Gawain's wife. The king said this lay with Gawain; he would do what he could, but it were a pity to make Gawain wed so foul a lady. "No matter," she rejoined, "tho'gh I be foul: choice for a mate hath an owl. When thou

\* "The Weddyng of Sr Gawen and Dame Ragnell," Rawlinson MS., C 86, Bodleian Library, the portion containing the poem being paper, and indicating the close of Henry VII's reign. The poem is in six-line stanzas, and, with a leaf that is wanting, would amount to about 925 lines. Madden's *Syr Gaywayne*, lxiv, lxxvii, 26, 298a-298y.

† Sir Gromer occurs in "The Turke and Gowin," Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, I, 102; Sir Grummore Grummorsum, "a good knight of Scotland," in *Morte d'Arthur*; ed. Wright, I, 286 and elsewhere (Madden).

comest to thine answer, I shall meet thee; else art thou lost."

The king returned to Carlisle with a heart no lighter, and the first man he saw was Gawain, who asked how he had sped. Never so ill: he had met a lady who had offered to save his life, but she was the foulest he had ever seen, and the condition was that Gawain should be her husband. "Is that all?" said Gawain. "I will wed her once and again, though she were the devil; else were I no friend." Well might the king exclaim, "Of all knights thou bearest the flower!"

After five or six days more the time came for the answer. The king had hardly ridden a mile into the forest when he met the lady, by name Dame Ragnell. He told her Gawain should wed her, and demanded *her* answer. "Some say this and some say that, but above all things women desire to have the sovereignty: tell this to the knight: he will curse her that told thee, for his labor is lost." Arthur, thus equipped, rode on as fast as he could go, through mire and fen. Gromer was waiting, and sternly demanded the answer. Arthur offered his two books, for Dame Ragnell had told him to save himself by any of those answers if he could. "Nay, nay, king," said Gromer, "thou art but a dead man." "Abide, Sir Gromer, I have an answer shall make all sure. Women desire sovereignty." "She that told thee that was my sister, Dame Ragnell; I pray I may see her burn on a fire." And so they parted.

Dame Ragnell was waiting for Arthur, too, and would hear of nothing but immediate ful-

fillment of her bargain. She followed the king to his court, and required him to produce Gawain instantly, who came and plighted his troth. The queen begged her to be married privately, and early in the morning. Dame Ragnell would consent to no such arrangement. She would not go to church till high-mass time, and she would dine in the open hall. At her wedding she was dressed more splendidly than the queen, and she sat at the head of the table at the dinner afterwards. There her appetite was all but as horrible as her person: she ate three capons, three curlews, and great bake meats, all that was set before her, less and more.\*

A leaf is wanting now, but what followed is easily imagined. She chided Gawain for his ollishness, and begged him to kiss her, at least. "I will do more," said Gawain, and, turning, beheld the fairest creature he ever saw. But the transformed lady told him that her beauty would not hold: he must choose whether she should be fair by night and foul by day, or fair by day and foul by night.‡ Gawain said the choice was hard, and left all to her. "Gramerey," said the lady, "thou shalt have me fair both day and night." Then she told him that her step-dame had turned her into that monstrous shape by necromancy, not to recover her own till the best knight in England had wedded her and given her sovereignty in all points.‡ A charming little scene follows, vv 715-99, in which Arthur visits Gawain in the morning, fearing lest the fiend may have slain him. Something of this may very likely have been in that

\* See 'King Henry,' the next ballad.

† The Gaelic tale of 'The Hoodie' offers a similar choice. The hoodie, a species of crow, having married the youngest of a farmer's three daughters, says to her, "Whether wouldest thou rather that I should be a hoodie by day and a man at night, or a hoodie at night and a man by day?" The woman maintains her proper sovereignty, and does not leave the decision to him: "'I would rather that thou wert a man by day and a hoodie at night,' says she. After this he was a splendid fellow by day, and a hoodie at night." Campbell, Popular Tales of the West Highlands, I, 63.

The having one shape by day and another by night is a common feature in popular tales: us, to be a bear by day and a man by night, Hrólft Kraki's Sagn, c. 26, Asbjørnsen og Moe, Norske Folkeeventyr, No 41; a lion by day and a man

by night, Grimms, K. u. H. m., No 88; a crab by day and a man by night, B. Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, u. s. w., No 10; a snake by day and a man by night, Karadshitch, Volksmärchen der Serben, Nos 9, 10; a pumpkin by day and a man by night, A. & A. Schott, Walachische Märchen, No 23; a ring by day, a man by night, Mullenhoff, No 27, p. 466, Karadshitch, No 6, Afanasief, VI, 189. Three princes in 'King Lindorm,' Nicolovius, Folkliwet, p. 48 ff, are cranes by day and men by night, the king himself being man by day and worm by night. The double shape is sometimes implied though not mentioned.

‡ The brother, Gromer Somer Joure, was a victim of the same necromancy; so the Earl of Carlile, Percy MS., Hales & Furnivall, III, 291.

half page of the ballad which is lost after stanza 48.

Gower and Chaucer both have this tale, though with a different setting, and with the variation, beyond doubt original in the story, that the man whose life is saved by rightly answering the question has himself to marry the monstrous woman in return for her prompting him.

Gower relates, *Confessio Amantis*, Book First, I, 89–104, ed. Pauli, that Florent, nephew of the emperor, as Gawain is of Arthur, slew Branchus, a man of high rank. Branchus's kin refrained from vengeance, out of fear of the emperor; but a shrewd lady, grandmother to Branchus, undertook to compass Florent's death in a way that should bring blame upon nobody. She sent for Florent, and told him that she would engage that he should not be molested by the family of Branchus if he could answer a question she would ask. He was to have a proper allowance of time to find the answer, but he was also to agree that his life should be forfeited unless his answer were right. Florent made oath to this agreement, and sought the opinions of the wisest people upon the subject, but their opinions were in no accord. Considering, therefore, that he must default, he took leave of the emperor, adjuring him to allow no revenge to be taken if he lost his life, and went to meet his fate. But on his way through a forest he saw an ugly old woman, who called to him to stop. This woman told him that he was going to certain death, and asked what he would give her to save him. He said, anything she should ask, and she required of him a promise of marriage. That he would not give. "Ride on to your death, then," said she. Florent began to reflect that the woman was very old, and might be hidden away somewhere till she died, and that there was no other chance of deliverance, and at last pledged his word that he would marry her if it should turn out that his life could be saved only through

the answer that she should teach him. She was perfectly willing that he should try all other shifts first, but if they failed, then let him say that women cared most to be sovereign in love. Florent kept back this answer as long as he could. None of his own replies availed, and the lady who presided in judgment at last told him that he could be allowed but one more. Then he gave the old woman's answer, and was discharged, with a curse on her that told.\*

The old woman was waiting for Florent, and he now had full leisure to inspect all her points: but he was a knight, and would hold his troth. He set her on his horse before him, rode by night and lay close by day, till he came to his castle. There the ladies made an attempt to attire her for the wedding, and she was the fouler for their pains. They were married that night. He turned away from the bride: she prayed him not to be so discourteous. He turned toward her, with a great moral effort, and saw (for the chamber was full of light) a lady of eighteen, of unequalled beauty. As he would have drawn her to him she forbade, and said he must make his choice, to have her such by day or by night. "Choose for us both," was his reply. "Thanks," quoth she, "for since you have made me sovereign, I shall be both night and day as I am now." She explained that, having been daughter of the king of Sicily, her stepmother had forshapen her, the spell to hold till she had won the love and the sovereignty of what knight passed all others in good name.

The scene of Chaucer's tale, *The Wife of Bath*, returns to Arthur's court. One of the bachelors of the household, when returning from hawking, commits a rape, for which he is condemned to death. But the queen and other ladies intercede for him, and the king leaves his life at the disposal of the queen. The queen, like the shrewd lady in Gower, but with no intent to trap the young man, says that his life shall depend upon his being able

\* And whan that this matrone herde  
The maner how this knight answere,  
She saide, Ha, treson, wo the be!  
That hast thus told the private

Which alle women most desire:  
I wolde that thou were a-fre!

So Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell, vv 474 f, and our ballad, stanzas 29, 30.

to tell her what women most desire, and gives him a year and a day to seek an answer. He makes extensive inquiries, but there is no region in which two creatures can be found to be of the same mind, and he turns homeward very downcast.

On his way through a wood he saw a company of ladies dancing, and moved towards them, in the hope that he might learn something. But ere he came the dancers had vanished, and all he found was the ugliest woman conceivable sitting on the green. She asked the knight what he wanted, and he told her it was to know what women most desire. "Plight me thy troth to do the next thing I ask of thee, and I will tell thee." He gave his word, and she whispered the secret in his ear.

The court assembled, the queen herself sitting as justice, and the knight was commanded to say what thing women love best. He made his response triumphantly: there was no dissenting voice. But as soon as he was declared to have ransomed his life, up sprang the old woman he had met in the wood. She had taught the man his answer, he had plighted his word to do the first thing she asked of him, and now she asked him to make her his wife. The promise was not disputed, but the poor youth begged her to make some other request; to take all he had in the world, and let him go. She would not yield, and they were married the next day. When they have gone to bed, the old wife, "smiling ever mo," rallies her husband for his indifference, and lectures him for objecting to ugliness, age, and vulgar birth, which things, she says, are a great security for him, and then gives him his election, to have her ugly and old as she is, but true, or young and fair, with the possible contingencies. The knight has the grace to leave the decision to her. "Then I have the sovereignty," she says, "and I will be both fair and good; throw up the curtain and see."

Fair and young she was, and they lived to their lives' end in perfect joy.

Chaucer has left out the step-mother and her bewitchment, and saves, humbles, and rewards the young knight by the agency of a good fairy; for the ugly old woman is evidently such by her own will and for her own purposes. She is "smiling ever mo," and has the power, as she says, to set all right whenever she pleases. Her fate is not dependent on the knight's compliance, though his is.

The Wife of Bath's Tale is made into a ballad, or what is called a sonnet, 'Of a Knight and a Fair Virgin,' in The Crown Garland of Golden Roses, compiled by Richard Johnson, not far from 1600: see the Percy Society reprint, edited by W. Chappell, vol. vi of the series, p. 68. Upon Chaucer's story is founded Voltaire's tale, admirable in its way, of *Ce qui plaît aux Dames*, 1762; of which the author writes, 1765, November 4, that it had had great success at Fontainebleau in the form of a comic opera, entitled *La Fée Urgèle*.<sup>\*</sup> The amusing ballad of The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter has much in common with the Wife of Bath's Tale, and might, if we could trace its pedigree, go back to a common original.<sup>†</sup>

Tales resembling the Marriage of Gawain must have been widely spread during the Middle Ages. The ballad of 'King Henry' has much in common with the one now under consideration, and Norse and Gaelic connections, and is probably much earlier. At present I can add only one parallel out of English, and that from an Icelandic saga.

Grímr was on the verge of marriage with Lopethna, but a week before the appointed day the bride was gone, and nobody knew what had become of her. Her father had given her a step-mother five years before, and the step-mother had been far from kind; but what then? Grímr was restless and unhappy,

\* This was a melodrama by Favart, in four acts: reduced in 1821 to one act, at the Gymnase.

† Chaucer's tale is commonly said to be derived from Gower's, but without sufficient reason. Vv. 6507-14, ed. Tyrwhitt, are close to Dame Ragnell, 409-420. Gower may have got his from some Example-book. I have not

seen it remarked, and therefore will note, that Example-books may have been known in England as early as 1000, for Aelfræd seems to speak slightlying of them in his treatise on the Old Testament. The Proverbs, he says, is a "big-spellbōc, nā swilce gē secað, ac wiſdōmē bigspell and warnung wið dysig;" etc.

and got no tidings. A year of scarcity coming, he left home with two of his people. After an adventure with four trolls, he had a fight with twelve men, in which, though they were all slain, he lost his comrades and was very badly wounded. As he lay on the ground, looking only for death, a woman passed, if so she might be called; for she was not taller than a child of seven years, so stout that Grímr's arms would not go round her, misshapen, bald, black, ugly, and disgusting in every particular. She came up to Grímr, and asked him if he would accept his life from her. "Hardly," said he, "you are so loathsome." But life was precious, and he presently consented. She took him up and ran with him, as if he were a babe, till she came to a large cave; there she set him down, and it seemed to Grímr that she was uglier than before. "Now pay me for saving your life," she said, "and kiss me." "I cannot," said Grímr, "you look so diabolical." "Expect no help, then, from me," said she, "and I see that it will soon be all over with you." "Since it must be, loath as I am," said Grímr, and went and kissed her; she seemed not so bad to kiss as to look at. When night came she made up a bed, and asked Grímr whether he would lie alone or with her. "Alone," he answered. "Then," said she, "I shall take no pains about healing your wounds." Grímr said he would rather lie with her, if he had no other chance, and she bound up his wounds, so that he seemed to feel no more of them. No

sooner was Grímr abed than he fell asleep, and when he woke, he saw lying by him almost the fairest woman he had ever laid eyes on, and marvellously like his true-love, Lopethena. At the bedside he saw lying the troll-easing which she had worn; he jumped up and burned this. The woman was very faint; he sprinkled her with water, and she came to, and said, It is well for both of us; I saved thy life first, and thou hast freed me from bondage. It was indeed Lopethena, whom the step-mother had transformed into a horrible shape, odious to men and trolls, which she should never come out of till a man should consent to three things,—which no man ever would,—to accept his life at her hands, to kiss her, and to share her bed. Gríms saga loðinkinna, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, II, 143–52.

Sir Frederic Madden, in his annotations upon this ballad, 'Syr Gawayne,' p. 359, remarks that Sir Steven, stanza 31, does not occur in the Round Table romances; that Sir Banier, 32, is probably a mistake for Beduer, the king's constable; and that Sir Bore and Sir Garrett, in the same stanza, are Sir Bors de Gaunes, brother of Lionel, and Gareth, or Gaheriet, the younger brother of Gawain.

'The Marriage of Sir Gawayne,' as filled out by Percy from the fragments in his manuscript, Reliques, 1765, III, 11, is translated by Bodmer, I, 110; by Bothe, p. 75; by Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, p. 135.

1 KINGE ARTHUR lines in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see,  
And there he hath with him Queene Gene-  
ver,  
*That* bride soe bright of blee.

2 And there he hath with [him] Queene Gene-  
ver,  
*That* bride soe bright in bower,  
And all his barons about him stode,  
*That* were both stiffe and stowre.

3 The king kept a royll Christmasse,  
Of mirth and great honor,  
And when . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

4 'And bring me word what thing it is  
*That* a woman [will] most desire;  
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he says,  
'For Ile hane noe other hier.'

5 King Arthur then held vp his hand,  
According thene as was the law ;  
He tooke his leane of the baron there,  
And homward can he draw.

6 And when he came to merry Carlile,  
To his chamber he is gone,  
And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,  
As he did make his mone.

7 And there came to him his cozen Sir Ga-  
waine,  
*That* was a curteous knight ;  
‘Why sigh you soe sore, vncle Arthur,’ he  
said,  
‘Or who hath done thee vnright ?’

8 ‘O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,  
*That* faire may thee befall !  
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,  
Thou wold not mernaile att all.

9 ‘Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,  
A bold baron there I fand,  
With a great club vpon his backe,  
Standing stiffe and strong.

10 ‘And he asked me wether I wold fight  
Or from him I shold begone,  
Of[r] else I must him a ransome pay,  
And soe depart him from.

11 ‘To fight with him I saw noe cause ;  
Methought it was not meet ;  
For he was stiffe and strong with-all,  
His strokes were nothing sweete.

12 ‘Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
I ought to him to pay :  
I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
Vpon the New Yeers day ;

13 ‘And I must bring him word what thing it is

\* \* \* \* \*

14 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,  
In one soe rich array,  
Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,  
*That* he might keepe his day.

15 And as he rode over a more,  
Hee see a lady where shee satte  
Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen ;  
She was cladd in red scarlett.

16 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,  
Then there was sett her eye ;  
The other was in her forehead fast,  
The way that she might see.

17 Her nose was crooked and turnd outward,  
Her mouth stood fonle a-wry ;  
A worse formed lady than shee was,  
Nener man saw with his eye.

18 To halch vpon him, King Arthur.  
This lady was full faine,  
But King Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
What he shold say againe.

19 ‘What knight art thou,’ the lady sayd,  
‘That will not speak to me ?  
Of me be thou nothing dismayd,  
Tho I be vgly to see.

20 ‘For I haue halched you curteously,  
And you will not me againe ;  
Yett I may happen Sir Knight,’ shee said,  
‘To ease thee of thy paine.’

21 ‘Gine thou ease me, lady,’ he said,  
‘Or helpe me any thing,  
Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
And marry him with a ring.’

22 ‘Why, if I help thee not, thou noble King Ar-  
thur,  
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
Of gentle Gawaine . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

23 And when he came to the Tearne Wadling,  
The baron there cold he finde,  
With a great weapon on his backe,  
Standing stiffe and stronge.

24 And then he tooke King Arthurs letters in his  
hands,  
And away he cold them fling,  
And then he puld out a good browne sword,  
And cryd himself a *king*.

25 And he sayd, I have thee and thy land, Arthur,  
To doe as it pleaseth me,

For this is not thy ransome sure,  
Therfore yeeld thee to me.

26 And then bespake him noble Arthur,  
And bad him hold his hand:  
'And give me leane to speake my mind  
In defencie of all my land.'

27 He said, As I came over a more,  
I see a lady where shee satte  
Betweene an oke and a green hollen;  
Shee was clad in red scarlett.

28 And she says a woman will haue her will,  
And this is all her cheef desire:  
Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill,  
This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.

29 He sayes, An early vengeance light on her!  
She walkes on yonder more;  
It was my sister that told thee this,  
And she is a misshappen hore.

30 But heer Ile make mine avow to God  
To doe her an euill turne,  
For an enur I may that fowle theefe get,  
In a fyre I will her burne.

\* \* \* \* \*

31 Sir Lancelott and Sir Steven bold.  
They rode with them that day,  
And the formost of the company  
There rode the steward Kay.

32 Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,  
Sir Garrett with them soe gay,  
Soe did Sir Tristeram *that* gentle knight,  
To the forrest fresh and gay.

33 And when he came to the greene forrest,  
Underneath a greene holly tree,  
Their sate that lady in red scarlet  
*That* vineemly was to see.

34 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,  
And looked vpon her swire;  
'Whosoener kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
'Of his kisse he stands in feare.'

35 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
And looked vpon her snout:  
'Whosoener kisses this lady,' he saies,  
'Of his kisse he stands in donbt.'

36 'Peace, cozen Kay,' then said Sir Gawaine,  
'Amend thee of thy life;  
For there is a knight amongst vs all  
*That* must marry her to his wife.'

37 'What! wedd her to wiffe!' then said Sir Kay,  
'In the dinells name anon!  
Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
For I had rather be slaine!'

38 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
And some tooke vp their hounds,  
And some sware they wold not marry her  
For city nor for towne.

39 And then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
And sware there by this day,  
'For a litle foule sight and misliking  
• • • • •'

\* \* \* \* \*

40 Then shee said, Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,  
Truth as I doe say,  
Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
In the night or else in the day.

41 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
Was one soe mild of moode,  
Sayers, Well I know what I wold say,  
God grant it may be good!

42 To haue thee fowle in the night  
When I with thee shold play —  
Yet I had rather, if I might,  
Haue thee fowle in the day.

43 'What! when lords goe with ther feires,' shee  
said,  
'Both to the ale and wine,  
Alas! then I must hyde my selfe,  
I must not goe withinne.'

44 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
Said, Lady, that 's but skill;  
And because thou art my owne lady,  
Thou shalt haue all thy will.

45 Then she said, Blesed be thou, gentle Gawain,  
     This day *that I thee see,*  
     For as thou seest me att this time,  
         From henceforth I wilbe.

46 My father was an old knight,  
     And yett it chanced soe  
     That he marryed a younge lady  
         That brought me to this woe.

47 Shee witched me, being a faire younge lady,  
     To the greene forrest to dwell,  
     And there I must walke in womans liknesse,  
         Most like a feend of hell.

48 She witched my brother to a carlish b . . .  
     . . . . .  
     \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

49 . . . . .  
     . . . . .  
     ‘That looked soe foule, and that was wont  
         On the wild more to goe.’

50 ‘Come kisse her, brother Kay,’ then said Sir  
     Gawaine,  
     ‘And amend the of thy life;  
     I sweare this is the same lady  
         That I marryed to my wifte.’

51 Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,  
     Standing vpon his feete;

He swore, as he was trew knight,  
     The spice was neuer soe sweete.

52 ‘Well, *cozen* Gawaine,’ sayes Sir Kay,  
     ‘Thy chance is fallen arright,  
     For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maidis  
         I euer saw with my sight.’

53 ‘It is my fortune,’ said Sir Gawaine ;  
     ‘For my vnkle Arthurs sake  
     I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
         Great ioy that I may take.’

54 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one  
     arme,  
     Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,  
     They led her straight to King Arthur,  
         As they were brother and brother.

55 King Arthur weleomed them there all,  
     And soe did Lady Genener his queene,  
     With all the knights of the Round Table,  
         Most seemly to be scene.

56 King Arthur beheld that lady faire  
     That was soe faire and bright,  
     He thanked Christ in Trinity  
         For Sir Gawaine that gentle knight.

57 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,  
     Reioyed all that day  
     For the good chance *that* hapened was  
         To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

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1<sup>3</sup>. Qqueene.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. Half a page gone from the MS., about 9 stanzas; and so after 13<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>3</sup>, 30<sup>4</sup>, 39<sup>6</sup>, 48<sup>1</sup>.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps* sayes.  
 23<sup>1</sup>. he finde.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps* sayes. 26<sup>2</sup>. *Perhaps* hands.  
 27<sup>1</sup>. He altered from the in MS.

31. “The 2d Part” is written here in the left margin of the MS. Furnivall.  
 34<sup>2</sup>. her smire.  
 37<sup>4</sup>. shaine.  
 41<sup>2</sup>. with one.  
 43<sup>1</sup>. seires.  
 44<sup>2</sup>. a skill. 45<sup>3</sup>. thou see  
 48<sup>1</sup>. Carlist B . . . & is printed and.

## 32

## KING HENRY

'King Henry.' a. The Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 31. b. Minstrels of the Scottish Border, 1802, II, 132.

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SCOTT describes his copy of 'King Henry' as "edited from the MS. of Mrs Brown, corrected by a recited fragment." This MS. of Mrs Brown was William Tytler's, in which, as we learn from Anderson's communication to Percy (see p. 62, above), this ballad was No 11. Anderson notes that it extended to twenty-two stanzas, the number in Scott's copy. No account is given of the recited fragment. As published by Jamieson, II, 194, the ballad is increased by interpolation to thirty-four stanzas. "The interpolations will be found inclosed in brackets," but a painful contrast of style of itself distinguishes them. They were entered by Jamieson in his manuscript as well.

The fourteenth stanza, as now printed, the eighteenth in Jamieson's copy, is not there bracketed as an interpolation, and yet it is not in the manuscript. This stanza, however, with some verbal variation, is found in Scott's version, and as it may have been obtained by Jamieson in one of his visits to Mrs Brown, it has been allowed to stand.

Lewis rewrote the William Tytler version for his Tales of Wonder, 'Courteous King Jamie,' II, 453, No. 57, and it was in this shape that the ballad first came out, 1801.

The story is a variety of that which is found in 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain,' and has its parallel, as Scott observed, in an episode in Hrólfr Kraki's saga: A, *Torfaeus, Historia Hrofli Krakii*, c. vii, Haynie, 1705; B, *Fornaldr Sögnr, Rafn*, I, 30 f. c. 15.

King Helgi, father of Hrólfr Kraki, in consequence of a lamentable misadventure, was living in a solitary way in a retired lodge. One stormy Yule-night there was a loud wail

at the door, after he had gone to bed. Helgi bethought himself that it was unkingly of him to leave anything to suffer outside, and got up and unlocked the door. There he saw a poor tattered creature of a woman, hideously misshapen, filthy, starved, and frozen (A), who begged that she might come in. The king took her in, and bade her get under straw and bearskin to warm herself. She entreated him to let her come into his bed, and said that her life depended on his conceding this boon. "It is not what I wish," replied Helgi, "but if it is as thou sayest, lie here at the stock, in thy clothes, and it will do me no harm." She got into the bed, and the king turned to the wall. A light was burning, and after a while the king took a look over his shoulder; never had he seen a fairer woman than was lying there, and not in rags, but in a silk kirtle. The king turned towards her now, and she informed him that his kindness had freed her from a weird imposed by her stepmother, which she was to be subject to till some king had admitted her to his bed, A. She had asked this grace of many, but no one before had been moved to grant it.

Every point of the Norse saga, except the stepmother's weird, is found in the Gaelic tale 'Nighean Righ fo Thuinn,' 'The Daughter of King Under-waves,' Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, No lxxxvi, III, 403 f.

The Finn were together one wild night, when there was rain and snow. An uncouth woman knocked at Fionn's door about midnight, and cried to him to let her in under cover. "Thou strange, ugly creature, with thy hair down to thy heels, how canst thou ask *me* to let thee in!" he answered. She

went away, with a scream, and the whole scene was repeated with Oiscan. Then she came to Diarmaid. "Thou art hideous," he said, "and thy hair is down to thy heels, but come in." When she had come in, she told Diarmaid that she had been travelling over ocean and sea for seven years, without being housed, till he had admitted her. She asked that she might come near the fire. "Come," said Diarmaid; but when she approached everybody retreated, because she was so hideous. She had not been long at the fire, when she wished to be under Diarmaid's blanket. "Thou art growing too bold," said he, "but come." She came under the blanket, and he turned a fold of it between them. "She was not long thus, when he gave a start, and he gazed at her, and he saw the finest drop of blood that ever was, from the beginning of the universe till the end of the world, at his side."

Mr Campbell has a fragment of a Gaelic ballad upon this story, vol. xvii., p. 212 of his manuscript collection, 'Collum gun Cheann,' or 'The Headless Trunk,' twenty-two lines. In this case, as the title imports, a body without a head replaces the hideous, dirty, and unkempt draggle-tail who begs shelter of the Finn successively and obtains her boon only from Diarmaid. See Campbell's Gaelic Ballads, p. ix.

The monstrous deformity of the woman is a trait in the ballad of 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain,' and related stories, and is described

in these with revolting details. Her exaggerated appetite also is found in the romance of The Wedding of Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell, see p. 290. The occasion on which she exhibits it is there the wedding feast, and the scene consequently resembles, even more closely there than here, what we meet with in the Danish ballads of 'Greve Genselin,' Grundtvig, No 16, I, 222, and 'Tord af Havsgaard,' Grundtvig, No 1, I, 1, IV, 580 (= Kristensen, 'Thors Hammer,' I, 85, No 35) the latter founded on the *þrymskviða*, or Hamarsheimt, of the older Edda. In a Norwegian version of 'Greve Genselin,' Grundtvig, IV, 732, the feasts of eating and drinking are performed not by the bride, but by an old woman who acts as bridesmaid, *brúrekvinne*.\*

A maid who submits, at a linden-worm's entreaty, to lie in the same bed with him, finds a king's son by her side in the morning: Grundtvig, 'Lindormen,' No 65, B, C, II, 213, III, 839; Kristensen, I, 195, No 71; Afzelius, III, 121, No 88; Arwidsson, II, 270, No 189; Hazelius, *Ur de nordiska Folkens Läf*, p. 117, and p. 149. In 'Ode und de Slang,' Müllenhoff, *Sagen u. s. w.*, p. 283, a maid, without much reluctance, lets a snake successively come into the house, into her chamber, and finally into her bed, upon which the snake changes immediately into a prince.

Scott's copy is translated by Schubart, p. 127, and by Gerhard, p. 129; Jamieson's, without the interpolations, after Aytoun, II, 22, by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 36.

1 LAT never a man a wooing wend  
That lacketh thingis three;  
A rooth o gold, an open heart,  
Ay fu o charity.

2 As this I speak of King Henry,  
For he ly burd-alone:  
An he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha,  
Was seven miles frae a town.

3 He chas'd the deer now him before,  
An the roe down by the den,  
Till the fattest buck in a' the flock  
King Henry he has slain.

4 O he has doen him to his ha,  
To make him beery cheer:  
An in it came a grisly ghost,  
Steed stappin i the heer.

\* The like by a carlin at a birth-feast, 'Kællingen til Bar sel,' Kristensen, II, 341, No 100, Lundstad, p. 666, No 96; known also in Sweden. Again, by a fighting friar, 'Den stridbare Munken,' Arwidsson, I, 417. 'Greve Genselin' is

translated by Prior, I, 173, and by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 310; 'Tord af Havsgaard' by Prior, I, 3.

5 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,  
   Her middle ye mot wel span;  
   He's thrown to her his gay mantle,  
   Says, 'Lady, hap your lingeān.'

6 Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,  
   Her nose like club or mell;  
   An I ken naething she 'peard to be,  
   But the fiend that wons in hell.

7 'Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry,  
   Some meat ye gie to me !'  
   'An what meat 's in this house, lady,  
     An what ha I to gie ?'  
   'O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
     An you bring him here to me.'

8 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
   Wow but his heart was sair!  
   Shee eat him [a'] up, skin an bane,  
   Left naething but hide an hair.

9 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
   Mair meat ye gi to me !'  
   'An what meat 's in this house, lady,  
     An what ha I to gi ?'  
   'O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,  
     An ye bring them a' to me.'

10 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,  
   Wow but his heart was sair!  
   She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
   Left naething but hide an hair.

11 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
   Mair meat ye gi to me !'  
   'An what meat 's i this house, lady,  
     An what ha I to gi ?'  
   'O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,  
     An ye bring them here to me.'

12 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,  
   Wow but his heart was sair!  
   She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
   Left naething but feathers bare.

13 'Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry,  
   Some drink ye bring to me !'  
   ' O what drink 's i this house, lady,  
     That you're nae welcome ti ?'  
   ' O ye sew up your horse's hide,  
     An bring in a drink to me.'

14 And he 's sewd up the bloody hide,  
   A puncheon o wine put in;  
   She drank it a' up at a waught,  
   Left na ae drap ahin.

15 'A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,  
   A bed you mak to me !  
   For ye mann pu the heather green,  
     An mak a bed to me.'

16 O pu'd has he the heather green,  
   An made to ber a bed,  
   An up has he taen his gay mantle,  
     An oer it has he spread.

17 'Tak aff your claihs, now, King Henry,  
   An lye down by my side !'  
   ' O God forbid,' says King Henry,  
     ' That ever the like betide :  
   That ever the fiend that wons in hell  
     Should streak down by my side.'

\*       \*       \*       \*

18 Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
   An the sun shone throw the ha,  
   The fairest lady that ever was seen  
     Lay atween him an the wa.

19 'O well is me !' says King Henry,  
   ' How lang 'll this last wi me ?'  
   Then out it spake that fair lady,  
     ' Even till the day you dee.

20 'For I've met wi mony a gentle knight  
   That's gien me sic a fill,  
   But never before wi a courteous knight  
     That ga me a' my will.'

a. 13<sup>6</sup>. shew. 19<sup>1</sup>. will.

b. 1. *The first stanza of the original of this copy, as cited by Anderson, is :*

Let never a man a wooing wend  
   That lacketh things three.

A routh of gold, and open heart,  
   An fu o charity.

14. And fu o courtesey.  
 21. And this was seen o.  
 22. And he has taen him to a haunted hunt's ha.

3<sup>1</sup>. He's chased the dun deer thro the wood.  
3<sup>2</sup>. in a' the herd.

4. He's taen him to his hunting ha,  
For to make burly cheir;  
When lond the wind was heard to sound,  
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness coverd a' the hall,  
Where they sat at their meat:  
The gray dogs, yowling, left their food,  
And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder houled the rising wind  
And burst the fastned door:  
And in there came a griesly ghost,  
Stood stamping on the floor.

*The wind and darkness are not of Scott's invention, for nearly all that is not in a is found in Lewis, too.*

5<sup>3</sup>. Each frighted huntsman fled the ha,  
And left the king alone.

7<sup>4</sup>. That ye're nae welleum tee?  
'O ye's gae kill your berry brown steed,  
And serve him up to me.'

9<sup>4</sup>. That ye're nae welleum tee?  
10<sup>5</sup>. a' up, ane by ane.

11<sup>6</sup>. That I hae left to gie?  
'O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,  
And bring them a' to me.'

12<sup>1</sup>. he felled. 12<sup>2</sup>. bane by bane.  
14<sup>2</sup>. And put in a pipe of wine.  
14<sup>3</sup>. up a' at ae draught. 14<sup>4</sup>. drap therein.  
15. *Between 2 and 3:*

And what's the bed i this house, ladye,  
That ye're nae welleum tee?

15<sup>3</sup>. O ye maun pu the green heather.

17<sup>1,2</sup>. Now swear, now swear, ye king Henrie,  
To take me for your bride.

18<sup>1</sup>. When day was come, and night was gane.  
19<sup>5</sup>. And out and spak that ladye fair.

20. For I was witched to a ghastly shape,  
All by my stepdame's skill,  
Till I should meet wi a courteous knight  
Wad gie me a' my will.

### 33

#### KEMPY KAY

A. 'Kempy Kay.' Pitcairn's MSS., II, 125. Scottish Ballads and Songs [James Maidment], Edinb. 1859, p. 35; Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 81.

B. 'Kempy Kaye.' a. Kinloch MSS., I, 65. b. Kinloch's Ballad Book, p. 41.

C. 'Kempy Kay,' or 'Kempy Kane,' Motherwell's MS., p. 193. The first stanza in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxiv, No XXX.

D. 'Kempy Kay,' Motherwell's MS., p. 192.

E. 'Drowsy Lane.' Campbell MSS., II, 122.

F. 'Bar aye your bower door weel.' Campbell MSS., II, 101.

G. 'King Knapperty.' Buchan's MSS., I, 133.

ALL these versions of 'Kempy Kay' are known, or may be presumed, to have been taken down within the first three decades of this century; A is traced as many years back

into the last. The fourth stanza of A clearly belongs to some other ballad. Both A and B appear to have undergone some slight changes when published by Sharpe and Kinloch re-

spectively. Some verses from this ballad have been adopted into one form of a still more unpleasant piece in the Campbell collection, concerning a wife who was "the queen of all sluts."\*

Sharpe remarks: "This song my learned readers will perceive to be of Scandinavian origin, and that the woower's name was probably suggested by Sir Kaye's of the Round Table. . . . The description of Bengoleer's daughter resembles that of the enchanted damsel who appeared to courteous King Henrie." It is among possibilities that the ballad was an outgrowth from some form of the story of The Marriage of Sir Gawain, in the Percy version of which the "unseemly" lady is so rudely commented on and rejected by Kay. This unseemly lady, in The Wedding of Gawen and Dame Ragnell, and her counterpart in 'King Henry,' who is of superhuman height, show an extravagant voracity which recalls the giantess in 'Greve Genselin.' In 'Greve Genselin,' a burlesque form

of an heroic ballad which is preserved in a pure shape in three Färöe versions (Grundtvig, IV, 737-42), there are many kempes invited to the wedding, and in a little dance which is had the smallest kemp is fifteen ells to [below] the knee. Grundtvig, No 16, A 26, B 29, C 29. Kempy Kay has gigantic dimensions in A 7, C 9, E 7: teeth like tetherstakes, a nose three [nine, five] feet long, three ells [nine yards] between his shoulders, a span between his eyne.† Of the bride it is said in A 12 that her finger nails were like the teeth of a rake and her teeth like tetherstakes. This is not decisive; it is her ugliness, filthiness, and laziness that are made most of. We may assume that she would be in dimension and the shape of nature a match for the kemp, but she does not comport herself especially like a giantess.

If Kempy Kay be the original name of the woower, Knapperty and Chickmakin might easily be derived from corrupt pronunciations like Kampeky, Kimpaky.

## A

Pitcairn's MSS., II, 125, as taken down by Mr Pitcairn from the singing of his aunt, Mrs Gammell, who had learned it in the neighborhood of Kincaid, Stirlingshire, when a child, or about 1770. Scottish Ballads and Songs [James Maidment], Edinburgh, 1859, p. 35; Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 81.

1 KEMPY KAYE's a wooing gane,  
Far, far ayont the sea.  
And he has met with an auld, auld man,  
His gudefaythir to be,

2 It's I'm coming to court your daughter  
dear,  
And some part of your gear:  
And by my sooth,' quoth Bengoleer,  
She'll sare a man a wear.

\* MSS., II, 294, "What a bad luck had I" = The Queen of all Sluts, the same, p. 297. Stanzas 2, 3, 4, of the former are:

Then een in her head are like two rotten plumbs;  
Turn her about and see how she glooms.

The teeth in her head were like harrow-pins;  
Turn her about, and see how she girms.

3 My dochter she's a thrifty lass,

She span seven year to me,  
And if it were weel counted up,  
Full three heire it would be.

4 What's the matter wi you, my fair creature,  
You look so pale and wan?  
I'm sure you was once the fairest creature  
That ever the sun shined on.

5 Gae serape yourself, and gae scart yourself,  
And mak your brucket face clean.  
For the wookers are to be here to nightie,  
And your body's to be seen.'

6 Sae they serapit her, and they scartit her,  
Like the face of an aussy pan;

The hair in her head was like heatherrows,  
The l...s were in't thick as linseed bows.

A comparatively inoffensive version, 'The Queen of Sluts,' in Chambers' Scottish Songs, p. 454.

† The Carl of Carlile has the space of a large span between his brows, three yards over his shoulders, fingers like tether-stakes, and fifty cubits of height. Percy MS., Hales & Furnivall, III, 283 f. vv 179-187.

Syne in cam Kempy Kay himself,  
A clever and tall young man.

7 His teeth they were like tether-sticks,  
His nose was three fit lang,  
Between his shouthers was ells three,  
And tween his eyne a span.

8 He led his dochter by the hand,  
His dochter ben brought he :  
'O is she not the fairest lass  
That's in great Christendye?'

9 Ilka hair intil her head  
Was like a heather-cowe,  
And ilka louse anunder it  
Was like a bruekit ewe.

10 She had tauchy teeth and kaily lips,  
And wide lugs, foun o hair;

B

a. Kinloch MSS, I, 65. b. Kinloch's Ballad Book, p.  
41. From the recitation of Mary Barr.

1 KEMPY KAYE is a wooring game,  
Far ayont the sea,  
And there he met wi auld Goling,  
His gudefather to be, be,  
His gudefather to be.

2 'Whar are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,  
Whar are ye gaun sae sun'e?  
'O I am gaun to court a wife,  
And think na ye that's weel dune?'

3 'An ye be gaun to court a wife,  
As ye do tell to me,  
'T is ye soll hae my Fusome Fug,  
Your ae wife for to be.'

4 Whan auld Goling cam to the house,  
He lookit thro a hole,  
And there he saw the dirty drab  
Just whisking oure the coal.

5 'Rise up, rise up my Fusome Fug,  
And mak your foul face clean,  
For the brawest wooer that ere ye saw  
Is come develling down the green.'

6 Up then rose the Fusome Fug,  
To mak her foul face clean :

Her pouches foun o peasemeal-draighe  
A' hinging down her spare.

11 Ilka eye intil her head  
Was like a rotten plumbe,  
And down browed was the queyne,  
And sairly did she gloom.

12 Ilka nail upon her hand  
Was like an iron rake,  
And ilka tooth intil her head  
Was like a tether-stake.

\* \* \* \*

13 She gied to him a gravat,  
O the auld horse's sheet,  
And he gied her a gay gold ring,  
O the auld couple-root.

---

And aye she cursed her mither  
She had na water in.

7 She rampit out, and she rampit in,  
She rampit but and ben ;  
The tittles and tattles that hang frae her tail  
Wad muck an acre o land.

8 She had a neis upon her face  
Was like an auld pat-fit ;  
Atween her neis bot an her mou  
Was inch thick deep wi dirt.

9 She had twa een intil her head  
War like twa rotten plums ;  
The heavy brows hung doon her face,  
And O I vow she glooms !

10 He gied to her a braw silk napkin,  
Was made o' an auld horse-brat :  
'I ne'er wore a silk napkin a' my life,  
But weel I wat Ise wear that.'

11 He gied to her a braw gowd ring,  
Was made frae an auld brass pan :  
'I ne'er wore a gowd ring in a' my life,  
But now I wat Ise wear ane.'

12 Whan thir twa lovers had met thegither,  
O kissing to get their fill,  
The slaver that hang atween their twa gabs  
Wad hae tether'd a ten year auld bill.

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 193. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xxiv, No XXX, the first stanza.

1 KEMPY KAYE 's a wooing gane,  
And far beyond the sea, a wee  
And there he met wi Drearylane,  
His gay gudefather to be. a wee

2 'Gude een, gude een,' quo Drearylane,  
'Gude een, gude een,' quo he, a wee  
'I've come your dochter's love to win,  
I kenna how it will do.' a wee

3 'My dochter she 's a thrifty lass,  
She 's spun this gay seven year,  
And if it come to gude guidning,  
It will be half a heer.'

4 'Rise up, rise up, ye dirty slut,  
And wash your foul face clean:  
The woopers will be here the night  
That suld been here yestreen.'

5 They took him ben to the fire en,  
And set him on a chair;

He looked on the lass that he loved best,  
And thought she was wondrous fair.

6 The een that was in our bride's head  
Was like twa rotten plooms;  
She was a chaunler-chafit quean,  
And O but she did gloom!

7 The skin that was on our bride's breast  
Was like a saffron bag,  
And aye her hand was at her neek,  
And riving up the seabs.

8 The hair that was on our bride's head  
Was like a heather-cow,  
And every louse that lookit out  
Was like a brocket ewe.

9 Betwixd Kempy's shouthers was three ells,  
His nose was nine feet lang,  
His teeth they were like tether sticks,  
Between his eyne a span.

10 So aye they kissed, and aye they clapped,  
I wat they kissed weel;  
The slaver that hang between their mouths  
Wad hae tethered a twa year auld bill.

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 192.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 THE father came unto the door,  
And keeked thro the key-hole, a wee  
And there he saw his dochter Jean,  
Sitting on a coal. a wee

2 They scartit her, and scrapit her,  
Wi the hand o a rusty pan, a wee  
Her father he did all his best  
For to get her a man. a wee

3 She is to the stumps gane,  
There is nae water in;

She 's cursed the hands and ban'd the feet  
That did na bring it in.

4 Out then spak her auld mither,  
In her bed whare she lay:  
'If there is nae water in the house,  
Gae harl her thro the lin.'

5 O she is to the taipy tapples gane,  
That stood for seven year,  
And there she washed her foul face clean,  
And dried it wi a huggar.

6 He 's gien her a gay gold ring,  
Just like a cable-rope,  
And she 's gien him a gay gravat,  
Made out o the tail o a sark.

## E

Campbell MSS., II, 122.

1 'GUD een, gud een,' says Chickmakin,  
'Ye're welcome here,' says Drowsy Lane;

'I'm comd to court your daughter Jean,  
And marry her wi yer will, a wee.'

2 'My daughter Jean 's a thrifty lass,  
She 's spun these seven lang years to me,

And gin she spin another seven,  
 She 'll munt a half an heir, a wee.'

3 Drowsy Lane, it 's he 's game hame,  
 And keekit through the hole, a wee  
 And there he saw his daughter Jean  
 A reeking o'er the coal. a wee

4 'Get up, get up, ye dirty bitch,  
 And wash yer foul face clean.  
 For they are to be here the night  
 That should hae been here yestreen.'

5 Up she rose, pat on her clothes,  
 She 's washen her foul face clean;  
 She cursd the hands, she ban'd the feet,  
 That wadna bring the water in.

6 She rabbit hersel, she scrubbit hersel,  
 Wi the side of a rustif pan, a wee,  
 And in a little eame Chickmakin,  
 A braw young lad indeed was he.

7 His teeth they were like tether-steeks,  
 His nose was five feet lang;  
 Between his shoulders was nine yards broad,  
 And between his een a span.

8 Ilka hair into his head  
 Was like a heather-cow,  
 And ilka louse that lookit out  
 Was like a brookit ewe.

9 Thae twa kissd and thae twa clapt,  
 And thae twa kissd their fill,  
 And aye the slaver between them hang  
 Wad tetherd a ten-pund bull.

10 They twa kissd and they twa clapt,  
 And they gaed to their bed, a wee,  
 And at their head a knocking stane  
 And at their feet a mell, a wee.

11 The auld wife she lay in her bed:  
 'And gin ye 'll do my bidding a wee,  
 And gin ye 'll do my bidding,' quoth she,  
 'Yees whirl her o'er the lea, a wee.'

**F**

Campbell MSS, II, 101.

1 As I cam o'er yon misty muir,  
 And o'er yon grass-green hill,  
 There I saw a campy carle  
 Going to the mill.  
 And bar aye yer bower door weel weel,  
 And bar aye yer bower door weel.

2 I lookit in at her window,  
 And in at her hove hole,  
 And there I saw a fousome fag,  
 Cowering o'er a coal.

3 'Get up, get up, ye fousome fag,  
 And make yer face fou clean;  
 For the woors will be here the night,  
 And your body will be seen.'

4 He gave her a gay cravat,  
 'T was of an auld horse-sheet;

He gave her a gay goud ring,  
 'T was of an auld tree root.

5 He laid his arms about her neck,  
 They were like kipple-roots;  
 And aye he kissd her wi his lips,  
 They were like meller's hoops.

6 When they were laid in marriage bed,  
 And covered o'er wi fail,  
 The knocking mell below their heads  
 Did serve them wondrous weel.

7 Ilka pap into her breasts  
 Was like a saffron bag,  
 And aye his hand at her a . . . e  
 Was tearing up the scabs.

8 Ilka hair into her head  
 Was like a heather-cow,  
 And ilka louse that lookit out  
 Was like a brookit ewe.

## G

Buchan's MSS, I, 133.

1 KING KNAPPERTY he's a hunting gane,  
Oer hills and mountains high, high, high,  
A gude pike-staff intill his hand,  
And dulgets anew forbye, I, I, I,  
And dulgets anew forbye.

2 Then he met in wi an auld woman,  
Was feeding her flocks near by, I, I, I :  
'I'm come a wooing to your daughter,  
And a very gude bargain am I, I, I.'

3 And she's awa to her wee hole house,  
Lookd in a wee chip hole,  
And there she saw her filthy wee flag,  
Was sitting athort the coal.

4 'Get up, get up, ye filthy foul flag,  
And make your foul face clean ;  
There are woopers coming to the town,  
And your foul face mauna be seen.'

5 Then up she raise, an awa she gaes,  
And in at the back o the door,  
And there a pig o water she saw,  
'T was seven years auld an mair.

6 Aye she rubbed, an aye she scrubbed,  
To make her foul face clean,  
And aye she band the auld wife, her mither,  
For nae bringing clean water in.

7 King Knapperty he came in at the door,  
Stood even up in the floor ;

Altho that she had neer seen him before,  
She kent him to be her dear.

8 He has taen her in his arms twa,  
And kissd her, cheek and chin :  
'I neer was kissd afore in my life,  
But this night got mony ane.'

9 He has put his hand in his pocket,  
And he's taen out a ring :  
Says, 'Take ye that, my dearest dear,  
It is made o the brazen pan.'

10 She thankd him anee, she thankd him twice,  
She thankd him oer again :  
'I neer got a ring before in my life,  
But this night hae gotten ane.'

11 These lovers bed it was well made,  
And at their hearts' desire :  
These lovers bed it was well made,  
At the side o the kitchen fire.

12 The bolster that these lovers had  
Was the mattock an the mell,  
And the covring that these lovers had  
Was the clouted cloak an pale.

13 The draps that fell frae her twa een  
Woud have gard a froth-mill gang,  
An [the] chunkerts that hung at their heels  
Woud hae muckd an acre o land.

14 An ilka hair that was in their head  
Was like a heather-cow,  
And ilka tenant that it containd  
Was like a lintseed-bow.

A. 5<sup>34</sup>. Var. For Kempy Kay will be here the night  
Or else the morn at een.

9<sup>4</sup>. Var. Was like a lintseed bow.

*These variations are found in Sharpe's copy.*  
*The first seven stanzas are put in the order 1,*  
6, 7, 3, 2, 4, 5.

2<sup>1</sup>. I'm coming.

3<sup>4</sup>. Full ten wols it would be.

4<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>. fair maiden, fairest maiden.

5<sup>2</sup>. bruchty. 6<sup>2</sup>. And in.

39

7<sup>4</sup>. Between his een. 10<sup>1</sup>. tauchty is misprinted lauchty.

10<sup>4</sup>. War hinging.

11<sup>2</sup>. An down down.

12<sup>2</sup>. teeth, no doubt to indicate the pronunciation.

B. a. 4<sup>1</sup>. Whan Kempy Kaye. Other copies show that it must be the father, and not the woor.

6<sup>3</sup>. ae. with ay in the margin : qu. aye as ? b. The variations of the Ballad Book are apparently arbitrary.

1<sup>2</sup>. Far far. 8<sup>4</sup>. o dirt.

After 9 follows :

Ilka hair that was on her head  
Was like a heather cow,  
And ilka louse that lookit out  
Was like a lintseed bow.

a<sup>4</sup> succeeds, with Kempy Kaye for auld  
Golding, and is necessarily transferred  
if the reading Kempy Kaye is retained.

C. The order of the first five stanzas in the MS  
is 1, 2, 5, 4, 3.

A wee is the burden after every second and  
fourth verse, and so with D.

D<sup>1, 2</sup>. In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p.  
xxiv, No xxx,

Kempy Kane's a wooin game,  
And far ayont the sea awee,

3<sup>2</sup>, years. 5<sup>2</sup>, on a stool.

D. The first stanza is numbered 3 in the MS.,  
the second 5, and there is space left, as if  
for another, between 2 and 3.

E. A wee, originally a burden at the middle and  
the end of the stanza, as in C, D, has been  
adopted into the verse in 1, 2, 6, 10(?) 11,  
in which stanzas the even lines are of four  
accents instead of three. 2, 6 can be easily  
restored, on the model of C 3, A 6.

5<sup>4</sup>, in the water.

G. I, I, I is added as burden to every second and  
fourth line; except 1<sup>2</sup>, which adds high,  
high, and 2<sup>4</sup>, only I, I.

## 34

### KEMP OWYNE

A. 'Kemp Owyne?' Buchan's Ballads of the North  
of Scotland, II, 78; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 373;  
'Kemp Owayne,' Motherwell's MS., p. 448.

B. 'Kempion.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 29.  
b. Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1802, II, 93, from William Tytler's Brown MS., No 9, "with corrections from a  
recited fragment."

It is not, perhaps, material to explain how Owain, "the king's son Urien," happens to be awarded the adventure which here follows. It is enough that his right is as good as that of other knights to whom the same achievement has been assigned, though the romance, or, as the phrase used to be, "the book," says nothing upon the subject. Owain's slaying the fire-drake who was getting the better of the lion may have led to his name becoming associated with the still more gallant exploit of thrice kissing a fire-drake to effect a disenchantment. The ring in A 9 might more plausibly be regarded as being a repetition of that which Owain's lady gave him on leaving her for a twelvemonth's outing, a ring which would keep him from loss of blood, and also from prison, sickness, and defeat in battle — in short, preserve him against all the accidents

which the knight suggested might prevent his holding his day — provided that he had it by him and thought on her. Ritson, Ywaine and Gawin, vv 1514-38.

But an Icelandic saga comes near enough to the story of the ballad as given in A to show where its connections lie. Álsólf and a brother and sister are all transformed by a stepmother, a handsome woman, much younger than her husband. Álsólf's heavy weird is to be a nondescript monster with a horse's tail, hoofs, and mane, white eyes, big mouth, and huge hands, and never to be released from the spell till a king's son shall consent to kiss her. One night when Hjárbiter had landed on a woody island, and it had fallen to him to keep watch, he heard a great din and crashing in the woods, so that the oaks trembled. Presently this monster came out of the thicket

with a fine sword in her hand, such as he had not seen the like of. They had a colloquy, and he asked her to let him have the sword. She said he should not have it unless he would kiss her. "I will not kiss thy snout," said Hjálmtér, "for mayhap I should stick to it." But something came into his mind which made him think better of her offer, and he said he was ready. "You must leap upon my neck, then," she said, "when I throw up the sword, and if you then hesitate, it will be your death." She threw up the sword, he leaped on her neck and kissed her, and she gave him the sword, with an augury of victory and good luck for him all his days. The retransformation does not occur on the spot, but further on Hjálmtér meets Álsólf as a young lady at the court of her brother, who has also been restored to his proper form and station; everything is explained; Hjálmtér marries her, and his foster-brother her sister. Hjálmtér's ok Ölvrs Saga, cc 10, 22, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 473 ff., 514 ff.

In many tales of the sort a single kiss suffices to undo the spell and reverse the transformation; in others, as in the ballad, three are required. The triplication of the kiss has led in A to a triplication of the talisman against wounds. The popular genius was inventive enough to vary the properties of the several gifts, and we may believe that belt, ring, and sword had originally each its peculiar quality. The peril of touching fin or tail in A seems to correspond to that in the saga of hesitating when the sword is thrown up.

The Danish ballad, 'Jomfruen i Ormeham,' from MSS of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century, Grundtvig, No 59, II, 177, resembles both the first version of the Scottish ballad and the Icelandic saga in the points that the maid offers gifts and is rehabilitated by a kiss. The maid in her proper shape, which, it appears, she may resume for a portion of the day, stands at Sir Jenus's bedside

and offers him gifts—five silver-bowls, all the gold in her kist, twelve foals, twelve boats—and ends with saying, "Were I a swain, as you are, I would betroth a maid." It is now close upon midnight, and she hints that he must be quick. But Jenus is fast asleep the while: twelve strikes, and the maid instantly turns into a little snake. The page, however, has been awake, and he repeats to his master all that has occurred.\* Sir Jenus orders his horse, rides along a hillside, and sees the little snake in the grass. He bends over and kisses it, and it turns to a courteous maid, who thanks him, and offers him any boon he may ask. He asks her to be his, and as she has loved him before this, she has no difficulty in plighting him her troth.

A maid transformed by a step-mother into a tree is freed by being kissed by a man, in 'Jomfruen i Linden,' Grundtvig, II, 214, No 66, Kristensen, II, 90, No 31; 'Linden,' Afzelius, III, 114, 118, No 87. In 'Linden,' Kristensen, I, 13, No 5, a combination of two ballads, a prince cuts down the linden, which changes to a linden-worm; he kisses the worm, and a young maid stands before him.

A knight bewitched into the shape of a troll is restored by being kissed by a peasant's wife thrice [once], 'Trollden og Bondens Hustru,' Grundtvig, II, 142, No 52, A, B; a prince by a kiss from a maid, 'Lindormen,' Grundtvig, D. g. F., II, 211, No 65 A, 'Slangen og den lille Pige,' Danske Folkeminder, 1861, p. 15.

The removal of a spell which compels man or woman to appear continuously or alternately as a monster, commonly a snake, by three kisses or by one, is a regular feature in the numerous German tales of Schlangenjungfrauen, Weissefranen. Often the man is afraid to venture the third kiss, or even a single one. See Grimm, Deutsche Sagen, No 13, No 222; Dobeneck, Des deutschen Mittelalters Volksglauben, I, 18 = Grimm, No 13; Mone's Anzeiger, III, 89, VII, 476; Panzer, Bayer-

\* The incident of a woman trying to move a man who all the while is in a deep sleep, and of his servant reporting what has been going on, can hardly have belonged to this ballad from the beginning. It is exceedingly common in popular tales: see 'The Red Bull of Norwoy,' in Cham-

bers's Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 3d ed., p. 99; Grimms, 'Das singende springende Löweneckerchen,' No 88, 'Der Eisenhofen,' No 127, and the notes in vol. iii; Leskiw u. Bragman, Litauische V. l. u. Märchen, 'Vom weissen Wolf,' No 23, p. 438, and Wollner's note, p. 571.

ische Sagen u. Bräuche, I, 196, No 214; Schönluth, Die Burgen u. s. w. Badens u. der Pfalz, I, 105; Stöber, Die Sagen des Elsasses, p. 346, No 277, p. 248, No 190; Curtze, Volksüberlieferungen aus Waldeck, p. 198; Sommer, Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche aus Sachsen u. Thüringen, p. 21, No 16; Schambach u. Müller, p. 104, No 132; Müllenhoff, p. 580, No 597; Wolf, Hessische Sagen, No 46; etc., etc.: also, Kreutzwald, Elstnische Märchen, by Löwe, No 19, p. 270 f. So in some forms of ‘Beauty and the Beast’: Tüppen, Abergläuben aus Masuren, p. 142; Mikuličé, Narodne Pripovietke, p. 1, No 1; Afanasiief, VII, 153, No 15; Coelho, Contos populares portuguezes, p. 69, No 29.\*

Rivals or peers of Owain among romantic knights are, first, Lanzelet, in Ulrich von Zatzikhoven’s poem, who kisses a serpent on the mouth once, which, *after bathing in a spring* (see ‘Tam Lin’), becomes the finest woman ever seen: vv 7836–7939. Brandimarte, again, in Orlando Innamorato, lib. II, c. xxvi, stanzas 7–15; and Carduino, I Cantari di Carduino, Rajna, stanzas 49, 54 f, 61–64, pp 35–41. Le Bel Inconnu is an involuntary instrument in such a disenchantment, for the snake fascinates him first and kisses him without his knowledge; he afterwards goes to sleep, and finds a beautiful woman standing at his head when he wakes: ed. Hippocrate, p. 110 ff, v. 3101 ff. The English Libius Disconius is kist or he it wist, and the dragon at once turns to a beautiful woman: Percy MS., Hales & Furnivall, II, 493 f; Ritson, Romances, II, 84 f. Espertius, in Tirán le Blanc, is so overcome with fear that he cannot kiss the dragon,—a daughter of Hippocrates, transformed by Diana, in the island of Lango,—but Espertius not running away, as two men before him had done, the dragon kisses him with equally good effect: Caylus, Tirán

le Blanc, II, 334–39. This particular disenchantment had not been accomplished down to Sir John Mandeville’s time, for he mentions only the failures: Voyage and Travell, c. iv, pp 28–31, ed. 1725. Amadis d’Astra touches two dragons on the face and breast, and restores them to young-ladyhood: Historia del Principe Sferamundi, the 13th book of Amadis of Gaul, P. II, c. xvii, pp 458–462, Venice, 1610. This feat is shown by the details to be only a variation of the story in Tirán le Blanc.†

The Rev. Mr Lamb, of Norham, communicated to Hutchinson, author of ‘A View of Northumberland,’ a ballad entitled ‘The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh,’ with this harmless preamble: “A song 500 years old, made by the old Mountain Bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A. D. 1270. From an ancient manuscript.” This composition of Mr Lamb’s—*for nearly every line of it is his*—is not only based on popular tradition, but evidently preserves some small fragments of a popular ballad, and for this reason is given in an Appendix. There is a copy deviating but very little from the print in Kinloch’s MSS, I, 187. It was obtained from the recitation of an old woman in Berwickshire.‡ In this recited version the Child of Wynd, or Childy Wynd (Child O-wyne), has become Child o Wane (Child O-wayn).§

Mr R. H. Evans, in his preface to this ballad, Old Ballads, 1810, IV, 241, says that Mr Turner had informed him “that a lady upwards of seventy had heard her mother repeat an older and nearly similar ballad.”

A is translated by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 19; B b by Gerhard, p. 171, by Schubart, p. 110, by Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, p. 201. ‘Jomfruen i Ormeham’ by Prior, III, 135.

\* But not in Mme Villeneuve’s or in Mme de Beaumont’s ‘La Belle et la Bête.’

† Lanzelet is cited by J. Grimm; Brandimarte by Walter Scott; Carduino by G. Paris; Espertius by Dunlop; Amadis d’Astra by Valentin Schmidt. Dunlop refers to a similar story in the sixth tale of the *Contes Amoureux de Jean Flore*, written towards the end of the fifteenth century.

‡ “The Childe of Wane, as a protector of disconsolate damsels, is still remembered by young girls at school in the neighbourhood of Bamborough, who apply the title to any boy who protects them from the assaults of their school-felows.” (Kinloch.)

## A

Buchan, Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 78, from Mr Nicol of Strichen, as learned in his youth from old people; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 374; Motherwell's MS., p. 448.

1 HER mother died when she was young,  
Which gave her cause to make great moan ;  
Her father married the wrast woman  
That ever lived in Christendom.

2 She served her with foot and hand,  
In every thing that she could dee,  
Till once, in an unlucky time,  
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

3 Says, ' Lie you there, dove Isabel,  
And all my sorrows lie with thee :  
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,  
And borrow you with kisses three,  
Let all the wrold do what they will,  
Oh borrowed shall you never be ! '

4 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,  
And twisted thrice about the tree,  
And all the people, far and near,  
Thought that a savage beast was she.

5 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,  
Where he lived, far beyond the sea ;  
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,  
And on the savage beast lookd he.

6 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted was about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about :  
' Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

7 'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,  
' That I have found in the green sea ;

## B

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 29. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 33, 1802, from William Tytler's Brown MS., No 9, "with corrections from a recited fragment."

1 'COME here, come here, you freely feed,  
An lay your head low on my knee ;  
The hardest weird I will you read  
That eer war read to a lady.

And while your body it is on.  
Drawn shall your blood never be ;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I vow my belt your death shall be.'

8 He stepped in, gave her a kiss.  
The royal belt he brought him wi ;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted twice about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about :  
' Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

9 'Here is a royal ring,' she said,  
' That I have found in the green sea ;  
And while your finger it is on.  
Drawn shall your blood never be ;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I swear my ring your death shall be.'

10 He stepped in, gave her a kiss.  
The royal ring he brought him wi ;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted ance about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about :  
' Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

11 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
' That I have found in the green sea ;  
And while your body it is on.  
Drawn shall your blood never be ;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I swear my brand your death shall be.'

12 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal brand he brought him wi ;  
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,  
And twisted nane about the tree,  
And smilingly she came about,  
As fair a woman as fair could be.

---

2 'O meikle dollour sall you dree,  
An ay the sat seas oer ye [s] swim ;  
An far mair dollour sall ye dree  
On Eastmair craigs, or ye them elim.

3 'I wot ye's be a weary wight,  
An relieved sall ye never be  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig and thriece kiss thee.'

4 O meickle dollour did she dree,  
 An ay the sat seas oer she swam ;  
 An far mair dollour did she dree  
 On Eastmuir craigs, or them she clamb ;  
 An ay she cried for Kempion,  
 Gin he would come till her han.

5 Now word has gane to Kempion  
 That sicht a beast was in his lan.  
 An ay be sure she wold gae mad  
 Gin she gat nae help frae his han.

6 ‘Now by my sooth,’ says Kempion,  
 ‘This fiery beast I [‘ll] gang to see ;’  
 ‘An by my sooth,’ says Segramour,  
 ‘My ae brother, I ‘ll gang you wi.’

7 O biggit ha they a bonny boat,  
 An they haes set her to the sea,  
 An Kempion an Segramour  
 The fiery beast ha gane to see :  
 A mile afore they reachd the shore,  
 I wot she gard the red fire flee.

8 ‘O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,  
 An lat her no the lan so near ;  
 For the wicked beast she ‘ll sure gae mad,  
 An set fire to the land an mair.’

9 ‘O out o my styte I winna rise —  
 An it is na for the fear o thee —  
 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
 Come to the craig an thriece kiss me.’

10 He’s louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
 An he has gien her kisses ane ;  
 Awa she gid, an again she came,  
 The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

11 ‘O out o my styte I winna rise —  
 An it is na for fear o thee —

—

Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
 Come to the craig an thriece kiss me.’

12 He louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
 An he has gien her kisses twa :  
 Awa she gid, an again she came,  
 The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

13 ‘O out o my styte I winna rise —  
 An it is na for fear o ye —  
 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
 Come to the craig an thriece kiss me.’

14 He’s louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
 An he has gien her kisses three :  
 Awa she gid, an again she came,  
 The fairest lady that ever could be.

15 ‘An by my sooth,’ say[s] Kempion,  
 ‘My ain true love — for this is she —  
 O was it wolf into the wood,  
 Or was it fish intill the sea,  
 Or was it man, or wile woman,  
 My true love, that misshapit thee ?’

16 ‘It was na wolf into the wood,  
 Nor was it fish into the sea,  
 But it was my steppmother,  
 An wae an weary mot she be.

17 ‘O a heavier weird light her upon  
 Than ever fell on wile woman :  
 Her hair’s grow rough, an her teeth’s grow  
 Lang,  
 An on her four feet sal she gang.

18 ‘Nane soll taek pitty her upon,  
 But in Wormie’s Wood she soll ay won,  
 An relieved soll she never be,  
 Till St Mungo come oer the sea.’

A. *Buchan gives 4-6 in two six-line stanzas. There are a few trivial diversities between Motherwell’s manuscript, or my copy of it, and his printed text, which conforms to Buchan’s.*

B. a. *Written in long or double lines in the manuscript.*  
 2<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>, or.  
 5<sup>3</sup>, a besure.  
 8<sup>3</sup>, landy mair.

11<sup>4</sup>. twice.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. wicked is inserted before steppmother, seemingly by Jamieson.  

b. *The first stanza, as given by Anderson, Nichols, Literary Illustrations, vii, 177, is:*

‘Come here, come here, ye freely feed,  
 And lay your head low on my knee ;  
 The heaviest weird I will you read  
 That ever was read till a lady.’

1<sup>8</sup>. heaviest. 1<sup>4</sup>. gaye ladye.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. ye'se. 2<sup>4</sup>. when ye.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. I weird ye to a fiery beast.  
 5 = a 4<sup>5,6</sup> + a 5<sup>1,2</sup>: a 5<sup>3,4</sup> omitted:

And aye she cried for Kempion,  
 Gin he would but cum to her hand:  
 Now word has gane to Kempion  
 That sieken a beast was in his land.

6<sup>4</sup>. wi thee.  
 7 omits a<sup>3,4</sup>. 7<sup>5</sup>. But a mile before.  
 7<sup>6</sup>. Around them she.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. oer near. 8<sup>3</sup>. will sure.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. to a' the land and mair.  
*After 8 is inserted:*

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,  
 And aimd an arrow at her head.  
 And swore if she didna quit the land,  
 Wi that same shaft to shoot her dead.

9<sup>1</sup>. stythe. 9<sup>2</sup>. awe o thee.

10<sup>1</sup>. dizzy erag. 10<sup>2</sup>. gien the monster.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. stythe. 11<sup>2</sup>. And not for a' thy bow  
     nor thee.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. Estmre eraigs.  
 13<sup>1</sup>. my den. 13<sup>2</sup>. Nor flee it for the  
     feir o thee.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. Kempion, that courteous knight.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. lofty craig. 14<sup>2</sup>. loveliest lady eer.  
 15<sup>1,2</sup>. *After this is inserted:*

They surely had a heart o stane,  
 Could put thee to such misery.

15<sup>3,6</sup> make a separate stanza.  
 15<sup>3</sup>, 16<sup>1</sup>. warwolf in the wood.  
 15<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>. mermaid in the sea.  
 15<sup>6</sup>. my ain true.  
 17<sup>1</sup>. weird shall light her on.  
 17<sup>3</sup>. Her hair shall grow . . . teeth grow.  
 18<sup>2</sup>. In Wormeswood she aye shall won.  
 18<sup>5,6</sup>. And sighing said that weary wight,  
     I doubt that day I'll never see.

## APPENDIX

### THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON HEUGHS.

A View of Northumberland, by W. Hutchinson, Anno 1776, Newcastle, 1778, II, 162-64. Communicated by the Rev. Mr Lamb, of Norham.

Kinloch's account of the tradition in relation to the queen, as it maintains itself in Berwickshire, is quite in accord with German *sagen* about enchanted ladies, innocent or guilty, and as such may be worth giving: Kinloch MSS, I, 187.

"Though the ballad mentions that the queen was transformed into 'a spiteful toad of monstrous size,' and was doomed in that form to wend on the earth until the end of the world, yet the tradition of the country gives another account of the endurance of her enchantment. It is said that in form of a toad as big as a 'clockin hen' she is doomed to expiate her guilt by confinement in a cavern in Bamborough castle, in which she is to remain in her enchanted shape until some one shall have the hardihood to break the spell by penetrating the cavern, whose 'invisible' door only opens every seven years, on Christmas eve. The adventurer, after entering

the cavern, must take the sword and horn of the Childe of Wane, which hang on the wall, and having unsheathed and resheathed the sword thrice, and wounded three blasts on the horn, he must kiss the toad three times; upon which the enchantment will be dissolved, and the queen will recover her human form.

"Many adventurers, it is said, have attempted to disenchant the queen, but have all failed, having immediately fallen into a trance, something similar to the princes in the Arabian tale who went in search of the Talking Bird, Singing Tree, and Yellow Water. The last one, it is said, who made the attempt was a countryman, about sixty years ago, who, having watched on Christmas eve the opening of the door, entered the cavern, took the sword and horn from the wall, unsheathed and resheathed the sword thrice, blew three blasts on the horn, and was proceeding to the final disenchantment by kissing the toad, which he had saluted twice, when, perceiving the various strange sleepers to arise from the floor, his courage failed, and he fled from the cavern, having just attained the outside of the door when it suddenly shut with a loud clap, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, which was torn off and left in the door.

And none since that time  
 To enter the cavern presume."

1 TUE king is gone from Bambrough castle,  
Long may the princess mourn;  
Long may she stand on the castle wall,  
Looking for his return.

2 She has knotted the keys upon a string,  
And with her she has them taen,  
She has cast them oer her left shoulder,  
And to the gate she is gane.

3 She tripped out, she tripped in,  
She tript into the yard;  
But it was more for the king's sake,  
Than for the queen's regard.

4 It fell out on a day the king  
Brought the queen with him home,  
And all the lords in our country  
To weleome them did come.

5 'O welcome, father,' the lady cries,  
'Unto your halls and bowers;  
And so are you, my stepmother,  
For all that is here is yours.'

6 A lord said, wondering while she spake,  
This princess of the North  
Surpasses all of female kind  
In beauty and in worth.

7 The envious queen replied: At least,  
You might have excepted me;  
In a few hours I will her bring  
Down to a low degree.

8 I will her liken to a laidley worm,  
That warps about the stone,  
And not till Chilly Wynd comes back  
Shall she again be won.

9 The princess stood at the bower door,  
Laughing, who could her blame?  
But e'er the next day's sun went down,  
A long worm she became.

10 For seven miles east, and seven miles west,  
And seven miles north and south,  
No blade of grass or corn could grow,  
So venomous was her mouth.

11 The milk of seven stately cows—  
It was costly her to keep—  
Was brought her daily, which she drank  
Before she went to sleep.

12 At this day may be seen the caye  
Which held her folded up,  
And the stone troneh, the very same  
Out of which she did sup.

13 Word went east, and word went west,  
And word is gone over the sea,  
That a laidley worm in Spindleston Henghs  
Would ruin the north country.

14 Word went east, and word went west,  
And over the sea did go ;  
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,  
Which filled his heart with woe.

15 He called straight his merry men all,  
They thirty were and three:  
'I wish I were at Spindleston,  
This desperate worm to see.'

16 'We have no time now here to waste,  
Hence quickly let us sail ;  
My only sister Margaret,  
Something, I fear, doth ail.'

17 They built a ship without delay,  
With masts of the rown tree,  
With fluttering sails of silk so fine,  
And set her on the sea.

18 They went aboard; the wind with speed  
Blew them along the deep;  
At length they spied an huge square tower,  
On a rock high and steep.

19 The sea was smooth, the weather clear;  
When they approached nigher,  
King Idla's castle they well knew,  
And the hanks of Bambroughshire.

20 The queen looked out at her bower-window,  
To see what she could see ;  
There she espied a gallant ship,  
Sailing upon the sea.

21 When she beheld the silken sails,  
Full glancing in the sun,  
To sink the ship she sent away  
Her witch-wives every one.

22 Their spells were vain; the hags returned  
To the queen in sorrowful mood,  
Crying that witches have no power  
Where there is rown-tree wood.

23 Her last effort, she sent a boat,  
Which in the haven lay,  
With armed men to board the ship,  
But they were driven away.

24 The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,  
She plaited round the stane;  
And ay as the ship came to the land  
She banged it off again.

25 The Child then ran out of her reach  
The ship on Budle sand,  
And jumping into the shallow sea,  
Securely got to land.

26 And now he drew his berry-brown sword,  
And laid it on her head,  
And swore, if she did harm to him,  
That he would strike her dead.

27 'O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three;  
For though I am a poisonous worm,  
No hurt I will do to thee.'

28 'O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three;  
If I am not won eer the sun go down,  
Won I shall never be.'

29 He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,  
He gave her kisses three;  
She crept into a hole a worm,  
But stept out a lady.

30 No cloathing had this lady fine,  
To keep her from the cold;  
He took his mantle from him about,  
And round her did it fold,

31 He has taken his mantle from him about,  
And it he wrapt her in,  
And they are up to Bambrough castle,  
As fast as they can win.

32 His absence and her serpent shape  
The king had long deplored;  
He now rejoiced to see them both  
Again to him restored.

33 The queen they wanted, whom they found  
All pale, and sore afraid,  
Because she knew her power must yield  
To Chilly Wynd's, who said:

34 'Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,  
An ill death mayest thou dee;  
As thou my sister hast likened,  
So likened shalt thou be.'

35 'I will turn you into a toad,  
That on the ground doth wend,  
And won, won shalt thou never be,  
Till this world hath an end.'

36 Now on the sand near Ida's tower,  
She crawls a loathsome toad,  
And venom spits on every maid  
She meets upon her road.

37 The virgins all of Bambrough town  
Will swear that they have seen  
This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,  
Whilst walking they have been.

38 All folks believe within the shire  
This story to be true,  
And they all run to Spindleston,  
The cave and trough to view.

39 This fact now Duncan Frasier,  
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme,  
Lest Bambroughshire men should forget  
Some part of it in time.

—♦—

28<sup>a</sup>. son.

## 35

## ALLISON GROSS

'Allison Gross,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 40.

'ALLISON GROSS' was printed by Jamieson, Popular Ballads, II, 187, without deviation from the manuscript save in spelling.

In a Greek tale, a nereid, that is elf or fairy, turns a youth who had refused to espouse her

into a snake, the curse to continue till he finds another love who is as fair as she: 'Die Schönste,' B. Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, etc., No 10. This tale is a variety of 'Beauty and the Beast,' one of the numerous wild

growths from that ever charming French story.\*

An elf, a hill-troll, a mermaid, make a young man offers of splendid gifts, to obtain his love or the promise of his faith, in 'Elveskud,' Grundtvig, No 47, many of the Danish and two of the Norwegian copies; 'Hertig Magnus och Elfvorna,' Afzelius, III, 172; 'Hr. Magnus og Bjergtrolden,' Grundtvig, No 48, Arwidsson, No 147 B; 'Herr Magnus och Hafstrollet,' Afzelius, No 95, Bugge, No 11; a lind-worm, similarly, to a young woman, 'Lindormen,' Grundtvig, No 65. Magnus answers the hill-troll that he should be glad to plight faith with her were she like other women, but she is the ugliest troll that could be found: Grundtvig, II, 121, A 6, B 7; Arwidsson, II, 303, B 5; Afzelius, III, 169, st. 5, 173, st. 6. This is like what we read in stanza 7 of our ballad, but the answer is inevitable in any such case. Magnus comes off scot-free.

The queen of the fairies undoing the spell of the witch is a remarkable feature, not paralleled, so far as I know, in English or northern tradition. The Greek nereids, however, who do pretty much everything, good or bad, that is ascribed to northern elves or fairies, and even bear an appellation resembling that

by which fairies are spoken of in Scotland and Ireland, "the good damsels," "the good ladies," have a queen who is described as taking no part in the unfriendly acts of her subjects, but as being kindly disposed towards mankind, and even as repairing the mischief which subordinate sprites have done against her will. If now the fairy queen might interpose in behalf of men against her own kith and kin, much more likely would she be to exert herself to thwart the malignity of a witch.†

The object of the witch's blowing thrice on a grass-green horn in 8<sup>2</sup> is not clear, for nothing comes of it. In the closely related ballad which follows this, a witch uses a horn to summon the sea-fishes, among whom there is one who has been the victim of her spells. The horn is appropriate. Witches were supposed to blow horns when they joined the wild hunt, and horn-blower, "hornblåse," is twice cited by Grimm as an equivalent to witch: Deutsche Mythologie, p. 886.

Translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 19; by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 7; Knortz, Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 9; Loëve-Veimars, Ballades de l'Angleterre, p. 353.

1 O ALLISON GROSS, that lives in yon towr,  
The ugliest witch i the north country,  
Has trysted me ne day up till her bowr,  
An monny fair speech she made to me.

2 She stroaked my head, an she kembed my hair,  
An she set me down safly on her knee;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemanan so true,  
Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi.

3 She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,  
Wi gonden flowrs an fringes fine;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemanan so true,  
This goodly gift it sal be thine,

4 'Awa, awa, ye ugly wiche,  
Haud far awa, an lat me be;  
I never will be your lemanan sae true,  
An I wish I were out o your company.'

5 She neist brought a sark o the safest silk,  
Well wrought wi pearles about the ban;  
Says, Gin you will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift you sal comman.

6 She showd me a cup of the good red gold,  
Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;  
Says, Gin you will be my lemanan sae true,  
This goodly gift I will you gi.

\* Of these Dr Reinhold Köhler has given me a note of more than twenty. The French tale itself had, in all likelihood, a popular foundation.

† B. Schmidt, Das Volksleben der Neugriechen, pp 100 f., 107, 123. Ephemistically the nereids are called  $\bar{\eta}$  καλας ἀρχέτυποις,  $\bar{\eta}$  καλας κυράδες,  $\bar{\eta}$  καλακαρδας,  $\bar{\eta}$  καλότυχας; their sovereign is  $\bar{\eta}$  μεγάλη κυρά,  $\bar{\eta}$  πρώτη, etc.

7 'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Had far awa, and lat me be;  
For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
For a' the gifts that ye coud gi.'

8 She's turnd her right and roun about,  
An thrie she blaw on a grass-green horn.  
An she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,  
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

9 Then out has she taen a silver wand,  
An she's turnd her three times roun an  
roun;  
She's mutterd sich words till my strength it  
faid,  
An I fell down seneeless upon the groun.

10 She's turnd me into an ugly worm,  
And gard me toddle about the tree;

An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,  
My sister Maisry came to me,

11 Wi silver bason an silver kemb,  
To kemb my heady upon her knee;  
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,  
I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

12 But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,  
When the seely count was ridin hy,  
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,  
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lye.

13 She took me up in her milk-white han,  
An she's stroakd me three times oer her  
knee;  
She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,  
An I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

## 36

## THE LAILY WORM AND THE MACHREL OF THE SEA

Skene MS., p. 30 : taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, in 1802 or 1803.

SOMEWHAT mutilated, and also defaced, though it be, this ballad has certainly never been retouched by a pen, but is pure tradition. It has the first stanza in common with 'Kemp Owyne,' and shares more than that with 'Allison Gross.' But it is independent of 'Allison Gross,' and has a far more original sound.

Maisry's services in washing and combing are more conceivable when rendered by a maid in her proper shape, as in 'Allison Gross,' than when attributed to a machrel of the sea; and it is likely that the machrel returned to her own figure every Saturday, and that this is one of the points lost from the story. It is said, here as in 'Allison Gross,' that Maisry kames the laily head on her knee.\* It would be a

mere cavil to raise a difficulty about combing a laily worm's head. The fiery beast in 'Kemp Owyne,' A, has long hair, and the laily worm may have had enough to be better for combing.†

It is only natural that the transformed maid should not wish to trust herself again in the hands of the stepmother, but it is not according to poetical justice that she should remain a machrel of the sea, and here again we may suppose something to have dropped out.

We have had a double transformation, of sister and brother, in the 'Marriage of Gawain' and in the 'Wedding of Gawen and Dame Ragnell,' and again, with a second sister added, in the story of Alsöl. Brother and

\* Dives, in one vers'on of a well-known carol, has "a place prepared in hell, to sit upon a serpent's knee." The pious chanson in question is a very different thing from an old

ballad, which, it is hoped, no one will think capable of fatuity.

† As, for example, a dragon has in Hahn's Griechische Märchen, No 26, I, 187, and elsewhere.

sister are transformed in the Danish 'Nattergalen,' Grundtvig, No 57. It is an aggravation of stepmother malice that the victim of enchantment, however amiable and inoffensive before, should become truculent and de-

structive: so with the brother of Gawain's bride, and with the Carl of Carlile. The stepmother is satisfactorily disposed of, as she is in 'Kemp Owyne,' B, and the 'Laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughs.'

1 'I was but seven year auld  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The wairld did ever see.

2 'For she has made me the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
An my sister Masery she's made  
The machrel of the sea.

3 'An every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head  
An lays it on her knee,  
She kaines it wi a siller kain,  
An washes 't in the sea.

4 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the fit of the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight ane ye shoud be.'

5 'Sing on your song, ye laily worm,  
That ye did sing to me :'  
I never sang that song but what  
I would it sing to thee.

6 'I was but seven year auld,  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The wairld did ever see.

7 'For she changed me to the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
And my sister Masery  
To the machrel of the sea.

8 'And every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head  
An lays it on her knee,

An kaines it wi a siller kain,  
An washes it i the sea.

9 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the fit o the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eighth ane ye shoud be.'

10 He sent for his lady,  
As fast as send could he :  
• Whar is my son that ye sent frae me,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery ?'

11 'Your son is at our king's court,  
Serving for meat an fee,  
An your daughter's at our queen's court,  
.

12 'Ye lie, ye ill woman,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie :  
My son's the laily worm,  
That lies at the fit o the tree,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery,  
Is the machrel of the sea !'

13 She has tane a siller wan,  
Au gien him strokes three,  
And he has started up the bravest knight  
That ever your eyes did see.

14 She has taen a small horn,  
Au loud an shrill blew she,  
Au a' the fish came her untill  
But the proud machrel of the sea:  
• Ye shapeit me ance an unseemly shape,  
An ye's never mare shape me.'

15 He has sent to the wood  
For whins and for hawthorn,  
An he has taen that gay lady,  
An there he did her burn.

## 37

## THOMAS RYMER

**A.** 'Thomas Rymer and Queen of Elfland,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 1.

**B.** 'Thomas the Rhymer,' Campbell MSS, II, 83.

**C.** 'Thomas the Rhymer,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 251, 1802, "from a copy obtained from a lady residing not far from Erceldoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MS."

**A** IS one of the nine ballads transmitted to Alexander Fraser Tytler by Mrs Brown in April, 1800, as written down from her recollection.\* This copy was printed by Jamieson, II, 7, in his preface to 'True Thomas and the Queen of Elfland.' **B**, never published as yet, has been corrupted here and there, but only by tradition. **C** being compounded of **A** and another version, that portion which is found in **A** is put in smaller type.

Thomas of Erceldoune, otherwise Thomas the Rhymer, and in the popular style True Thomas, has had a fame as a seer, which, though progressively narrowed, is, after the lapse of nearly or quite six centuries, far from being extinguished. The common people throughout the whole of Scotland, according to Mr Robert Chambers (1870), continue to regard him with veneration, and to preserve a great number of his prophetic sayings, which they habitually seek to connect with "dear years" and other notable public events.† A prediction of Thomas of Erceldoune's is recorded in a manuscript which is put at a date before 1320, and he is referred to with other soothsayers in the *Scalaeronica*, a French chronicle of English history begun in 1355. Erceldoune is spoken of as a poet in Robert Mannyng's translation of Langtoft's chronicle, finished in 1388; and in the Anchinleck copy of 'Sir Tristrem,' said to have been made about 1350, a Thomas is said to have been consulted at Erpeldoun touching the history

of Tristrem. So that we seem safe in holding that Thomas of Erceldoune had a reputation both as prophet and poet in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The vicinations of Thomas are cited by various later chroniclers, and had as much credit in England as in Scotland. "During the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries," says Chambers, "to fabricate a prophecy in the name of Thomas the Rhymer appears to have been found a good stroke of policy on many occasions. Thus was his authority employed to countenance the views of Edward III against Scottish independence, to favor the ambitious views of the Duke of Albany in the minority of James V, and to sustain the spirits of the nation under the harassing invasions of Henry VIII." During the Jacobite rising of 1745 the accomplishment of Thomas's as then unfulfilled predictions was looked for by many. His prophecies, and those of other Scotch soothsayers, were consulted, says Lord Hailes, "with a weak if not criminal curiosity." Even as late as the French revolutionary war a rhyme of Thomas's caused much distress and consternation in the border counties of Scotland, where people were fearing an invasion. The 'Whole Prophecie' of Merlin, Thomas Rymour, and others, collected and issued as early as 1603, continued to be printed as a chap-book down to the beginning of this century, when, says Dr Murray, few farm-houses in Scotland were without a copy of it.

\* See the letter of Dr Anderson to Bishop Percy, December 29, 1800, in Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, VII, 178 f.

† Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1870, pp. 211-

224. See, also, Scott's Minstrelsy, IV, 110-116, 129-151, ed. 1833. But, above all, Dr J. A. H. Murray's Introduction to The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune, 1875.

All this might have been if Thomas of Erceldoune had been not more historical than Merlin. But the name is known to have belonged to a real person. Thomas Rymor de Ercildune is witness to a deed whereby one Petrus de Haga obliges himself to make a certain payment to the Abbey of Melrose. Petrus de Haga is, in turn, witness to a charter made by Richard de Moreville. Unluckily, neither of these deeds is dated. But Moreville was constable of Scotland from 1162 to 1189. If we suppose Moreville's charter to have been given towards 1189, and Haga to have been then about twenty years old, and so born about 1170, and further suppose Haga to have made his grant to Melrose towards the end of a life of threescore, or three score and ten, the time of Thomas Rymer's signature would be about 1230 or 1240. If Thomas Rymer was then twenty years of age, his birth would have been at 1210 or 1220. In the year 1294 Thomas de Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour de Ercildoun, conveyed to a religious house his inheritance of lands in Ercildoun. With Thomas Rhymer in mind, one naturally interprets Thomas Rymour as the prophet and Thomas de Ercildoun as his son. If Rymour was the surname of this family,\* it would have been better, for us at least, if the surname had been subjoined to the first Thomas also. As the language stands, we are left to choose among several possibilities. Thomas the Rhymer may have been dead in 1294; Thomas Rymour, meaning the same person, may have made this cession of lands in 1294, and have survived still some years. Thomas, the father, may, as Dr Murray suggests, have retired from the world, but still be living, and it may be his son who resigns the lands. Blind Harry's Life of Wallace makes Thomas Rymour to be alive down to 1296 or 1297. A story reported by Bower in his continuation of Fordun, c. 1430, makes Thomas to have predicted the death of Alexander III in 1286, when, according to the pre-

vious (necessarily very loose) calculation, the seer would have been between sixty-six and seventy-six. Neither of these last dates is established by the strongest evidence, but there is no reason for refusing to admit, at least, that Thomas of Erceldoune may have been alive at the latter epoch.

Thomas of Erceldoune's prophetic power was a gift of the queen of the elves; the modern elves, equally those of northern Europe and of Greece, resembling in respect to this attribute the nymphs of the ancient Hellenic mythology. How Thomas attained this grace is set forth in the first of three fits of a poem which bears his name. This poem has come down in four somewhat defective copies: the earliest written a little before the middle of the fifteenth century, two others about 1450, the fourth later. There is a still later manuscript copy of the second and third fits.† All the manuscripts are English, but it is manifest from the nature of the topics that the original poem was the work of a Scotsman. All four of the complete versions speak of an older story: "gyff it be als the stoyre sayes, v. 85, 'als the stoyre tellis full ryghte,' v. 123." The older story, if any, must be the work of Thomas. The circumstance that the poem, as we have it, begins in the first person, and after a long passage returns for a moment to the first person, though most of the tale is told in the third, is of no importance; nor would it have been important if the whole narrative had been put into Thomas's mouth, since that is the simplest of literary artifices.

Thomas, having found favor with the queen of Elfland, was taken with her to that country, and there he remained more than three [seven] years. Then the time came round when a tribute had to be paid to hell, and as Thomas was too likely to be chosen by the fiend, the elf queen conducted him back to the world of men. At the moment of parting Thomas desires some token which may authenticate his having spoken with her. She gives him the

\* Hector Boece (1527) says the surname was Leirmont, but there is no evidence for this that is of value. See Murray, p. xiii.

† The five copies have been edited by Dr J. A. H. Mur-

ray, and printed by the Early English Text Society. A reconstructed text by Dr Alois Brandl makes the second volume of a *Sammlung englischer Denkmäler in kritischen Ausgaben*, Berlin, 1880.

gift of soothsaying. He presses her to stay and tell him some ferly. Upon this she begins a train of predictions, which Thomas more than once importunes her to continue. The first two of these, the failure of Baliol's party and the battle of Halidon Hill, 1333, stand by themselves, but they are followed by a series in chronological order, extending from the battle of Falkirk to the battle of Otterbourn, 1298–1388. The third fit, excepting, perhaps, a reference to Henry IV's invasion of Scotland in 1401, seems to consist, not of predictions made after the event, but of "adaptations of legendary prophecies, traditionally preserved from far earlier times, and furbished up anew at each period of national trouble and distress, in expectation of their fulfilment being at length at hand."\*

The older "story," which is twice referred to in the prologue to the prophecies of Thomas of Ercelcloune, was undoubtedly a romance which narrated the adventure of Thomas with the elf queen *simply*, without specification of his prophecies. In all probability it concluded, in accordance with the ordinary popular tradition, with Thomas's return to fairy-land after a certain time passed in this world.† For the story of Thomas and the Elf-queen is but another version of what is related of Ogier le Danois and Morgan the Fay. Six fairies made gifts to Ogier at his birth. By the favor of five he was to be the strongest, the bravest, the most successful, the handsomest, the most susceptible, of knights: Morgan's gift was that, after a long and fatiguing career of glory, he should live with her at her castle of Avalon,

in the enjoyment of a still longer youth and never wearying pleasures. When Ogier had passed his hundredth year, Morgan took measures to carry out her promise. She had him wrecked, while he was on a voyage to France, on a loadstone rock conveniently near to Avalon, which Avalon is a little way this side of the terrestrial paradise. In due course he comes to an orchard, and there he eats an apple, which affects him so peculiarly that he looks for nothing but death. He turns to the east, and sees a beautiful lady, magnificently attired. He takes her for the Virgin: she corrects his error, and announces herself as Morgan the Fay. She puts a ring on his finger which restores his youth, and then places a crown on his head which makes him forget all the past. For two hundred years Ogier lived in such delights as no worldly being can imagine, and the two hundred years seemed to him but twenty. Christendom was then in danger, and even Morgan thought his presence was required in the world. The crown being taken from his head, the memory of the past revived, and with it the desire to return to France. He was sent back by the fairy, properly provided, vanquished the foes of Christianity in a short space, and after a time was brought back by Morgan the Fay to Avalon.‡

The fairy adventures of Thomas and of Ogier have the essential points in common, and even the particular trait that the fairy is taken to be the Virgin. The occurrence of this trait again in the ballad, viewed in connection with the general similarity of the two, will leave no doubt that the ballad had its source in the

\* Murray, pp. xxiv–xxvii. As might be expected, the Latin texts corrupt the names of persons and of places, and alter the results of battles. Dr Murray remarks: "The oldest text makes the Scots win Halidon Hill, with the slaughter of six thousand Engli-men, while the other texts, wise after the fact, makes the Scots lose, as they actually did." This, and the consideration that a question about the conflict between the families of Bruce and Baliol would not be put after 1400, when the Baliol line was extinct, disposes Dr Murray to think that verses 326–56 of the second fit, with perhaps the first fit, the conclusion of the poem, and an indefinite portion of fit third, may have been written on the eve of Halidon Hill, with a view to encourage the Scots.

† The poem, vv. 675–80, says only that Thomas and the

lady did not part for ever and aye, but that she was to visit him at Huntley banks.

‡ The relations of Thomas Rhymer and Ogier might, perhaps, be cleared up by the poem of *The Visions of Ogier in Fairy Land*. The book is thus described by Brunet, ed. 1863, IV, 173: *Le premier (second et troisième) livre des visions d'Ogier le Danois au royaume de Féerie*, Paris, 1542, pet. in-8, de 48 ff. Brunet adds: *A la suite de ce poème, dans l'exemplaire de la Bibliothèque impériale, se trouve, Le livre des visions fantastiques*, Paris, 1542, pet. in-8, de 24 ff. The National Library is not now in possession of the volume; nor have all the inquiries I have been able to make, though most courteously aided in France, resulted, as I hoped, in the finding of a copy.

romance. Yet it is an entirely popular ballad as to style,\* and must be of considerable age, though the earliest version (A) can be traced at furthest only into the first half of the last century.

The scene of the meeting of Thomas with the elf queen is Huntly Banks and the Eildon Tree in versions B, C of the ballad, as in the romance.† Neither of these is mentioned in A, the reciter of which was an Aberdeen woman. The elf-lady's costume and equipment, minutely given in the romance (henceforth referred to as R), are reduced in the ballad to a skirt of grass-green silk and a velvet mantle, A, and a dapple-gray horse, B 2 (R 5), with nine and fifty bells on each tett of its mane, A 2 (three bells on either side of the bridle, R 9).‡ Thomas salutes the fairy as queen of heaven, A 3, R 11. B 3 has suffered a Protestant alteration which makes nonsense of the following stanza. She corrects his mistake in all, and in B 4 tells him she is out hunting, as in R 16. As C 5 stands, she challenges Thomas to kiss her, warning him at the

same time, unnaturally, and of course in consequence of a corrupt reading, of the danger; which Thomas defies, C 6. These two stanzas in C represent the passage in the romance, 17–21, in which Thomas embraces the fairy queen, and are wanting in A, B, though not to be spared. It is contact with the fairy that gives her the power to carry her paramour off; for carry him off she does, and he is in great fright at having to go. The ballad is no worse, and the romance would have been much better, for the omission of another passage, impressive in itself, but incompatible with the proper and original story. The elf-queen had told Thomas that he would ruin her beauty, if he had his will, and so it came to pass: her eyes seemed out, her rich clothing was away, her body was like the lead; and it is while thus disfigured that she bids Thomas take leave of sun and moon, so that his alarm is not without reason.§ He must go with her for seven years, A, B; only for a twelvemonth, R. She takes him up behind her, A; she rides and he runs, B; she leads him in at Eldon hill, R;

\* Excepting the two satirical stanzas with which Scott's version (C) concludes. "The repugnance of Thomas to be debarr'd the use of falsehood when he should find it convenient," may have, as Scott says, "a comic effect," but is, for a ballad, a miserable conceit. Both ballad and romance are serious.

† Eildon Tree, the site of which is supposed now to be marked by the Eildon Tree Stone, stool, or should have stood, on the slope of the eastern of the three Eildon Hills. Huntly Banks are about half a mile to the west of the Eildon Stone, on the same hill-slope. Ercedoun, a village on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed, is all but visible from the Eildon Stone. Murray, pp I–iii.

‡ In B 2, absurdly, the lady holds nine bells in her hand. Ringing or jingling bridles are ascribed to fairies, Tam Lin, A 37, Cromeck's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 298 ("names hung wi whistles that the win played on," p. 299). The fairy's saddle has a bordure of bells in the English Launfal, Halliwell's Illustrations of Fairy Mythology, p. 31, but not in Marie's lai. The dwarfking Antiloie, in Ulrich Von Eschenbach's Alexander, has bells on his bridle: Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, I, 385. These bells, however, are not at all distinctive of fairies, but are the ordinary decoration of elegant "outriders" in the Middle Ages, especially of women. In the romance of Richard Cour de Lion, a messenger's trappings ring with five hundred bells, B sides the bridle, bells were sometimes attached to the horse's breastplate, to the saddle-bow, crupper, and stirrups. Conde Claro's steed has three hundred around his brastplate. See Weber's Metrical Romances, R. C. de Lion, vv 1514–17, 5712–14, cited by T. Wright, History of

Domestic Manners in England, 214 f; Liebrecht, Gervasius, p. 122; Kölbing, Englische Studien, III, 105; Zupitsa and Varnhagen, Anglia, III, 371, IV, 417; and particularly A. Schultz, Das höfische Leben zur Zeit der Minnesinger, I, 235, 388–91.

§ The original I suppose to be the very cheerful tale of Ogier, with which the author of Thomas of Ercedounne has blended a very serious one, without any regard to the irreconcilableness of the two. He is presently forced to undo this melancholy transformation of the fairy, as we shall see. Brandl, "Thomas of Ercedounne," p. 20, cites from Giraldus Cambrensis, Itinerarium Cambriae, I, 5, a story about one Meliyr, a Welshman, the like of which our poet had in mind. "This Meliyr was a great soothsayer, and 'owed his skill to the following adventure': Being in company one evening with a girl for whom he had long had a passion, desideratis amplexibus atque deliciis cum indississet, statim loco puellar formosae formam quendam villosam, hispidam et hirsutam, adeoque enormiter deformem inventit, quod in ipso ejusdem aspectu dementire cœpisse et insinare. Meliyr recovered his reason after several years, through the merits of the saints, but always kept up an intimacy with unclean spirits, and by their help foretold the future. It is not said that they gave him the tongue that never could lie, but no other tongue could lie successfully in his presence; he always saw a little devil capering on it. He was able, by similar indications, to point out the lies and errors of books. The experiment being once tried of laying the Gospel of John in his lap, every devil instantly decamped. Geoffrey of Monmouth's history was substituted, and imps swarmed all over the book and him, too.

they cross a water, he wading up to the knee, **B**, **R**. The water is subterranean in **R**, and for three days naught is heard but the soughing of the flood. Then they come to an orchard, **A**, **B**, **R**, and Thomas, like to tyne for lack of food, is about to pull fruit, but is told that the fruit is cursed, **A** 9, **B** 8;\* if he plucks it, his soul goes to the fire of hell, **R** 35. The fairy has made a provision of safe bread and wine for him in the ballad, **A** 10, **B** 9, but he has still to fast a while in the romance. **C**, which lacks this passage, makes them ride till they reach a wide desert, and leave living land behind, 9; and here (but in **A**, **B**, and **R** in the vicinity of the orchard) the fairy bids Thomas lay his head on her knee, and she will show him rare sights. These are the way to heaven, **A** 12, **B** 11, **R** 38: the way to hell, **A** 13, **B** 10, **R** 41; the road to Elfland, whither they are going, **A** 14. **R** does not point out the road to Elfland, but the elf-queen's castle on a high hill: and there are two additional ferlies, the way to paradise and the way to purgatory,† 39, 40. Thomas, in **A** 15, is now admonished that he must hold his tongue, for if he speaks a word he will never get back to his own country; in **R** 44 he is told to answer none but the elf-queen, whatever may be said to him, and this course he takes in **B** 12. But before they proceed to the castle the lady resumes all the beauty and splendor which she had lost, and no explanation is offered save the naive one in the Lansdowne copy, that if she had not, the king, her consort, would have known that she had been in fault. Now follows in **A** 15 (as recited, here 7), **C** 15, 16, the passage through the subterranean water, which should come before they reach the orchard, as in **B** 6, **R** 30, 31. There is much exaggeration in the ballad:

\* **B** 8<sup>3, 4</sup>. "It was a' that cursed fruit o' thine beggar'd man and woman in your countrie :" the fruit of the Forbidden Tree.

† Purgatory is omitted in the Cotton MS. of the romance, as in the ballad.

‡ Ogier le Danois hardly exceeded the proportion of the ordinary hyperbole of lovers: two hundred years seemed but twenty. The British king Herla lived with the king of the dwarfs more than two hundred years, and thought the time but three days: Walter Mapes, *Nnagae Curialium*, ed. Wright,

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they wade through rivers in darkness and hear the sea roaring, **C** 15, **A** 7, as in **R**, but they also wade through red blood to the knee, **A** 7, **C** 16, and the crossing occupies not three days, as in **R** 31, but forty days, **A** 7. In **C** they now come to the garden. Stanzas 15, 16 are out of place in **C**, as just remarked, and 17 is entirely perverted. The cursed fruit which Thomas is not to touch in **A** 9, **B** 8, **R** 35, is offered him by the elf-queen as his wages, and will give him the tongue that can never lie, — a gift which is made him in the romance at the beginning of the second fit, when the fairy is preparing to part with him. Stanzas 18, 19 of **C** are certainly a modern, and as certainly an ill-devised, interpolation. **B** has lost the conclusion. In **A**, **C**, Thomas gets a fairy costume, and is not seen on earth again for seven years.

The romance, after some description of the life at the elf-castle, informs us that Thomas lived there more than three years [Cambridge MS., seven], and thought the time but a space of three days, an almost moderate illusion compared with the experience of other mortals under analogous circumstances.‡ The fairy queen then hurried him away, on the eve of the day when the foul fiend was to come to fetch his tribute. He was a mickle man and hendi, and there was every reason to fear that he would be chosen. She brought him again to Eldon Tree, and was bidding him farewell. Thomas begged of her a token of his conversation with her, and she gave him the gift of trne speaking. He urged her further to tell him some ferly, and she made him several predictions, but he would not let her go without more and more. Finally, with a promise to meet him on Huntly Banks when she might, she left him under the tree.

p. 16 f (Liebrecht). The strongest case, I believe, is the exquisite legend, versified by Trench, of the monk, with whom three hundred years passed, while he was listening to a bird's song — as he thought, less than three hours. For some of the countless repetitions of the idea, see Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, ed. Oesterley, No 562, and notes, p. 537; Liebrecht's Gervasius, p. 89; W. Hertz, Deutsche Sage im Elsass, pp. 115-18, 263; A. Graf, *La Leggenda del Paradiso Terrestre*, pp. 26-29, 31-33; and notes; J. Koch, *Die Siebenschläferlegende*, kap. II.

Popular tradition, as Sir Walter Scott represents, held that, though Thomas was allowed to revisit the earth after a seven years' sojourn in fairy-land, he was under an obligation to go back to the elf-queen whenever she should summon him. One day while he "was making merry with his friends in the town of Ereldoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighboring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return." He is, however, expected to come back again at some future time.

What we learn from the adventures of Thomas concerning the perils of dealing with fairies, and the precautions to be observed, agrees with the general teaching of tradition upon the subject. In this matter there is pretty much one rule for all "uneo" folk, be they fairies, dwarfs, water-sprites, devils, or departed spirits, and, in a limited way, for witches, too. Thomas, having kissed the elf-queen's lips, must go with her. When the dead Willy comes to ask back his faith and troth of Margaret, and she says he must first kiss her, cheek and chin, he replies, "If I should kiss your red, red lips, your days would not be long."\* When Thomas is about to

\* In an exquisite little ballad obtained by Tommaseo from a peasant-girl of Empoli, I, 26, a lover who had visited hell, and there met and kissed his mistress, is told by her that he must not hope ever to go thence. How the lover escaped in this instance is not explained. Such things happen sometimes, but not often enough to encourage one to take the risk.

Sono stato all' inferno, e son tornato:  
Misericordia, la gente che c'era!  
V'era una stanza tutta illuminata,  
E dentro v'era la speranza mia.  
Quando mi vedde, gran festa mi fece,  
E poi mi disse: Dolce anima mia,  
Non ti arricordi del tempo passato?  
Quando tu mi dicevi, "anima mia?"  
Ora, mio caro ben, bacianni in bocca,  
Bacianni tanto ch'io contenta sia.  
E tanto saporita la tua bocca!  
Di grazia saporisci aneo la mia.  
Ora, mio caro ben, che m'hai baciato,  
Di qui non isperar d'andarne via.

† A 8, 9, R 34, 35. It was not that Thomas was about

pull fruit in the subterranean garden, or paradise, the elf bids him let be: all the plagues of hell light on the fruit of this country; "if thou pluck it, thy soul goes to the fire of hell."† The queen had taken the precaution of bringing some honest bread and wine with her for Thomas's behoof. So when Burd Ellen's brother sets out to rescue his sister, who had been carried off by the king of Ellland, his sage adviser enjoins him to eat and drink nothing in fairy-land, whatever his hunger or thirst; "for if he tasted or touched in Ellland, he must remain in the power of the elves, and never see middle-earth again."‡ Abstinence from speech is equally advisable, according to our ballad and to other authority: *Gin ae word you should chance to speak, you will neer get back to your ain countrie,* A 15. They've asked him questions, one and all, but he answered none but that fair ladie, B 12. What so any man to thee say, look thou answer none but me, R 41.

That eating and drinking, personal contact, exchange of speech, receiving of gifts, in any abode of unearthly beings, including the dead, will reduce a man to their fellowship and condition might be enforced by a great number of examples, and has already been abundantly shown by Professor Wilhelm Müller in his beautiful essay, *Zur Symbolik der deutschen Volkssage*.§ The popular belief of the northern nations in this matter is more completely

to pluck fruit from the Forbidden Tree, though B understands it so; cf. R 32, 33. The curse of this tree seems, however, to have affected all Paradise. In modern Greek popular poetry Paradise occurs sometimes entirely in the sense of Hades. See B. Schmidt, *Volksleben der Neugriechen*, p. 249.

† Jamieson, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 398: "Child Rowland and Burd Ellen."

§ Niedersächsische Sagen und Märchen, Schambach und Müller, p. 373. Shakspere has this: "They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die;" Falstaff, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V, 5. Ancient Greek tradition is not without traces of the same ideas. It was Persephone's eating of the pomegranate kernel that consigned her to the lower world, in spite of Zeus and Demeter's opposition. The drinking of Circe's brewage and the eating of lotus had an effect on the companions of Ulysses such as is sometimes ascribed to the food and drink of fairies, or other demons, that of producing forgetfulness of home; *Odyssey*, x, 236, ix, 97. But it would not be safe to build much on this. A Hebrew tale makes the human wife of a demon charge a man who has come to

shown than anywhere else in Saxo's account of King Gormo's visit to Guthmund, and it will be enough to cite that. The Danish King Gormo, having heard extraordinary things of the riches of Geruth (the giant Geirröðr), determines to verify the reports with his own eyes, under the guidance of Thorkill, from whom he has received them. The land of Geruth is far to the northeast, beyond the sun and stars, and within the realm of Chaos and Old Night. It is, in fact, a very dismal and terrific sort of Hades. The way to it lies through the dominion of Guthmund, Geruth's brother, which is described as a paradise, but a paradise of the same dubious attractions as that in Thomas of Ereldonne. Guthmund, himself a giant, receives the travellers, a band of about three hundred, very graciously, and conducts them to his palace. Thorkill takes his comrades apart, and puts them on their guard: they must eat and drink nothing that is offered them, but live on the provisions which they have brought, must keep off from the people of the place and not touch them: if they partake of any of the food, they will

forget everything, and have to pass their lives in this foul society. Guthmund complains that they slight his hospitality, but Thorkill, now and always, has an excuse ready. The genial monarch offers Gormo one of his twelve beautiful daughters in marriage, and their choice of wives to all the rest of the train. Most of the Danes like the proposition, but Thorkill renews his warnings. Four take the bait, and lose all recollection of the past. Guthmund now commends the delicious fruits of his garden, and tries every art to make the king taste them. But he is again foiled by Thorkill, and clearly perceiving that he has met his match, transports the travellers over the river which separates him and his brother, and allows them to continue their journey.\*

C is translated by Talyj, Versuch, etc., p. 552; by Doenniges, p. 64; by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 246; by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 14; by Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen, p. 1; by Edward Barry, Cycle populaire de Robin Hood, p. 92; and by F. H. Bothe, Janus, p. 122, after Barry.

## A

Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 1: Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 7.

1 TRUE THOMAS lay oer yond grassy bank,  
And he beheld a ladie gay,  
A ladie that was brisk and bold,  
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

2 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantel of the velvet fine,  
At ilk a tett of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3 True Thomas he took off his hat,  
And bowed him low down till his knee:

perform a certain service for the family not to eat or drink in the house, or to take any present of her husband, exactly repeating the precautions observed in Grimm, Deutsche Sagen, Nos 41, 49; Tendlaw, Das Buch der Sagen und Legenden jüdischer Vorzeit, p. 141. The children of Shem may probably have derived this trait in the story from the children

'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
For your peer on earth I never did see.'

4 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
'That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
And I 'm come here for to visit thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 'But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,  
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
For ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.'

6 She turned about her milk-white steed,  
And took True Thomas up behind.

of Japhet. Aladdin, in the Arabian Nights, is to have a care, above all things, that he does not touch the walls of the subterranean chamber so much as with his clothes, or he will die instantly. This again, by itself, is not very conclusive.

\* Historia Danica, I. viii: Müller et Velschow, I, 420-25.

And aye wheneer her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

7 For forty days and forty nights  
He wade thro red blude to the knee,  
And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
But heard the roaring of the sea.

8 O they rade on, and further on,  
Until they came to a garden green :  
' Light down, light down, ye ladic free,  
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'

9 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
' That fruit maun not be touehed by thee,  
For a' the plagues that are in hell  
Light on the fruit of this countrie.'

10 ' But I have a loaf here in my lap,  
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,  
And now ere we go farther on,  
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine.'

11 When he had eaten and drunk his fill,  
' Lay down your head upon my knee,'  
The lady sayd, 'ere we climb yon hill,  
And I will show you fairlies three.

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**B**

Campbell MSS, II, 83.

1 As Thomas lay on Huntlie banks —  
A wat a weel bred man was he —  
And there he spied a lady fair,  
Coming riding down by the Eildon tree.

2 The horse she rode on was dapple gray,  
And in her hand she held bells nine ;  
I thought I heard this fair lady say  
These fair siller bells they should a' be  
mine.

3 It's Thomas even forward went,  
And loottit low down on his knee :  
'Weel met thee save, my lady fair,  
For thou 'rt the flower o this countrie.'

4 'O no, O no, Thomas,' she says,  
' O no, O no, that can never be,  
For I'm but a lady of an uneo land,  
Comd out a hunting, as ye may see.

12 'O see not ye yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi thorns and briers ?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few enquires.

13 ' And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across yon lillie leven ?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

14 ' And see not ye that bonny road,  
Which winds about the fernie brae ?  
That is the road to fair Eltland,  
Whe[re] you and I this night maun gae.

15 ' But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever you may hear or see,  
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,  
You will neer get back to your ain countrie.'

16 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were past and gone  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

5 'O harp and carp, Thomas,' she says,  
' O harp and carp, and go wi me ;  
It's be seven years, Thomas, and a day,  
Or you see man or woman in your ain countrie.'

6 It's she has rode, and Thomas ran,  
Until they cam to yon water clear ;  
He's coosten off his hose and shon,  
And he's wooden the water up to the knee.

7 It's she has rode, and Thomas ran,  
Until they cam to yon garden green ;  
He's put up his hand for to pull down ane,  
For the lack o food he was like to tyne.

8 ' Hold your hand, Thomas,' she says,  
' Hold your hand, that must not be ;  
It was a' that cursed fruit o thine  
Beggared man and woman in your countrie.'

9 ' But I have a loaf and a soup o wine,  
And ye shall go and dine wi me :

And lay yer head down in my lap,  
And I will tell ye farlies three.

10 'It's dont ye see yon broad broad way,  
That leadeth down by yon skerry fell ?  
It's ill's the man that dothe thereon gang,  
For it leadeth him straight to the gates o' hell.  
  
11 'It's dont ye see yon narrow way,  
That leadeth down by yon lillie lea ?  
It's weel's the man that doth therein gang,  
For it leads him straight to the heaven lie.'

## C

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 251, ed. 1802.

1 TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee,  
And there he saw a lady bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.  
  
2 Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne,  
At ilk a tett of her horse's mane  
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.  
  
3 True Thomas, he pulld aff his cap,  
And louted low down to his knee :  
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !  
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'  
  
4 'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,  
'That name does not belang to me ;  
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
That am hither come to visit thee.  
  
5 'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
'Harp and carp along wi' me,  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your bodie I will be.'  
  
6 'Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunton me ;'  
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.  
  
7 'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said,  
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me,  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro' weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

12 It's when she cam into the hall —  
I wat a weel bred man was he —  
They've asked him question[s], one and all,  
But he answered none but that fair ladie.  
  
13 O they speed at her where she did him get,  
And she told them at the Eildon tree :  
• • • • •  
8 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She's taen True Thomas up behind,  
And aye whenever her bridle rung,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.  
  
9 O they rade on, and farther on —  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind —  
Until they reached a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.  
  
10 'Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee;  
Abide and rest a little space,  
And I will shew you farlies three.  
  
11 'O see ye not you narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho' after it but few enquires.  
  
12 'And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across that lily leven ?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho' some call it the road to heaven.  
  
13 'And see not ye that bonny road,  
That winds about the fernie brae ?  
That is the road to fair Elfland,  
Where thou and I this night manna gae.  
  
14 'But, Thomas, ye manna hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see,  
For, if you speak word in Ellyn land,  
Ye'll neer get baek to your ain countrie.'  
  
15 O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded thro' rivers aboon the knee,

And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

16 It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae  
stern light.  
And they waded thro red blude to the knee ;  
For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
Rins thro the springs o that countrie.

17 Syne they came on to a garden green,  
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree :  
· Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,  
It will give the tongue that can never lie.'

18 'My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said ;  
‘A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !  
I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be.

19 'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye :'  
· Now hold thy peace,' the lady said,  
‘For as I say, so must it be.'

20 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were gane and past  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

A. 7 stands 15 in the MS.  
8<sup>2</sup>, golden green, if my copy is right.  
11<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> are 11<sup>3</sup>,<sup>2</sup> in the MS.; the order of words  
is still not simple enough for a ballad.  
14<sup>4</sup>, goe.  
*Jamieson has a few variations, which I  
suppose to be his own.*  
1<sup>1</sup>. oer yonder bank. 3<sup>1</sup>. your like. 4<sup>4</sup>. And  
I am come here to. 6<sup>4</sup>. Her steed. 8<sup>2</sup>.

garden, *rightly*. 10<sup>2</sup>. clarry. 11<sup>3</sup>. Lay  
your head. 12<sup>1</sup>. see you not. 12<sup>2</sup>.  
there's few. 13. see ye not yon. 14<sup>1</sup>.  
see ye not. 14<sup>2</sup>. Which winds.  
B. 3<sup>2</sup>. her knee. 3<sup>3</sup>. thou save.  
12<sup>1</sup>. *MS. perhaps unto.*  
13<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup> *follow st. 12 without separation.*  
C. 20<sup>1</sup>. a cloth.

## APPENDIX.

## THOMAS OFF ERSSELDOUNE.

Thornton MS., leaf 149, back, as printed by Dr. J. A. H. Murray.

[A prologue of six stanzas, found only in the Thornton MS., is omitted, as being, even if genuine, not to the present purpose.]

1 Als I me wente pis endres daye,  
Ffull faste in mynd makand my mone,  
In a mery mornyng of Maye,  
By Huntle bankkes my selfe allone,

2 I herde pe jaye and pe throstelle,  
The mawys menyde of hir songe,  
Pe wodewale beryde als a belle,  
That alle pe wode a-bowte me ronge.

3 Allonne in longyng thus als I laye,  
Vudyre-nethe a semely tre,  
[Saw] 4 whare a lady gaye  
[Came ridand] ouer a longe lee.

4 If I solde sytt to domesdaye,  
With my tonge to wrobble and wrye,  
Certanely pat lady gaye  
Nener bese scho askryede for mee.

5 Hir palfraye was a dappill graye,  
Swylke one ne saghe I nener none;  
Als dose pe sonne on someres daye,  
Pat faire lady hir selfe scho schone.

6 Hir selle it was of roelle bone,  
Ffull semely was pat syghte to see;  
Stelly sett with precious stones,  
And compaste all with crapotee;

7 Stones of oyente, grete plente.  
Hir hare abowte hir hele it hange ;  
Scho rade ouer pat lange lee ;  
A whylle scho blewe, a-nofer scho sange.

8 Hir garthes of nobyll sylke pay were,  
The bukylls were of berelle stone,  
Hir steraps were of crystalle clere,  
And all with perelle ouer-by-gone.

9 Hir payetrelle was of irale fyne,  
Hir eropoure was of orpharé,

And als elere golde hir brydill it schone;  
One aythir syde hange bellys three.

10 [Scho led *three* grehounds in a leesse,]  
And seuen raches by hir pay rone;  
Scho bare an horne abowte hir hulse,  
And vndir hir belte full many a flone.

11 Thomas laye and sawe pat syghte,  
Vndir-nethe ase semly tree;  
He sayd, þone es Marye, moste of myghte,  
Pat bare pat childe pat dyede for mee.

12 Bot if I speke with þone lady bryghte,  
I hope myne herte will bryste in three;  
Now sall I go with all my myghte,  
Hir for to mete at Eldoune tree.

13 Thomas Rathely vpe he rase,  
And he rane ouer pat mountayne hye;  
Gyff it be als the storie sayes,  
He hir mette at Eldone tree.

14 He knelyde downe appone his knee,  
Vndir-nethe pat grenwode spraye,  
And sayd, Lully ladye, rewé one mee,  
Qwene of heuene, als þou wele maye!

15 Then spake þat lady milde of thoughte:  
Thomas, late swylke wordes bee;  
Qwene of heuene ne am I noghte,  
Ffor I tuke neuer so heghe degré.

16 Bote I ame of ase oper countree,  
If I be payrelde moste of prysse;  
I ryde aftyre this wylde fee;  
My raches rygnys at my devyse.

17 'If þou be parelde moste of prysse,  
And here rydis thus in thy folye.  
Of lufe, lady, als þou erte wyse,  
þou gyfle me lene to lye the bye.'

18 Scho sayde, þou mane, þat ware folye;  
I praye þe, Thomas, þou late me bee;  
Ffor I saye þe full sekirlye,  
Pat synne will for-doo all my beaute.

19 'Now, lully ladye, rewé one mee,  
And I will euer more with the duelle;  
Here my trouthe I will the plyghe,  
Whethir þou will in heuene or helle.'

20 'Mane of molde, þou will me marre,  
But sitt þou sal hafe all thy will;  
And trowe it wele, þou chewys þe werre,  
Ffor alle my beaute will þou spylle.'

21 Downe þane lyghte þat lady bryghte,  
Vndir-nethe þat grenewode spraye;

And, als the storie tellis full ryghte,  
Seuen sythis by hir he laye.

22 Scho sayd, Mane, the lykes thy playe:  
Whate byrde in boure maye dolle with the?  
Thou merrys me all pis longe daye;  
I pray the, Thomas, late me bee.

23 Thomas stode vpe in pat stede,  
And he by-helde pat lady gaye;  
Hir hare it hange all ouer hir hele,  
Hir eghne semede owte, pat are were graye.

24 And alle þe rieche clothynge was a-waye,  
Pat he by-fore sawe in pat stede;  
Hir a schanck blake, hir oper graye,  
And all hir body lyke the lede.

25 Thomas laye, and sawe pat syghte,  
Vndir-nethe þat grenewod tree.  
• • • •

26 Pan said Thomas, Allas! allas!  
In faythe þis es a dullfull syghte;  
How arte þou fadyle þus in þe face,  
Pat schane by-fore als þe sonne so bryght[e]!

27 Scho sayd, Thomas, take lene at sone and mon[e],  
And als at lefe pat grawes on tree;  
This twelmoneth sall þou with me gone,  
And medill-erthe sall þou none see.'

28 He knelyd downe appone his knee,  
Vndir-nethe þat grenewod spraye,  
And sayd, Lully lady, rewé on mee,  
Myldc qwene of heuene, als þou beste maye!

29 'Allas!' he sayd, 'and wa es mee!  
I trowe my dedis wyll wirke me care;  
My saulne, Jhesu, by-teche I the,  
Whedir-some pat euer my banes sall fare.'

30 Scho ledde hym in at Eldone hill,  
Vndir-nethe a derne lee,  
Whare it was drinke as mydnyght myrke,  
And euer þe water till his knee.

31 The montenans of dayes three,  
He herd bot swoghynghe of þe flode;  
At þe laste he sayde, Full wa es mee!  
Almaste I dye, for fawte of f[ode.]

32 Scho ledde hym in-till a faire herbere,  
Whare frwte was g[ro]wan[d] gret plentee];  
Pere and appill, bothe ryppre þay were,  
The date, and als the damasee.

33 þe fygge, and also þe wynberye,  
The nyghtgales byggande on þair neste;

þe papeioyes faste abowte gane flye,  
And throstylls sange, wolde hafe no reste.

34 He pressede to pulle frowte with his hande,  
Als mane for fude þat was nere faynt;  
Scho sayd, Thomas, pou late þame stande,  
Or ells þe fende the will atteynt.

35 If þou it plokk, sothely to saye,  
Thi saule goso to þe fyre of helle;  
It commes neuer owte or domesdaye,  
Bot þer in Payne ay to to duelle.

36 Thomas, sothely I the hyghte,  
Come lygge thyng heide downe on my knee,  
And [þou] sall se þe fayreste syghte  
þat euer sawe mane of thi contree.

37 He did in hye als scho hym badde;  
Appone hir knee his heide he layde,  
Ffor hir to paye he was full glade;  
And Jane þat lady to hym sayde :

38 Seese þou nowe þone faire waye,  
þat lygges ouer þone heghe mountayne?  
þone es þe waye to heuenen for aye,  
Whene synfull sawles are passed þer Payne.

39 Seese þou nowe þone oþer waye,  
þat lygges lawe by-neth þone ryssye?  
þone es þe waye, þe soþe to saye,  
Vn-to þe joye of paradise.

40 Seese þou Pitt þone thirde waye,  
þat lygges vndir þone grene playne?  
þone es þe waye, with tene and traye,  
Whare synfull saulis sufflris paire Payne.

41 Bot seese þou nowe þone ferþe waye,  
þat lygges ouer þone depe delle?  
þone es þe waye, so waylawaye!  
Vn-to þe birnande fyre of helle.

42 Seese þou Pitt þone faire castelle,  
[þat standis ouer] þone heghe hill?  
Of towne and towre it beris þe belle;  
In erthe es none lyke it vn-till.

43 Ffor soþe, Thomas, þone es myne awenne,  
And þe kynges of this countree;  
Bot me ware leuer he hanged and drawene,  
Or þat he wiste þou laye by me.

44 When þou commes to þone castelle gay,  
I pray þe curtase mane to bee;  
And whate so any mane to þe saye,  
Luke þou awurde none bott me.

45 My lorde es seruede at ylk a mese  
With thrity knyghtis faire and free;

I sall saye, syttande at the desse,  
I tuke thi speche by-þonde the see

46 Thomas still als stane he stude,  
And he by-helde þat lady gaye;  
Scho come agayne als faire and gude,  
And also ryehe one hir palfraye.

47 Hir gewehundis fillide with dere blode,  
Hir rachis couplede, by my faye;  
Scho blewe hir horne with mayne and mode,  
Vn-to þe castelle scho tuke þe waye.

48 In-to þe haule sothely scho went,  
Thomas folouned at hir hande;  
Than ladies come, boþe faire and gent,  
With eurtassyte to hir knelande.

49 Harpe and fethill boþe pay fande,  
Getterne, and als so þe sawtrye;  
Lutte and ryhyoe boþe gangande,  
And all manere of mynstralsye.

50 þe most mercuelle þat Thomas thoughte,  
Whene þat he stode appone the flore;  
Ffor fefty hertis in were broghte,  
þat were boþe grete and store.

51 Rachis laye lapande in þe blode,  
Cokes come with dryssyng knyfe;  
They brittened þame als pay were wode;  
Reuelle amanges þame was full ryfe.

52 Knyghtis dawnesede by three and three,  
There was revelle, gamene and playe;  
Lully ladies, faire and free,  
That satte and sange one riche araye.

53 Thomas duellide in that solace  
More þane I þowe saye, purde,  
Till one a daye, so hafe I grace,  
My lully lady sayde to mee :

54 Do buske the, Thomas, þe busse agayne,  
Ffor þon may here no lengare be;  
Hys the faste, with myghte and mayne,  
I sall the brynge till Eldone tree.

55 Thomas sayde þane, with heuy chere,  
Lully lady, nowe late me bee;  
Ffor certis, lady, I hafe bene here  
Noghte bot þe space of dayes three.

56 Ffor soþe, Thomas, als I þe telle,  
þou hase bene here thre þre and more;  
Bot langere here þou may noghte duelle;  
The skylle I sall þe telle whare-fore.

57 To morne of helle þe foule fende  
Amange this folke will feche his fee;

And þou arte mekill mane and hende;  
I trove full wele he wolde chese the.

58 'Ffor alle je gold þat euer may bee,  
Fro hethynge vn-to þe worldis ende,  
þou besse neuer be-trayede for mee;  
Perefore with me I rede thou wende.'

59 Scho broghte hym agayne to Eldone tree.  
Vndir-awethe þat grenewode spraye;  
In Huntlee bannkes es mery to bee,  
Whare fowles synges bothe nyght and daye.

60 'Fferre owtt in zome mountane graye,  
Thomas, my fawkone hygges a neste;  
A fawonne es an erlis praye;  
Ffor-thi in na place may he reste.

61 'Ffare well, Thomas, I wend my waye,  
Ffor me by-hounys omer thir beuttis browne :'  
Loo here a fytt: more es to saye,  
All of Thomas of Erseldowne.

## FYTT 11.

1 'Fare wele, Thomas, I wend my waye,  
I may no lengare stande with the:'  
'Gyff me a tokynynge, lady gaye,  
That I may saye I speake with the.'

2 'To harpe or carpe, whare-so þou gose,  
Thomas, þou sall hafe þe chose soothely :'

And he saide, Harpyng kepe I none,  
Ffor tonge es chefe of mynstralsye.

3 'If þou will spelle, or tales telle,  
Thomas, þou sall never lesynghe lyce;  
Whare euer þou fare, by frythe or felle,  
I praye the speke none euyll of me.

4 'Ffare wele, Thomas, with-owtynge gyle,  
I may no lengare duelle with the:  
'Lutfy lady, habhyde a while,  
And telle þou me of some ferly.'

5 'Thomas, herkyne what I the saye :' etc.

*Here begin the prophecies.*

& and j are replaced by and and L

21. throstyll cokke : throstell, Cambridge MS.

22. menyde hir.

10<sup>1</sup>. Wanting. She led, etc., Cambridge.

12<sup>1</sup>. 13<sup>1</sup>. Lansdowne, elden; Cambridge, eldryn, eldryne.

16<sup>2</sup>. pryses.

17<sup>1</sup>. prysee. 17<sup>2</sup>. wysse.

43<sup>1</sup>. me by. Cambridge, be me.

46<sup>1</sup>. also.

## FYTT 2.

21. þou gose. Cambridge, þe gon.

## 38

## THE WEE WEE MAN

A. a. 'The Wee Wee Man,' Herd's MSS., I, 153; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 95.

B. Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 348.

C. 'The Wee Wee Man,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 234, ed. 1802.

D. 'The Wee Wee Man,' Kinloch MSS., VII, 253.

E. a. 'The Wee Wee Man,' Motherwell's Note-Book, fol. 40; Motherwell's MS., p. 195. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 343.

F. 'The Wee Wee Man,' Motherwell's MS., p. 68.

G. 'The Little Man,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 263.

THIS extremely airy and sparkling little ballad varies but slightly in the half dozen known copies. The one in the Musical Museum, No. 370, p. 382, and that in Ritson's

Scotish Songs, II, 139, are reprinted from Herd.

Singularly enough, there is a poem in eight-line stanzas, in a fourteenth-century manu-

script, which stands in somewhat the same relation to this ballad as the poem of Thomas of Erceldoune does to the ballad of Thomas Rymer, but with the important difference that there is no reason for deriving the ballad from the poem in this instance. There seems to have been an intention to make it, like Thomas of Erceldoune, an introduction to a

string of prophecies which follows, but no junction has been effected. This poem is given in an appendix.

A is translated by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 210; B, with a few improvements from E b, by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 12.

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## A

Herd's MSS, I, 153, Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 95.

- 1 As I was wa'king all alone,  
Between a water and a wa,  
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,  
And he was the least that ere I saw.
- 2 His legs were scarce a shalmont's length,  
And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
Between his brows there was a span,  
And between his shoulders there was three.
- 3 He took up a meikle stane,  
And he flang't as far as I could see ;  
Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
I couldna liftin' t' to my knee.
- 4 'O wee wee man, but thou be strang !  
O tell me where thy dwelling be ?'

---

## B

Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 348.

- 1 As I was walking by my lane,  
A'tween a water and a wa,  
There sune I spied a wee wee man,  
He was the least that eir I saw.
- 2 His legs were scant a shalmont's length,  
And sma and limber was his thie ;  
A'tween his shoulders was ae span,  
About his middle war but three.
- 3 He has tane up a meikle stane,  
And flang't as far as I cold see ;  
Ein though I had been Wallace wicht,  
I dought na lift it to my knie.

' My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower ;  
Ó will you go with me and see ? '

- 5 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny green ;  
We lighted down for to bait our horse,  
And out there came a lady fine.
- 6 Four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a' clad out in green ;  
Though the King of Scotland had been there,  
The warst o them might ha'e been his queen.
- 7 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny ha,  
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,  
And the floor was o the cristal a'.
- 8 When we came to the stair-foot,  
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa.
- 4 ' O wee wee man, but ye be strang !  
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be ?  
I dwell beneath that bonnie bonuir ;  
Ó will ye gae wi me and see ? '
- 5 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we cam to a bonny green ;  
We lighted syne to bait our steid,  
And out there cam a lady sheen.
- 6 Wi four and twentie at her back,  
A' comely clad in glistening green ;  
Though there the King of Scots had stude,  
The warst nicht weil ha'e been his queen.
- 7 On sync we past wi wondering cheir,  
Till we cam to a bonny ha ;

The roof was o the beaten gowd,  
The flure was o the crystal a'.

8 When we cam there, wi wee wee knichts  
War ladies dancing, jimp and sma,

## C

Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 234, ed. 1802, incorporated with  
'The Young Tamlane.' From recitation.

1 'T was down by Carterhaugh, father,  
I walked beside the wa,  
And there I saw a wee wee man,  
The least that eer I saw.

2 His legs were skant a shathmont lang,  
Yet umber was his thie;  
Between his brows there was ae span,  
And between his shoulders three.

3 He's taen and flung a meikle stane,  
As far as I could see;  
I could na, had I been Wallace wight,  
Hae liftit it to my knee.

4 'O wee wee man, but ye be strang!  
Where may thy dwelling be?'

But in the twinkling of an eie,  
Baith green and ha war clein awa.

• It's down beside yon bonny bower;  
Fair lady, come and see.'

5 On we lap, and away we rade,  
Down to a bonny green;  
We lighted down to bait our steed,  
And we saw the fairy queen.

6 With four and twenty at her baek,  
Of ladies clad in green;  
Tho the King of Scotland had been there,  
The worst might hae been his queen.

7 On we lap, and away we rade,  
Down to a bonny ha';  
The roof was o the beaten gowd,  
The floor was of chrystal a'.

8 And there were danceng on the floor,  
Fair ladies jimp and sma;  
But in the twinkling o an eye,  
They sainted clean awa.

## D

Kinloch MSS, VII, 253. From Mrs Elder.

1 As I gaed out to tak a walk,  
Atween the water and the wa,  
There I met wi a wee wee man,  
The weest man that ere I saw.

2 Thick and short was his legs,  
And sma and thin was his thie,  
And atween his een a flee might gae,  
And atween his shouthers were inches three.

3 And he has tane up a muckle stane,  
And thrown it farther than I *coud* see;  
If I had been as strong as ere Wallacee was,  
I *coud* na lift it to my knie.

4 'O,' quo I, 'but ye be strong!  
And O where may your dwelling be?'

• It's down in to yon bonnie glen;  
Gin ye dinna believe, ye can come and  
see.'

5 And we rade on, and we sped on,  
Till we cam to yon bonny glen,  
And there we lighted and louted in,  
And there we saw a dainty dame.

6 There was four and twenty waiting on her,  
And ilka ane was clad in green.  
And he had been the king of fair Scotland,  
The warst o them nicht hae been his  
queen.

7 There war pipers playing on ilka stair,  
And ladies dancing in ilka ha'.  
But before ye *coud* hae said what was that,  
The house and wee manie was awa.

**E**

a. Motherwell's Note-Book, fol. 40, "from Agnes Lyle;"  
 Motherwell's MS., p. 195, "from the recitation of Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan." b. Motherwell's Minstrels, p. 343.

1 As I was walking mine alone,  
 Betwext the water and the wa,  
 There I spied a wee wee man,  
 He was the least ane that e'er I saw.

2 His leg was searse a shaftmont lang,  
 Both thick and nimble was his knee ;  
 Between his eyen there was a span,  
 Betwixt his shoulders were ells three.

3 This wee wee man pulled up a stane,  
 He flang 't as far as I could see ;  
 Tho I had been like Wallace strong,  
 I wadna gotn 't up to my knee.

**F**

Motherwell's MS., p. 68, "from the recitation of Mrs Wilson, of the Renfrewshire Tontine; now of the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness."

1 As I was walking mine alone,  
 Between the water and the wa,  
 And oh there I spy'd a wee wee mannie,  
 The weeast mannie that ere I saw.

2 His legs they were na a gude inch lang,  
 And thick and nimble was his thie ;  
 Between his een there was a span,  
 And between his shouthers there were ells  
 three.

3 I asked at this wee wee mannie  
 Whare his dwelling place might be ;  
 The answer that he gied to me  
 Was, Cum alang, and ye shall see.

**G**

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 263.

1 As I gaed out to tak the air,  
 Between Midmar and bonny Craigha,  
 There I met a little wee man,  
 The less o him I never saw.

4 I said, Wee man, oh, but you're strong !  
 Where is your dwelling, or where may't be ?  
 ' My dwelling's at yon bonnie green ;  
 Fair lady, will ye go and see ?'

5 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
 Until we came to yonder green ;  
 We lightit down to rest our steed,  
 And there cam out a lady soon.

6 Four and twenty at her back,  
 And every one of them was clad in green ;  
 Altho he had been the King of Scotland,  
 The warst o them a' meicht hae been his queen.

7 There were pipers playing in every neuk,  
 And ladies daneing, jimp and sma,  
 And aye the owre-turn o their tune  
 Was 'Our wee wee man has been lang awa.'

4 So we'll awa, and on we rade,  
 Till we cam to yon bonnie green ;  
 We lighted down to bait our horse,  
 And up and started a lady syn.

5 Wi four and twenty at her back,  
 And they were a' weell clad in green ;  
 Tho I had been a crowned king,  
 The warst o them might ha been my queen.

6 So we'll awa, and on we rade,  
 Till we cam to yon bonnie hall ;  
 The rafters were o the beaten gold,  
 And silver wire were the kebars all.

7 And there was mirth in every end,  
 And ladies dancing, ane and a,  
 And aye the owre-turn o their sang  
 Was 'The wee wee mannie's been lang  
 awa.'

2 His legs were but a finger lang,  
 And thick and nimble was his knee ;  
 Between his brows there was a span,  
 Between his shoulders ells three.

3 He lifted a stane sax feet in hight,  
 He lifted it up till his right knee,  
 And fifty yards and mair, I'm sure,  
 I wyle he made the stane to flee.

4 'O little wee man, but ye be wight!  
Tell me whar your dwelling be ;'  
'I hae a bower, compactly built,  
Madam, gin ye 'll cum and see.'

5 Sae on we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we come to yon little ha ;  
The kipples ware o the gude red gowd,  
The reef was o the proseyla.

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A. 2<sup>2</sup>. *The printed copy has thighs.*

4<sup>2</sup>. dwelling down.

*There is a copy of this ballad in Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, I, 303. Though no confidence can be felt in the genuineness of the "several variations from recitation and singing," with which Cunningham says he sought to improve Herd's version, the more considerable ones are here noted.*

1<sup>2</sup>. O there I met, 2<sup>2</sup>. a shathmont lang,  
3<sup>2</sup>. been a giant born. 4<sup>2</sup>. ye're wonder strong.  
4<sup>2</sup>. O ladie, gang wi me. 5<sup>1</sup>. away we flew.  
5<sup>2</sup>. to a valley green.  
5<sup>2</sup>. down and he stamped his foot.  
5<sup>4</sup>. And up there rose.  
6<sup>2</sup>. Wi four. 6<sup>2</sup>. the glossy green.  
7<sup>2</sup>. stately ha.

6 Pipers were playing, ladies dancing,  
The ladies dancing, jimp and sma ;  
At ilka turning o the spring,  
The little man was wearin's wa.

7 Out gat the lights, on eam the mist,  
Ladies nor mannie mair cond see  
I turnt about, and gae a look,  
Just at the foot o' Benachie.

---

8. And there were harpings loud and sweet,  
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma ;  
He clapped his hands, and ere I wist,  
He sank and saunted clean awa.

E. a. 4<sup>1</sup>. your.

*Motherwell has made one or two slight changes in copying from his Note-Book into his MS.*

b. *Besides some alterations of his own, Motherwell has introduced readings from F.*

2<sup>1</sup>. there were.

3<sup>3</sup>. as Wallace.

5<sup>1</sup>. lady sheen. 6<sup>1</sup>. Wi four.

6<sup>2</sup>. And they were a' weel clad.

*After 6 is inserted F 6, with the first line changed to*

So on we lap, and awa we rade.

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## APPENDIX.

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This piece is found in Cotton MS., Julius, A, V, the ninth article in the manuscript, fol. 175, r<sup>o</sup>. (otherwise 180, r<sup>r</sup>). It is here given nearly as printed by Mr Thomas Wright in his edition of the Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft, II, 452. It had been previously printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs, ed. 1829, I, 40; Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 168; the Retrospective Review, Second Series, II, 326. The prophecies, omitted here, are given by all the above.

1 ALS y yod on ay Mounday  
Bytwene Wyldinden and Walle,  
Me ane aftere brade waye,  
Ay litel man y mette withalle;

The leste that ever I sathe, [sothe] to say,  
Oithere in boure, oithere in halle;  
His robe was noithere grene na gray,  
Bot alle yt was of riche palle.

2 On me he cald, and bad me bide;  
Well stille y stode ay litel space;  
Fra Lanchestre the parke syde  
Yeen he come, wel fair his pase,  
He halsid me with mikel pride;  
Ic haved wel mykel ferly wat he was;  
I saidie, Wel mote the bityde!  
That litel man with large face.

3 I bitheld that litel man  
Bi the stretes als we gon gae;  
His berd was syde ay large span,  
And glided als the fetheres of pae;  
His heyed was wyte als any swan,  
His hegehen ware gret and grai also;

Brues lange, wel I the can  
Merke it to five inches and mae.

4 Armes seort, for sothe I saye,  
Ay span seemed thaem to bee;  
Handes brade, vytonten nay,  
And fingeres lange, he schened me.  
Ay stan he toke op thare it lay,  
And castid forth that I mothe see;  
Ay merke-soote of large way  
Bifor me strides he castid three.

5 Wel stille I stod als did the stane,  
To loke him on thouth me nouthe lange;  
His robe was alle golde bigane,  
Wel craftlike maked, I understande;  
Botones asurld, everlke ane,  
Fra his elbouthe on til his hande;  
Eldelike man was he nane,  
That in myn herte icke onderestande.

6 Til him I sayde ful sone on ane,  
For forthirmare I wald him fraine,  
Glalli wild I wit thi name,  
And I wist wat me mouthe gaine;  
Thou ert so litel of flesse and bane,  
And so mikle of mithe and mayne;  
Ware vones thou, litel man, at hame?  
Wit of the I walde ful faine.

7 'Thoth I be litel and lith,  
Am y nothe wytouten wane;  
Fferli frained thou wat I hith,  
Yat thou salt noth with my name.  
My wonige stede ful wel es dyth,  
Nou sone thou salt se at hame.'  
Til him I sayde, For Godes mith,  
Lat me forth myn erand gane.

8 'The thar noth of thin errand lette,  
Thouth thou come ay stonde wit me;  
Forther salt thou noth bisette  
Bi miles twa noythere bi three.'  
Na linger durste I for him lette,  
But forth ij fundid wyt that free;

Stintid vs broke no beeke;  
Ferlickie me thouth hu so mouth hee.

9 He vent forth, als ij you say,  
In at ay yate, ij understande;  
Intil ay yate, wundouten nay;  
It to se thouth me mouth lange.  
The bankers on the binkes lay,  
And fair lordes sette ij fonde;  
In ilka ay hirn ij herd ay lay,  
And levedys south melounde sange.

The meeting with the little man was on Monday. We are now invited to listen to a tale told on Wednesday by "a moody barn," who is presently addressed, in language which, to be sure, fits the elf well enough, as "merry man, that is so wight;" but things do not fay at all here.

10 Lithe, bothe younge and alde :  
Of ay worde ij will you saye,  
A litel tale that me was tald  
Erli on ay Wedenesdaye.  
A mody barn, that was ful bald,  
My frend that ij frained aye,  
Al my yerning lie me tald,  
And yatid me als we went bi waye.

11 'Miri man, that es so wythe,  
Of ay thinge gif me answeire :  
For him that mensked man wyt mith,  
Wat sal worth of this were ?' &c.

---

*The orthography of this piece, if rightly rendered, is peculiar, and it is certainly not consistent.*

<sup>19</sup> saith for saw occurs in 23<sup>o</sup>.  
<sup>24</sup> Wright, Y een: *Retrasp. Rev.*, Yeen.  
<sup>38</sup> W., Merkes: *R. R.*, Merke, fize.  
<sup>55</sup> W., everlkes: *R. R.*, enerelke.  
<sup>68</sup> W., of their: *R. R.*, of ye (pe). i. wald.  
<sup>74</sup> W., That thou: *R. R.*, yat.  
<sup>75</sup> dygh. <sup>94</sup> south me.  
<sup>98</sup> me lounde.  
<sup>107</sup> W., thering: *R. R.*, yering.  
<sup>108</sup> W., y atid: *R. R.*, yatid.

## 39

## TAM LIN

**A.** 'Tam Lin,' Johnson's Museum, p. 423, 1792. Communicated by Burns.

**B.** 'Young Tom Line,' Glenriddell MS., vol. xi, No 17, 1791.

**C.** 'Kertonha, or, The Fairy Court,' Herd, The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 300.

**D.** 'Tom Linn.' a. Motherwell's MS., p. 532. b. Maidment's New Book of Old Ballads, p. 51. c. 'Tom o' Linn,' Pitcairn's MSS., III, fol. 67.

**E.** 'Young Tamlin,' Motherwell's Note-Book, fol. 13.

**F.** 'Tomaline,' Motherwell's MS., p. 64.

**G.** 'Tam-a-line, the Elfin Knight,' Buchan's MSS., I, 8; 'Tam a-Lin, or The Knight of Faeryland,' Motherwell's MS., p. 595. Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, Percy Society, XVII, 11.

**H.** 'Young Tam Lane,' Campbell MSS., II, 129.

**I.** 'The Young Tamlane,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border: a, II, 337, ed. 1833; b, II, 228, ed. 1802.

THE first twenty-two stanzas of B differ from the corresponding ones in A, 1-23, omitting 16, by only a few words, and there are other agreements in the second half of these versions. Burns's intimacy with Robert Rid dell would naturally lead to a communication from one to the other; but both may have derived the verses that are common from the same third party. Herd's fragment, C, was the earliest printed. Scott's version, I, as he himself states, was compounded of the Mu seum copy, Riddell's, Herd's, and "several recitals from tradition." I b, the edition of 1802, contained fragments of 'The Bromfield Hill' and of 'The Wee Wee Man,' which were dropped from the later edition; but unfortunately this later edition was corrupted with eleven new stanzas, which are not simply somewhat of a modern cast as to diction, as Scott remarks, but of a grossly modern invention, and as unlike popular verse as anything can be. I is given according to the later edition, with those stanzas omitted: and all that

is peculiar to this version, and not taken from the Museum, Glenriddell, or Herd, is distinguished from the rest by the larger type. This, it will be immediately seen, is very little.

The copy in Tales of Wonder, II, 459, is A, altered by Lewis. Mr Joseph Robertson notes, Kinloch MSS., VI, 10, that his mother had communicated to him some fragments of this ballad slightly differing from Scott's version, with a substitution of the name True Tammas for Tam Lane.

The Scots Magazine for October, 1818, LXXXII, 327-29, has a "fragment" of more than sixty stanzas, composed in an abominable artificial lingo, on the subject of this ballad, and alleged to have been taken from the mouth of a good old peasant, who, not having heard the ballad for thirty years, could remember no more. Thomas the Rhymer appears in the last lines with very great distinction, but it is not clear what part he has in the story.\*

\* These are the concluding verses, coming much nearer to the language of this world than the rest. They may have a basis of tradition:

Whar they war aware o the Fairy King,  
A huntan wi his train.

A copy printed in Aberdeen, 1862, and said to have been edited by the Rev. John Bennett Pratt, of Cruden, Aberdeenshire, is made up from Aytoun and Scott, with a number of slight changes.\*

'The Tayl of the Jong Tamle' is spoken of as told among a company of shepherds, in Vedderburn's Complaint of Scotland, 1549, p. 63 of Dr James A. H. Murray's edition for the Early English Text Society. 'Thom of Lyn' is mentioned as a dance of the same party, a little further on, Murray, p. 66, and 'Young Thomlin' is the name of an air in a medley in "Wood's MS.," inserted, as David Laing thought, between 1600 and 1620, and printed in Forbes's Cantus, 1666 : Stenhouse's ed. of The Scots Musical Museum, 1853, IV, 410. "A ballett of Thomlyn" is licensed to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye in 1558 : Arber, Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers, I, 22; cited by Fornivall, Captain Cox, &c., Ballad Society, p. clxv.

Sir Walter Scott relates a tradition of an attempt to rescue a woman from fairydom which recalls the ill success of many of the efforts to disenchant White Ladies in Germany : "The wife of a farmer in Lothian had been carried off by the fairies, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday, in the midst of her children, combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband : when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might win her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out at Halloween, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the

Four an twenty gentlemen  
Cam by on steeds o brown ;  
In his hand ilk bore a siller wand,  
On his head a siller crown.

Four an twenty beltit knichts  
On daiphit greys cam by ;  
Gowden their wands an crowns, whilk seemet  
Like streamers in the sky.

procession of the fairies. At the ringing of the fairy bridles, and the wild, unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last had rode past, the whole troop vanished, with loud shouts of laughter and exultation, among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her forever." The same author proceeds to recount a real incident, which took place at the town of North Berwick, within memory, of a man who was prevented from undertaking, or at least meditating, a similar rescue only by shrewd and prompt practical measures on the part of his minister.†

This fine ballad stands by itself, and is not, as might have been expected, found in possession of any people but the Scottish. Yet it has connections through the principal feature in the story, the retransformation of Tam Lin, with Greek popular tradition older than Homer.

Something of the successive changes of shape is met with in a Scandinavian ballad : 'Nattergalen,' Grundtvig, II, 168, No 57; 'Den förtrollade Prinsessan,' Afzelius, II, 67, No 41, Atterbom, Poetisk Kalender, 1816, p. 44; Dybeck, Runa, 1844, p. 94, No 2; Axelson, Vandring i Wermalands Elfdal, p. 21, No 3; Lindeman, Norske Fjeldmelodier, Tekstbilag til 1ste Bind, p. 3, No 10.

Though many copies of this ballad have been obtained from the mouth of the people, all that are known are derived from flying sheets, of which there is a Danish one dated 1721 and a Swedish of the year 1738. What is of more account, the style of the piece, as we have it, is not quite popular. Nevertheless, the story is entirely of the popular stamp, and so is the feature in it, which alone concerns us materially. A nightingale relates to a knight

Four an twenty noble kings  
Cam by on steeds o swaw,  
But True Thomas, the gude Rhymer,  
Was king outower them a'.

\* " Tamlane : an old Scottish Border Ballad. Aberdeen, Lewis and James Smith, 1862." I am indebted for a sight of this copy, and for the information as to the editor, to Mr Macmath.

† Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 221-24, ed. 1802.

how she had once had a lover, but a step-mother soon upset all that, and turned her into a bird and her brother into a wolf. The curse was not to be taken off the brother till he drank of his step-dame's blood, and after seven years he caught her, when she was taking a walk in a wood, tore out her heart, and regained his human shape. The knight proposes to the bird that she shall come and pass the winter in his bower, and go back to the wood in the summer: this, the nightingale says, the step-mother had forbidden, as long as she wore feathers. The knight seizes the bird by the foot, takes her home to his bower, and fastens the windows and doors. She turns to all the marvellous beasts one ever heard of,—to a lion, a bear, a variety of small snakes, and at last to a loathsome lind-worm. The knight makes a sufficient incision for blood to come, and a maid stands on the floor as fair as a flower. He now asks after her origin, and she answers, Egypt's king was my father, and its queen my mother; my brother was doomed to rove the woods as a wolf. "If Egypt's king," he rejoins, "was your father, and its queen your mother, then for sure you are my sister's daughter, who was doomed to be a nightingale." \*

We come much nearer, and indeed surprisingly near, to the principal event of the Scottish ballad in a Cretan fairy-tale, cited from Chourmouzis by Bernhard Schmidt.† A young peasant of the village Sgourokepháli, who was a good player on the rote, used to be taken by the nereids into their grotto for the sake of his music. He fell in love with one of them, and, not knowing how to help himself, had recourse to an old woman of his village. She gave him this advice: that just before cock-crow he should seize his beloved by the hair, and hold on, unterrified, till the cock crew, whatever forms she should assume. The peasant gave good heed, and the next time he was taken into the cave fell to playing, as usual, and the nereids to dancing. But

as cock-crow drew nigh, he put down his instrument, sprang upon the object of his passion, and grasped her by her locks. She instantly changed shape; became a dog, a snake, a camel, fire. But he kept his courage and held on, and presently the cock crew, and the nereids vanished all but one. His love returned to her proper beauty, and went with him to his home. After the lapse of a year she bore a son, but in all this time never uttered a word. The young husband was fain to ask counsel of the old woman again, who told him to heat the oven hot, and say to his wife that if she would not speak he would throw the boy into the oven. He acted upon this prescription: the nereid cried out, Let go my child, dog! tore the infant from his arms, and vanished.

This Cretan tale, recovered from tradition even later than our ballad, repeats all the important circumstances of the forced marriage of Thetis with Peleus. Chiron, like the old woman, suggested to his protégé that he should lay hands on the nereid, and keep his hold through whatever metamorphosis she might make. He looked out for his opportunity and seized her; she turned to fire, water, and a wild beast, but he did not let go till she resumed her primitive shape. Thetis, having borne a son, wished to make him immortal; to which end she buried him in fire by night, to burn out his human elements, and anointed him with ambrosia by day. Peleus was not taken into counsel, but watched her, and saw the boy gasping in the fire, which made him call out; and Thetis, thus thwarted, abandoned the child and went back to the nereids. Apollodorus, *Bibliotheca*, III, 13, 5, 6.

The Cretan tale does not differ from the one repeated by Apollodorus from earlier writers a couple of thousand years ago more than two versions of a story gathered from oral tradition in these days are apt to do. Whether it has come down to our time from mouth to

\* Restoration from enchantment is effected by drinking blood, in other ballads, as Grundtvig, No 55, II, 156, No 58, II, 174; in No 56, II, 158, by a maid in falcon shape eating of a bit of flesh which her lover had cut from his breast.

† *Volksleben der Neugriechen*, pp. 115-17, "from Chourmouzis, *Kρητικά*, p. 69 f., Athens, 1842." Chourmouzis heard this story, about 1820 or 1830, from an old Cretan peasant, who had heard it from his grandfather.

mouth through twenty-five centuries or more, or whether, having died out of the popular memory, it was reintroduced through literature, is a question that cannot be decided with certainty; but there will be nothing unlikely in the former supposition to those who bear in mind the tenacity of tradition among people who have never known books.\*

B 34,

First dip me in a stand of milk,  
And then in a stand of water;  
Hand me fast, let me na gae,  
I'll be your bairnie's father,

has an occult and very important significance which has only very lately been pointed out, and which modern reciters had completely lost knowledge of, as appears by the disorder into which the stanzas have fallen.† Immersion in a liquid, generally water, but sometimes milk, is a process requisite for passing from a non-human shape, produced by enchantment, back into the human, and also for returning from the human to a non-human state, whether produced by enchantment or original. We have seen that the serpent which Lanzelet kisses, in Ulrich's romance, is not by that simple though essential act instantly turned into a woman. It is still necessary that she should bathe in a spring (p. 308). In an Albanian tale, 'Taubenliebe,' Hahn, No 102, II, 130, a dove flies into a princess's window, and, receiving her caresses, asks, Do you love me? The princess answering Yes, the dove says, Then have a dish of milk ready to-morrow, and you shall see what a handsome man I am.

\* The silence of the Cretan fairy, as B. Schmidt has remarked, even seems to explain Sophocles calling the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis "speechless," *ἀσθετούσας γάμους*. Sophocles gives the transformations as being lion, snake, fire, water: Scholia in Pindari Nemea, III, 60; Schmidt, as before, p. 116, note. That a firm grip and a fearless one would make any sea-god do your will would appear from the additional instances of Menelaus and Proteus, in *Odyssey*, IV, and of Heracles and Nereus, *Apollodorus*, II, 5, 11, 4, Scholia in *Apollonii Argonaut.*, IV, 1396. Proteus masks as lion, snake, panther, boar, running water, tree; Nereus as water, fire, or, as *Apollodorus* says, in all sorts of shapes. Bacchus was accustomed to transform himself when violence was done him, but it is not recorded that he was ever brought to terms like the watery divinities. See Mannhardt, *Wald- und Feldkulte*, II, 60-64, who also well remarks that the tales

A dish of milk is ready the next morning; the dove flies into the window, dips himself in the milk, drops his feathers, and steps out a beautiful youth. When it is time to go, the youth dips in the milk, and flies off a dove. This goes on every day for two years. A Greek tale, 'Goldgerte,' Hahn, No 7, I, 97, has the same transformation, with water for milk. Our B 34 has well-water only.‡ Perhaps the bath of milk occurred in one earlier version of our ballad, the water-bath in another, and the two accounts became blended in time.

The end of the mutations, in F 11, G 43, is a naked man, and a mother-naked man in B 33, under the presumed right arrangement; meaning by right arrangement, however, not the original arrangement, but the most consistent one for the actual form of the tradition. Judging by analogy, the naked man should issue from the bath of milk or of water; into which he should have gone in one of his non-human shapes, a dove, swan, or snake (for which, too, a "stand" of milk or of water is a more practicable bath than for a man). The fragment C adds some slight probability to this supposition. The last change there is into "a dove but and a swan;" then Tam Lin bids the maiden to let go, for he'll "be a perfect man:" this, nevertheless, he could not well become without some further ceremony. A is the only version which has preserved an essentially correct process: Tam Lin, when a burning gleed, is to be thrown into well-water, from which he will step forth a naked knight.§

At stated periods, which the ballads make

of the White Ladies, who, to be released from a ban, must be kissed three times in various shapes, as toad, wolf, snake, etc., have relation to these Greek traditions.

† The significance of the immersion in water is shown by Mannhardt, *Wald- u. Feldkulte*, II, 64ff. The disorder in the stanzas of A at this place has of course been rectified. In Scott's version, I, transformations are added at random from C, after the dipping in milk and in water, which seems indeed to have been regarded by the reciters only as a measure for cooling red-hot iron or the burning gleed, and not as the act essential for restoration to the human nature.

‡ Possibly the holy water in D 17, G 32, is a relic of the water-bath.

§ In the MS. of B also the transformation into a hot gad of iron comes just before the direction to dip the object into a stand of milk; but we have the turning into a mother,

to be seven years, the fiend of hell is entitled to take his teind, tithe, or kane from the people of fairy-land : **A** 24, **B** 23, **C** 5, **D** 15, **G** 28, **H** 15. The fiend prefers those that are fair and fu o flesh, according to **A**, **G**; ane o flesh and blood, **D**. **H** makes the queen fear for herself ; “the koors they hae gane round about, and I fear it will be mysel.” **H** is not discordant with popular tradition elsewhere, which attributes to fairies the practice of abstracting young children to serve as substitutes for themselves in this tribute: Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, II, 220, 1802. **D** 15 says “the last here goes to hell,” which would certainly not be equitable, and **C** “we’re a’ dung down to hell,” where “all” must be meant only of the naturalized members of the community. Poor Alison Pearson, who lost her life in 1586 for believing these things, testified that the tribute was annual. Mr William Sympon, who had been taken away by the fairies, “bidd her sign herself that she be not taken away, for the teind of them are tane to hell everie year :” Scott, as above, p. 208. The kindly queen of the fairies\* will not allow Thomas of Erceidoun to be exposed to this peril, and hurries him back to earth the day before the fiend comes for his due. Thomas is in peculiar danger, for the reason given in **A**, **G**, **R**.

To morne of helle pe foulle fende  
An mange this folke will feche his fee :  
And pou art mekill man and hende :  
I trowe full wele he wolde chese the.

naked man several stanzas earlier. By reading, in 33<sup>1</sup>, I’ll turn, and putting 33 after 34, we should have the order of events which we find in **A**.

That Tam Lin should go into water or milk as a dove or snake, or in some other of his temporary forms, and *come out* a man, is the only disposition which is consistent with the order of the world to which he belongs. Mannhardt gives us a most curious and interesting insight into some of the laws of that world in *Wald- u. Feldkulte*, II, 64-70. The wife of a Cashmere king, in a story there cited from Benfey’s *Pantschatantra*, I, 254, § 92, is delivered of a serpent, but is reported to have borne a son. Another king offers his daughter in marriage, and the Cashmere king, to keep his secret, accepts the proposal. In due time the princess claims her bridegroom, and they give her the snake. Though greatly distressed, she accepts her lot, and takes the snake about to the holy places, at the last of which she receives a command to put the snake into the water-tank. As soon as this is done the snake takes the form of a man. A woman’s giving birth to a snake was by no means a rare thing in

The elf-queen, **A** 42, **B** 40, would have taken out Tam’s twa gray een, had she known he was to be borrowed, and have put in twa een of tree, **B** 41, **D** 34, **E** 21, **H** 14; she would have taken out his heart of flesh, and have put in, **B**, **D**, **E**, a heart of stane, **H** of tree. The taking out of the eyes would probably be to deprive Tam of the faculty of recognizing fairy folk thereafter. Mortals whose eyes have been touched with fairies’ salve can see them when they are to others invisible, and such persons, upon distinguishing and saluting fairies, have often had not simply this power but their ordinary eyesight taken away: see Cromeck’s *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 304, Thiele, *Danmarks Folkesagn*, 1843, II, 202, iv, etc. Grimm has given instances of witches, Slavic, German, Norse and Italian, taking out the heart of man (which they are wont to devour), and replacing it in some instances with straw, wood, or something of the kind; nor do the Roman witches appear to have been behind later ones in this dealing: *Deutsche Mythologie*, 904 f, and the note III, 312.

The fairy in the *Lai de Lauval*, v. 547, rides on a white palfrey, and also two damsels, her harbingers, v. 471; so the fairy princess in the English *Launfal*, Halliwell, *Fairy Mythology*, p. 30. The fairy king and all his knights and ladies ride on white steeds in King Orfeo, Halliwell, as above, p. 41. The queen of Elfland rides a milk-white steed in Thomas

Karst in the seventeenth century, and it was the rule in one noble family that all the offspring should be in serpent form, or at least have a serpent’s head; but a bath in water turned them into human shape. For elves and water nymphs who have entered into connections with men in the form of women, bathing in water is equally necessary for resuming their previous shape, as appears from an ancient version of the story of Melusina: *Gervasius*, ed. Liebrecht, p. 4 f, and *Vincentius Bellavacensis*, *Speculum Naturale*, 2,127 (from *Heilenandus*), cited by Liebrecht, at p. 66.

A lad who had been changed into an ass by a couple of witches recovers his shape merely by jumping into water and rolling about in it: *William of Malmesbury’s Kings of England*, c. 10, cited by *Vincent of Beauvais, Speculum Naturale*, iii, 109; Duntzer, *Liebrecht’s Dunlop*, p. 538. Simple illusions of magic, such as clods and wisps made to appear swine to our eyes, are inevitably dissolved when the unrealities touch water. *Liebrecht’s Gervasius*, p. 65.

\* Cf. *Allison Gross*.<sup>2</sup>

Rymer, A, C; in B, and all copies of Thomas of Erceldoune, her palfrey is dapple gray. Tam Lin, A 28, B 27, etc., is distinguished from all the rest of his "court" by being thus mounted; all the other horses are black or brown.

Tam Lane was taken by the fairies, according to G 26, 27, while sleeping under an apple-tree. In Sir Orfeo (ed. Zielke, v. 68) it was the queen's sleeping under an ympe-tree that led to her being carried off by the fairy king, and the ympe-tree we may suppose to be some kind of fruit tree, if not exclusively the apple. Thomas of Ereldoune is lying under a semely [derne, cunly] tree, when he sees the fairy queen. The derivation of that poem from Ogier le Danois shows that this must have been an apple-tree. Special trees are considered in Greece dangerous to lie under in summer and at noon, as exposing one to be taken by the nereids or fairies, especially plane, poplar, fig, nut, and St John's bread: Schmidt, Volksleben der Neugriechen, p. 119. The elder and the linden are favorites of the elves in Denmark.

The rencounter at the beginning between Tam Lin and Janet (in the wood, D, F, G) is repeated between Hind Etin [Young Akin] and Margaret in 'Hind Etin,' further on. Some Slavic ballads open in a similar way, but there is nothing noteworthy in that: see p. 41. "First they did call me Jaek," etc., D 9, is a commonplace of frequent occurrence: see, e. g., 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.'

Some humorous verses, excellent in their way, about one Tam o' Lin are very well known: as Tam o' the Linn, Chambers, Scottish Songs, p. 455, Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 33, ed. 1870; Sharpe's Ballads, new ed., p. 44, p. 137, No XVI; Tommy Linn,

North Country Chorister, ed. Ritson, p. 3; Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 271, ed. 1849: Thomas o' Linn, Kinloch MSS., III, 45, V, 81; Tam o' Lin, Campbell MSS., II, 107. (Miss Joanna Baillie tried her hand at an imitation, but the jocosity of the real thing is not feminine.) A fool sings this stanza from such a song in Wager's comedy, 'The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art,' put at about 1568; see Furnivall, Captain Cox, his Ballads and Books, p. cxvii:

Tom a Lin and his wife, and his wiues mother,  
They went over a bridge all three together;  
The bridge was broken, and they fell in:  
'The deuil go with all!' quoth Tom a Lin.

Mr Halliwell-Phillips (as above) says that "an immense variety of songs and catches relating to Tommy Linn are known throughout the country." Brian o' Lynn seems to be popular in Ireland: Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland, p. 260f. There is no connection between the song and the ballad beyond the name: the song is no parody, no burlesque, of the ballad, as it has been called.

"Carterhaugh is a plain at the confluence of the Ettrick with the Yarrow, scarcely an English mile above the town of Selkirk, and on this plain they show two or three rings on the ground, where, they say, the stands of milk and water stood, and upon which grass never grows." Glenriddell MS.

Translated, after Scott, by Schubart, p. 139, and Büsching's Wöchentliche Nachrichten, I, 247; by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 212; after Ayton, I, 7, by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 8; by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 17, apparently after Ayton and Allingham. The Danish 'Nattergalen' is translated by Prior, III, 118, No 116.

## A

Johnson's Museum, p. 423, No 411. Communicated by Robert Burns.

1 O I FORBID you, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,

To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

2 There's nae that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave hin a wad,  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

3 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little aboon her knee,  
   And she has broded her yellow hair  
   A little aboon her bree,  
   And she's awa to Carterhaugh,  
   As fast as she can hie.

4 When she came to Carterhaugh  
   Tam Lin was at the well,  
   And there she fand his steed standing,  
   But away was himsel.

5 She had na pu'd a double rose,  
   A rose but only twa,  
   Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
   Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

6 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
   And why breaks thou the wand?  
   Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
   Withoutten my command?

7 'Carterhaugh, it is my ain,  
   My daddie gave it me;  
   I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
   And ask nae leave at thee.'

\*      \*      \*      \*

8 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little aboon her knee,  
   And she has snooded her yellow hair  
   A little aboon her bree,  
   And she is to her father's ha,  
   As fast as she can hie.

9 Four and twenty ladies fair  
   Were playing at the ba,  
   And out then cam the fair Janet,  
   Ance the flower amang them a'.

10 Four and twenty ladies fair  
   Were playing at the chess,  
   And out then cam the fair Janet,  
   As green as onie glass.

11 Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
   Lay oer the castle wa,  
   And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee  
   But we'll be blamed a'.

12 'Hand your tongue, ye auld fa'e'd knight,  
   Some ill death may ye die!'

Father my bairn on whom I will,  
   I'll father name on thee.'

13 Out then spak her father dear,  
   And he spak meek and mild:  
   ' And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
   'I think thou gaes wi child.'

14 ' If that I gae wi child, father,  
   Mysel mann hear the blame;  
   There's neer a laird about your ha  
   Shall get the bairn's name.

15 ' If my love were an earthly knight,  
   As he's an elfin grey,  
   I wad na gie my ain true-love  
   For nae lord that ye hae.

16 ' The steed that my true-love rides on  
   Is lighter than the wind;  
   Wi siller he is shod before,  
   Wi burning gowd behind.'

17 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little aboon her knee,  
   And she has snooded her yellow hair  
   A little aboon her bree,  
   And she's awa to Carterhaugh,  
   As fast as she can hie.

18 When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
   Tam Lin was at the well,  
   And there she fand his steed standing,  
   But away was himsel.

19 She had na pu'd a double rose,  
   A rose but only twa,  
   Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
   Says Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

20 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
   Amang the groves sae green,  
   And a' to kill the bonie babe  
   That we gat us between?

21 ' O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she says,  
   ' For's sake that died on tree,  
   If eer ye was in holy chapel,  
   Or christendom did see? '

22 ' Roxburgh he was my grandfather,  
   Took me with him to bide,

And anee it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.

23 ' And anee it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That frae my horse I fell ;  
The Queen o Fairies she caught me,  
In you green hill to dwell.

24 ' And pleasant is the fairy land,  
But, an eerie tale to tell,  
Ay at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell ;  
I am sae fair and fu o flesh,  
I'm feard it be mysel.

25 ' But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday ;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

26 ' Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

27 ' But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sae mony unco knights  
The like I never saw ? '

28 ' O first let pass the black, lady,  
And synce let pass the brown,  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu ye his rider down.

29 ' For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town ;  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

30 ' My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonet be,  
And kaind down shall my hair,  
And tha'e's the takens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

31 ' They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder ;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I am your bairn's father.

32 ' They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold ;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.

33 ' Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airm ;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.

34 ' And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning gled ;  
Then throw me into well water,  
O throw me in wi speed.

35 ' And then I'll be your ain true-love,  
I'll turn a naked knight ;  
Then cover me wi your green mantle,  
And cover me out o sight.'

36 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

37 About the middle o the night  
She heard the bridles ring ;  
This lady was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

38 First she let the black pass by,  
And synce she let the brown ;  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

39 Sae weel she minded whae he did say,  
And young Tam Lin did win ;  
Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,  
As blythe's a bird in spring.

40 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out of a bush o broom :  
' Them that has gotten young Tam Lin  
Has gotten a stately groom.'

41 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
And an angry woman was she :  
' Shame betide her ill-far'd face,  
And an ill death may she die,  
For she's taen awa the boniest knight  
In a' my companie.'

42 'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says,  
   'What now this night I see,

**B**

Glenriddell's MISS, vol. xi, No 17.

1 I FORBID ye, maidens a',  
   That wear goud on your gear,  
   To come and gae by Carterhaugh,  
   For young Tom Line is there.

2 There 's name that gaes by Carterhaugh  
   But they leave him a wad,  
   Either their things or green mantles,  
   Or else their maidenhead.

3 But Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little above her knee,  
   And she has broded her yellow hair  
   A little above her bree,  
   And she has gaen for Carterhaugh,  
   As fast as she can hie.

4 When she came to Carterhaugh  
   Tom Line was at the well,  
   And there she fand his steed standing,  
   But away was himself.

5 She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
   A rose but only twae,  
   Till up then started young Tom Line,  
   Says, Lady, thou 's pu nae mae.

6 Why pu'n thou the rose, Janet ?  
   Why breaks thou the wand ?  
   Why comest thou to Carterhaugh  
   Withouten my command ?

7 ' Fair Carterhaugh it is my ain,  
   My daddy gave it me ;  
   I 'll come and gae by Carterhaugh,  
   And ask nae leave at thee.'

\*      \*      \*      \*

8 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little aboon her knee,  
   And she has snooded her yellow hair  
   A little aboon her bree,  
   And she is on to her father's ha,  
   As fast as she can hie.

I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
   And put in twa een o tree.'

9 Four and twenty ladies fair  
   Were playing at the ba,  
   And out then came fair Janet,  
   The flowr amang them a'.

10 Four and twenty ladies fair  
   Were playing at the chess,  
   Out then came fair Janet,  
   As green as ony glass.

11 Out spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
   Lay owre the castle wa,  
   And says, Alas, fair Janet,  
   For thee we 'll be blau'd a'.

12 ' Had your tongue, you auld grey knight,  
   Some ill dead may ye die !  
   Father my bairn on whom I will,  
   I 'll father name on thee.'

13 Out then spak her father dear,  
   He spak baith thick and milde ;  
   ' And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
   ' I think ye gae wi childe.'

14 ' If that I gae wi child, father,  
   Mysell bears a' the blame ;  
   There 's not a laird about your ha  
   Shall get the bairnie's name.

15 ' If my lord were an earthly knight,  
   As he 's an elfish grey,  
   I wad na gie my ain true-love  
   For nae lord that ye hae.'

16 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
   A little aboon her knee,  
   And she has snooded her yellow hair  
   A little aboon her bree,  
   And she 's away to Carterhaugh,  
   As fast as she can hie.

17 When she came to Carterhaugh,  
   Tom Line was at the well,  
   And there she fand his steed standing,  
   But away was himself.

18 She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
   A rose but only twae,

Till up then started young Tom Line,  
Says, Lady, thou's pu na mae.

19 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
Out owr yon groves sae green,  
And a' to kill your bonny babe,  
That we gat us between?

20 'O tell me, tell me, Tom,' she says,  
'For's sake who died on tree,  
If eer ye were in holy chapel,  
Or christendom did see.'

21 'Roxburgh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.

22 'Ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That from my horse I fell.'

23 'The Queen of Fairies she came by,  
Took me wi her to dwell,  
Evn where she has a pleasant land  
For those that in it dwell,  
But at the end o seven years,  
They pay their teind to hell.'

24 'The night it is gude Halloween,  
The fairie folk do ride,  
And they that wad their trne-love win,  
At Miles Cross they mann bide.'

25 'But how shall I thee ken, Thomas,  
Or how shall I thee knaw,  
Amang a pack o uncouth knights  
The like I never saw?'

26 'The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae;  
The next company that passes by,  
Say na, and do right sae;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I'll be ane o tha.'

27 'Some ride upon a black, lady,  
And some ride on a brown,  
But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the towن:  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gae me that renown.'

28 'My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
And tha'e's the tokens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.'

29 'Then hie thee to the milk-white steed,  
And pu me quickly down,  
Cast thy green kirtle owr me,  
And keep me frae the rain.'

30 'They'll turn me in thy arms, lady,  
An adder and a snake;  
But hold me fast, let me na gae,  
To be your warldly mate.'

31 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A grey greyhound to gira;  
But hold me fast, let me na gae,  
The father o your bairn.'

32 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A red het gad o iron;  
Then haud me fast, and be na feard,  
I'll do to you nae harm.'

33 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A mother-naked man;  
Cast your green kirtle owr me,  
To keep me frae the rain.'

34 'First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then a stand o water;  
Haud me fast, let me na gae,  
I'll be your bairnic's father.'

35 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is on to Miles Cross,  
As fast as she can hie.

36 The first company that passd by,  
She said na, and let them gae;  
The next company that passed by,  
She said na, and did right sae;  
The third company that passed by,  
Then he was ane o tha.'

37 She hied her to the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd him quickly down;  
She cast her green kirtle owr him,  
To keep him frae the rain;

Then she did all was orderd her,  
And sae recoverd him.

38 Then out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o broom :

'They that hae gotten young Tom Line  
Hae got a stately groom.'

39 Out than spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush of rye :

'Them that has gotten young Tom Line  
Has the best knight in my company.

## C

Herd, The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 300.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 SHE 's prickt hersell and prind hersell,  
By the ae light o the moon,  
And she 's awa to Kertonha.  
As fast as she can gaug.

2 · What gars ye pu the rose, Jennet ?  
What gars ye break the tree ?  
What gars you gang to Kertonha  
Without the leave of me ?'

3 · Yes, I will pu the rose, Thomas,  
And I will break the tree ;  
For Kertonha shond be my ain,  
Nor ask I leave of thee.'

4 · Full pleasant is the fairy land,  
And happy there to dwell ;  
I am a fairy, lyth and limb,  
Fair maiden, view me well.

5 · O pleasant is the fairy land,  
How happy there to dwell !  
But ay at every seven years end  
We're a' dung down to hell.

## D

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 532, a North Country version.  
b. Maidment's New Book of Old Ballads, 1844, p. 54, from the recitation of an old woman. c. Pitcairn's MSS, 1817-25, III, p. 67: "procured by David Webster, Bookseller, from tradition."

1 O ALL you ladies young and gay,  
Who are so sweet and fair,

40 · Had I kend, Thomas,' she says,  
' A lady wad hae borrowd thee,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
Put in twa een o tree.

41 · Had I but kend, Thomas,' she says,  
' Before I came frae hame,  
I had taen out that heart o flesh,  
Put in a heart o stane.'

6 · The morn is good Halloween,  
And our court n' will ride ;  
If ony maiden wins her man,  
Then she may be his bride.

7 · But first ye 'll let the black gae by,  
And then ye 'll let the brown ;  
Then I 'll ride on a milk-white steed,  
You 'll pu me to the ground.

8 · And first, I 'll grow into your arms  
An esk but and an edder ;  
Had me fast, let me not gang,  
I 'll be your bairn's father.

9 · Next, I 'll grow into your arms  
A toad but and an eel ;  
Had me fast, let me not gang,  
If you do love me feel.

10 · Last, I 'll grow into your arms  
A dove but and a swan ;  
Then, maiden fair, you 'll let me go,  
I 'll be a perfect man.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not go into Chaster's wood,  
For Tomlin will be there.

2 Fair Margret sat in her bonny bower,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And wished to be in Chaster's wood,  
Among the leaves so green.

3 She let her seam fall to her foot,  
    The needle to her toe,  
And she has gone to Chaster's wood,  
    As fast as she could go.

4 When she began to pull the flowers,  
    She pulld both red and green;  
Then by did come, and by did go,  
    Said, Fair maid, let aleeene.

5 ‘O why pluck you the flowers, lady,  
    Or why climb you the tree?  
Or why come ye to Chaster's wood  
    Without the leave of me?’

6 ‘O I will pull the flowers,’ she said,  
    ‘Or I will break the tree,  
For Chaster's wood it is my own,  
    I'll no ask leave at thee.’

7 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
    And by the grass green sleeve,  
And laid her low down on the flowers,  
    At her he asked no leave.

8 The lady blushed, and sourly frowned,  
    And she did think great shame;  
Says, ‘If you are a gentleman,  
    You will tell me your name.’

9 ‘First they did call me Jack,’ he said,  
    ‘And then they called me John,  
But since I lived in the fairy court  
    Tomlin has always been my name.

10 ‘So do not pluck that flower, lady,  
    That has these pimples gray;  
They would destroy the bonny babe  
    That we've got in our play.’

11 ‘O tell me, Tomlin,’ she said,  
    ‘And tell it to me soon,  
Was you ever at good church-door,  
    Or got you christendoom?’

12 ‘O I have been at good church-door,  
    And aff her yetts within;  
I was the Laird of Foulis's son,  
    The heir of all this land.

13 ‘But it fell once upon a day,  
    As hunting I did ride,

As I rode east and west yon hill  
    There woe did me betide.

14 ‘O drowsy, drowsy as I was!  
    Dead sleep upon me fell;  
The Queen of Fairies she was there,  
    And took me to herself.

15 ‘The Elfins is a pretty place,  
    In which I love to dwell,  
But yet at every seven years' end  
    The last here goes to hell;  
And as I am aye o flesh and blood,  
    I fear the next be myself.

16 ‘The morn at even is Halloween:  
    Our fairy court will ride,  
Throw England and Scotland both,  
    Throw al the world wide;  
And if ye wold me borrow,  
    At Rides Cross ye may bide.

17 ‘You may go into the Miles Moss,  
    Between twelve hours and one;  
Take holy water in your hand,  
    And east a compass round.

18 ‘The first court that comes along,  
    You'll let them all pass by;  
The next court that comes along,  
    Salute them reverently.

19 ‘The next court that comes along  
    Is clad in robes of green,  
And it's the head court of them all,  
    For in it rides the queen.

20 ‘And I upon a milk-white steed,  
    With a gold star in my crown;  
Because I am an earthly man  
    I'm next to the queen in renown.

21 ‘Then seize upon me with a spring,  
    Then to the ground I'll fa,  
And then you'll hear a rueful cry  
    That Tomlin is awa.

22 ‘Then I'll grow in your arms two  
    Like to a savage wild;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
    I'm father of your child.

23 'I'll grow into your arms two  
Like an adder or a snake;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
I'll be your earthly maick.'

24 'I'll grow into your arms two  
Like iron in strong fire;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
Then you'll have your desire.'

25 She rid down to Miles Cross,  
Between twelve hours and one,  
Took holy water in her hand,  
And east a compass round.

26 The first court that came along,  
She let them all pass by;  
The next court that came along  
Saluted reverently.

27 The next court that came along  
Were clad in robes of green,  
When Tomlin, on a milk-white steed,  
She saw ride with the queen.

28 She seized him in her arms two,  
He to the ground did fa,  
And then she heard a ruefull cry  
'Tomlin is now awa.'

29 He grew into her arms two  
Like to a savage wild;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
The father of her child.

30 He grew into her arms two  
Like an adder or a snake;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her earthly maick.

31 He grew into her arms two  
Like iron in hot fire;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her heart's desire.

32 Then sounded out throw elphin court,  
With a loud shout and a cry,  
That the pretty maid of Chaster's wood  
That day had caught her prey.

33 'O stay, Tomlin,' cried Elphin Queen,  
'Till I pay you your fee;  
'Ifis father has lands and rents enougħ,  
He wants no fee from thee.'

34 'O had I known at early morn  
Tomlin would from me gone,  
I would have taken out his heart of flesh  
Put in a heart of stone.'

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## E

Motherwell's Note-book, p. 13.

1 LADY MARGARET is over gravel green,  
And over gravel grey,  
And she's awa to Charteris ha,  
Lang lang three hour or day.

2 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,  
A flower but only ane,  
Till up and started young Tamlin,  
Says, Lady, let alone.

3 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,  
A flower but only twa,  
Till up and started young Tamlene,  
Atween her and the wa.

4 'How daur you pu my flower, madam?  
How daur ye break my tree?  
How daur ye come to Charteris ha,  
Without the leave of me?'

5 'Weel I may pu the rose,' she said,  
'But I daurna break the tree;  
And Charteris ha is my father's,  
And I'm his heir to be.'

6 'If Charteris ha be thy father's,  
I was ance as gude myself;  
But as I came in by Lady Kirk,  
And in by Lady Well,

7 'Deep and drowsy was the sleep  
On my poor body fell;  
By came the Queen of Faery,  
Made me with her to dwell.

8 'But the morn at een is Halloween,  
Our fairy foks a' do ride;  
And she that will her true-love win,  
At Blackstock she must bide.

9 'First let by the black,' he said,  
'And synce let by the brown;

But when you see the milk-white steed,  
    You'll pull his rider down.

10 · You'll pull him into thy arms,  
    Let his bright bridle fa',  
And he'll fa low into your arms  
    Like stone in castle's wa.

11 · They'll first shape him into your arms  
    An adder or a snake ;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
    He'll be your world's make.

12 · They'll next shape him into your arms  
    Like a wood black dog to bite ;  
Hold him fast, let him not go,  
    For he'll be your heart's delight.

13 · They'll next shape [him] into your arms  
    Like a red-het gaud o airn ;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
    He's the father o your bairn.

14 · They'll next shape him into your arms  
    Like the laidliest worm of Ind ;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
    And cry aye " Young Tamlin."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

15 Lady Margaret first let by the black,  
    And syne let by the brown,  
But when she saw the milk-white steed  
    She pulled the rider down.

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**F**

Motherwell's MS., p. 64, from the recitation of widow McCormick, February, 1825.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

1 She's taen her petticoat by the band,  
    Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she's awa to Chester wood,  
    As fast as she could run.

2 She scarcely pulled a rose, a rose,  
    She scarce pulled two or three,  
Till up there starts Thomas  
    On the Lady Margaret's knee.

16 She pulled him into her arms,  
    Let his bright bridle fa',  
And he fell low into her arms,  
    Like stone in castle's wa.

17 They first shaped him into arms  
    An adder or a snake ;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
    For he'd be her world's make.

18 They next shaped him into her arms  
    Like a wood black dog to bite ;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
    For he'd be her heart's delight.

19 They next shaped him into her arms  
    Like a red-het gaud o airn ;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
    He'd be father o her bairn.

20 They next shaped him into her arms  
    Like the laidliest worm of Ind ;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
    And cried aye " Young Tamlin."

21 The Queen of Faery turned her horse about,  
    Says, Adieu to thee, Tamlene!  
For if I had kent what I ken this night,  
    If I had kent it yestreen,  
I wad ha'e taen out thy heart o flesh,  
    And put in a heart o stane.

---

3 She's taen her petticoat by the band,  
    Her mantle owre her arm,  
And Lady Margaret's gane hame agen,  
    As fast as she could run.

4 Up starts Lady Margaret's sister,  
    An angry woman was she :  
' If there ever was a woman wi child,  
    Margaret, you are wi ! '

5 Up starts Lady Margaret's mother,  
    An angry woman was she :  
' There grows ane herb in yon kirk-yard  
    That will seathe the babe away.'

6 She took her petticoats by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she's gone to yon kirk-yard  
As fast as she could run.

7 She seareely pulled an herb, an herb,  
She scarce pulled two or three,  
Till up starts there Thomas  
Upon this Lady Margaret's knee.

8 'How dare ye pull a rose?' he says,  
'How dare ye break the tree?  
How dare ye pull this herb,' he says,  
'To seathie my babe away?

9 'This night is Hallowe'en,' he said,  
'Our court is going to waste,  
And them that loves their true-love best  
At Chester bridge they'll meet.

10 'First let pass the black,' he says,  
'And then let pass the brown,  
But when ye meet the milk-white steed,  
Pull ye the rider down.

11 'They'll turn me to an eagle,' he says,  
'And then into an ass:  
Come, hold me fast, and fear me not,  
The man that you love best.'

12 'They'll turn me to a flash of fire,  
And then to a naked man;  
Come, wrap you your mantle me about,  
And then you'll have me won.'

13 She took her petticoats by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she's awa to Chester bridge,  
As fast as she could run.

14 And first she did let pass the black,  
And then let pass the brown,  
But when she met the milk-white steed,  
She pulled the rider down.

15 They turned him in her arms an eagle,  
And then into an ass;  
But she held him fast, and feared him not,  
The man that she loved best.

16 They turned him into a flash of fire,  
And then into a naked man;  
But she wrapped her mantle him about,  
And then she had him won.

17 'O wae be to ye, Lady Margaret,  
And an ill death may you die,  
For you've robbed me of the bravest knight  
That e'er rode in our company.'

## G

Buchan's MSS., I, 8; Motherwell's MS., p. 595.

1 TAKE warning, a' ye ladies fair,  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
Come never unto Charter's woods,  
For Tam-a-line he's there.

2 Even about that knight's middle  
O' siller bells are nine;  
Nae ane comes to Charter wood,  
And a maid returns again.

3 Lady Margaret sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
And she lang'd to gang to Charter woods,  
To pou the roses green.

4 She hadna pond a rose, a rose,  
Nor broken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him true Tam-a-line,  
Says, Ladye, lat alone.

5 O why pou ye the rose, the rose?  
Or why brake ye the tree?  
Or why come ye to Charter woods,  
Without leave askd of me?

6 'I will pou the rose, the rose,  
And I will brake the tree;  
Charter woods are a' my ain,  
I'll ask nae leave o thee.'

7 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her low on gude green wood,  
At her he spierd nae leave.

8 When he had got his wills of her,  
His wills as he had taen,  
He's taen her by the middle sma,  
Set her to feet again.

9 She turnd her right and round about,  
To spier her true-love's name,

But naething heard she, nor naething saw,  
As a' the woods grew dim.

10 Seven days she tarried there,  
Saw neither sun nor moon;  
At length, by a sma glimmering light,  
Came thro' the wood her bane.

11 When she came to her father's court,  
As fine as any queen;  
But when eight months were past and gane,  
Got on the gown o' green.

12 Then out it speaks an eldren knight,  
As he stood at the yett:  
'Our king's daughter, she gaes wi bairn,  
And we'll get a' the wytte.'

13 'O had your tonge, ye eldren man,  
And bring me not to shame;  
Although that I do gang wi bairn,  
Yese naeways get the blame.

14 'Were my love but an earthly man,  
As he's an eltin knight,  
I woudna gie my ain true love  
For a' that's in my sight.'

15 Then out it speaks her brother dear,  
He meant to do her harm:  
'There is an herb in Charter wood  
Will twine you an the bairn.'

16 She's taen her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the band,  
And she is on to Charter wood,  
As fast as she coud gang.

17 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,  
Nor braken a branch but aye,  
Till by it came him Tam-a-Line,  
Says, Ladye, lat alone.

18 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o the gravel green,  
For to destroy the bonny bairn  
That we got us between?

19 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o the gravel gray,  
For to destroy the bonny bairn  
That we got in our play?

20 For if it be a knave-bairn,  
He's heir o a' my land;  
But if it be a lass-bairn,  
In red gowd she shall gang.

21 'If my luve were an earthly man,  
As he's an elfin rae,  
I coud gang bound, love, for your sake,  
A twalmonth and a day.'

22 'Indeed your love's an earthly man,  
The same as well as thee,  
And lang I've haunted Charter woods,  
A' for your fair bodie.'

23 'O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,  
O tell, an tell me true,  
Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,  
What pedigree are you?'

24 'O I hae been at gude church-door,  
An I've got christendom:  
I'm the Earl o' Forbes' eldest son,  
An heir ower a' his land.

25 'When I was young, o three years old,  
Muckle was made o me:  
My step-mother put on my claitheis,  
An ill, ill sained she me.

26 'Ae fatal morning I went out,  
Dreading nae injury,  
And thinking lang, fell soun asleep,  
Beneath an apple tree.

27 'Then by it came the Eltin Queen,  
And laid her hand on me:  
And from that time since ever I mind,  
I've been in her companie.

28 'O Eltin it's a bonny place,  
In it fain woud I dwell;  
But ay at ilka seven years' end  
They pay a tienid to hell,  
And I'm sae fon o flesh an blude,  
I'm sair feard for myself.'

29 'O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,  
O tell, an tell me true:  
Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,  
What way I'll borrow you?'

30 'The morn is Halloweven night,  
The elfin court will ride,  
Through England, and thro' a' Scotland,  
And through the world wide.

31 'O they begin at sky setting,  
Rides a' the evening tide ;  
And she that will her true-love borrow,  
[At] Miles-corse will him bide.

32 'Ye'll do you down to Miles-corse,  
Between twall hours and ane,  
And full your hands o holy water,  
And east your compass roun.

33 'Then the first an court that comes you till  
Is published king and queen ;  
The next an court that comes you till,  
It is maidens mony ane.

34 'The next an court that comes you till  
Is footmen, grooms and squires ;  
The next an court that comes you till  
Is knights, and I'll be there.

35 'I Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
A goud star on my crown ;  
Because I was an earthly knight,  
Got that for a renown.

36 'And out at my steed's right nostril,  
He'll breathe a fiery flame ;  
Ye'll loot you low, and sain yourself,  
And ye'll be busy then.

37 'Ye'll take my horse then by the head,  
And lat the bridal fa ;  
The Queen o' Elfin she'll cry out,  
True Tam-a-Line 's awa.

38 'Then I'll appear in your arms  
Like the wolf that neer wond tame ;  
Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
Case we neer meet again.

39 'Then I'll appear in your arms  
Like the fire that burns sae lauld ;  
Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
I'll be as iron cauld.

40 'Then I'll appear in your arms  
Like the adder an the snake ;

Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
I am your warld's make.

41 'Then I'll appear in your arms  
Like to the deer sae wild ;  
Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
And I'll father your child.

42 'And I'll appear in your arms  
Like to a silken string :  
Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
Till ye see the fair morning.

43 'And I'll appear in your arms  
Like to a naked man ;  
Ye'll had me fast, lat me not go,  
And wi yon I'll gae hame.'

44 Then she has done her to Miles-corse,  
Between twall hours an ane,  
And filled her hands o holy water,  
And kiest her compass roun.

45 The first an court that came her till  
Was published king and queen ;  
The niest an court that came her till  
Was maidens mony ane.

46 The niest an court that came her till  
Was footmen, grooms and squires ;  
The niest an court that came her till  
Was knights, and he was there.

47 True Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
A goud star on his crown ;  
Because he was an earthly man,  
Got that for a renown.

48 And out at the steed's right nostril,  
He breathd a fiery flame ;  
She loots her low, an sains herself,  
And she was busy then.

49 She's taen the horse then by the head,  
And loot the bridle fa ;  
The Queen o' Elfin she cried out,  
• True Tam-a-Line 's awa.'

50 'Stay still, true Tam-a-Line,' she says,  
• Till I pay you your fee :'  
• His father wants not lands nor rents,  
He'll ask nae fee frae thee.'

51 'Gin I had kent yestreen, yestreen,  
What I ken weel the day,  
I shoud taen your fa fause heart,  
Gien you a heart o elay.'

52 Then he appeared in her arms  
Like the wolf that neer wond tame;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
Case they neer meet again.

53 Then he appeared in her arms  
Like the fire burning bauld;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was as iron cauld.

54 And he appeared in her arms  
Like the adder an the snake;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her world's make.

55 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to the deer sae wild;

She held him fast, let him not go,  
He's father o her child.

56 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to a silken string:  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
Till she saw fair morning.

57 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to a naked man:  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
And wi her he's game hame.

58 These news hae reachehd thro a' Scotland,  
And far ayont the Tay,  
That Lady Margaret, our king's daughter,  
That night had gaidn her prey.

59 She borrowed her love at mirk midnight,  
Bare her young son ere day,  
And though ye'd search the wold wide,  
Ye'll nae find sic a may.

## H

Campbell MSS, II, 129.

1 I FORBID ye, maidens a',  
That wears gowd in your hair,  
To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lane is there.

2 I forbid ye, maidens a',  
That wears gowd in your green,  
To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
For fear of young Tam Lane.

3 'Go saddle for me the black,' says Janet,  
'Go saddle for me the brown,  
And I'll away to Carterhaugh,  
And flower myself the gown.

4 'Go saddle for me the brown,' says Janet,  
'Go saddle for me the black,  
And I'll away to Carterhaugh,  
And flower mysel a hat.'

\* \* \* \*

5 She had not pulld a flou'r, a flou'r,  
A flou'r but only three,

Till up there startit young Tam Lane,  
Just at bird Janet's knee.

6 'Why pullst thou the herb, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the tree?  
Why put you back the bonny babe  
That's between you and me?'

7 'If my child was to an earthly man,  
As it is to a wild buck rae,  
I would wake him the length of the winter's  
night,  
And the lea lang simmer's day.'

8 'The night is Halloween, Janet,  
When our gude neighbours will ride,  
And them that would their true-love won  
At Blackning Cross maun bide.

9 'Many will the black ride by,  
And many will the brown,  
But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
And ride nearest the town:  
Because I was a christened knight  
They gie me that renown.'

10 'Many will the black ride by,  
But far mae will the brown;

But when ye see the milk-white stead,  
Grip fast and pull me down.

11 'Take me in yer arms, Janet,  
An ask, an adder lang ;  
The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
I'll be father to your bairn.

12 'Take me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake ;  
The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
I'll be your warld's make.'

\* \* \* \*

## I

a. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 337, ed. 1833.  
b. II, 228, ed. 1802.

1 'O I FORBID ye, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Taulane is there.

2 'There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But maun leave him a wad,  
Either gowd rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenheid.

3 'Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,  
Green mantles ye may spin.  
But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,  
Ye'll neer get that agen.'

4 But up then spak her, fair Janet,  
The fairest o' her kin :  
'I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave o' him.'

5 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune her knee,  
And she has braided her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree.

6 And when she came to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed beside the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was hissell.

45

13 Up bespak the Queen of Fairies,  
She spak baith loud and high :  
'Had I kend the day at noon  
Tam Lane had been won from me,

14 'I wad hae taen out his heart o' flesh,  
Put in a heart o' tree.  
That a' the maids o' Middle Middle Mist  
Should neer hae taen Tam Lane frae me.'

15 Up bespeck the Queen of Fairies,  
And she spak wi a lond yell :  
'Aye at every seven year's end  
We pay the kane to hell.  
And the koors they hae gane round about,  
And I fear it will be mysel.'

7 She hadn'a pu'd a red red rose,  
A rose but barely three,  
Till up and starts a wee wee man,  
At lady Janet's knee.

8 Says, Why pu ye the rose, Janet ?  
What gars ye break the tree ?  
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,  
Withouten leave o' me ?

9 Says, Carterhaugh it is mine ain,  
My daddie gave it me ;  
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave o' thee.

10 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
Among the leaves sae green.  
And what they did I cannot tell,  
The green leaves were between.

11 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
Among the roses red.  
And what they did I cannot say,  
She neer returnd a maid.

12 When she cam to her father's ha.  
She looked pale and wan :  
They thought she'd dred some sair sickness,  
Or been with some leman.

13 She didna comb her yellow hair  
Nor make meikle o' her head,  
And ilk a thing that lady took  
Was like to be her deid.

14 It's four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba;  
Janet, the wightest of them anes,  
Was faintest o' them a'.

15 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess;  
And out there came the fair Janet,  
As green as any grass.

16 Out and spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
Lay o'er the castle wa':  
'And ever, alas! for thee, Janet,  
But we'll be blamed a'!'

17 'Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,  
And an ill deid may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.'

18 Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meik and mild:  
'And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,  
I fear ye gae with child.'

19 'And if I be with child, father,  
Mysell man bear the blame;  
There's neer a knight about your ha'  
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

20 'And if I be with child, father,  
'T will prove a wondrous birth,  
For weel I swear I'm not wi bairn  
To any man on earth.

21 'If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin grey,  
I wadna gie my ain true love  
For nae lord that ye hae.'

22 She princkd hersell and prinnd hersell,  
By the ae light of the moon,  
And she's away to Carterhaugh,  
To speak wi young Tamlane.

23 And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed beside the well,  
And there she saw the steed standing,  
But away was himsell.

24 She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twae,

When up and started young Tamlane,  
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

25 Why pu ye the rose, Janet,  
Within this garden grene,  
And a' to kill the bonny babe  
That we got us between?

26 'The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,  
A word ye mauna lie:  
Gin eer ye was in haly chapel,  
Or sained in Christentie?'

27 'The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet.  
A word I winna lie:  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
As well as they did thee.'

28 'Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
We loved when we were children small,  
Which yet you well may mind.

29 'When I was a boy just turnd of nine,  
My uncle sent for me,  
To hunt and hawk, and ride with him,  
And keep him companie.

30 'There came a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell,  
And a deep sleep came over me,  
And frae my horse I fell.

31 'The Queen of Fairies keppit me  
In yon green hill to dwell,  
And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb,  
Fair ladye, view me well.

32 'Then would I never tire, Janet,  
In Elfish land to dwell,  
But aye, at every seven years,  
They pay the teind to hell;  
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,  
I fear 't will be myself.

33 'This night is Halloween, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday,  
And gin ye dare your true love win,  
Ye hae nae time to stay.

34 'The night it is good Halloween,  
When fairy folk will ride,

And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

35 'But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane ?  
Or how shall I thee knaw,  
Amang so many unearthly knights,  
The like I never saw ?'

36 'The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae ;  
The next company that passes by,  
Say na, and do right sae ;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I'll be aye o thae.

37 'First let pass the black, Janet,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
And pu the rider down.

38 'For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the town;  
Because I was a christend knight,  
They gave me that renown.

39 'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare ;  
And these the tokens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

40 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake ;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
Gin ye wad be my maik.

41 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and an ask ;  
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A bale that burns fast.

42 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gad o airn ;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
For I'll do you no harm.

43 'First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then in a stand o water ;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
I'll be your bairn's father.

44 'And next they'll shape me in your arms  
A tod but and an eel ;

But had me fast, nor let me gang,  
As you do love me weel.

45 'They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove but and a swan,  
And last they'll shape me in your arms  
A mother-naked man ;  
Cast your green mantle over me,  
I'll be myself again.'

46 Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
And airy was the way,  
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

47 About the dead hour o the night  
She heard the brilles ring,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
As any earthly thing.

48 And first gaed by the black black steed,  
And then gaed by the brown ;  
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

49 She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
And loot the bridle fa.  
And up there raise an erlisch cry,  
'He's won amang us a !'

50 They shaped him in fair Janet's arms  
An esk but and an adder ;  
She held him fast in every shape,  
To be her bairn's father.

51 They shaped him in her arms at last  
A mother-naked man,  
She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
And sue her true love wan.

52 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o broom :  
'She that has borrowd young Tamlane  
Has gotten a stately groom.'

53 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o rye :  
'She's taen awa the bonniest knight  
In a' my cunpanie.'

54 'But had I kenn'd, Tamlane,' she says,  
'A lady wad borrowd thee

I wad taen out thy twa grey een,  
Put in twa een o tree.

55. Had I but kennd, Tainlane,' she says.  
Before ye came frae hame,  
I wad taen out your heart o flesh,  
Put in a heart o stane.

56. Had I but had the wit yestreen  
That I hae coft the day,  
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell  
Ere you'd been won away.'

---

**A.** *Divided in the Museum into 45½ four-line stanzas, without heed to rhyme or reason, 35<sup>6</sup> making a stanza with 4<sup>1,2</sup>, etc.*  
3<sup>1</sup>, has belted. 4<sup>2</sup>, Tom, elsewhere Tam.  
17<sup>4</sup>, brie. 34<sup>2</sup>, burning lead.  
**B.** "An Old Song called Young Tom Line."  
*Written in twenty-six stanzas of four [three, two] long, or double, lines.*  
19<sup>2</sup>, yon bonny babes.  
20<sup>2</sup>, and do right sae.  
26<sup>4</sup>, and let them gae. *See* 36.  
26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 stand in MS.  
31, 26, 27, 32, 28, 29, 33, 30.  
**D.** *b has 26 stanzas, c has 12. The first 12 stanzas of a and b and the 12 of c, and again in the first 22 stanzas of a and b, are almost verbally the same, and a 23 = b 24. b has but 26 stanzas.*

**a.** 15 stands 24 in MS.  
17<sup>1</sup>, Miles Cross: **b.** Moss.  
17<sup>2</sup>, the holy.  
19<sup>2</sup>, So (?) clad: **b.** is clad.  
22<sup>1</sup>, twa. 25<sup>1</sup>, ride.  
**b.** 4<sup>1</sup>, let abcene. 6<sup>4</sup>, I'll ask no.  
7<sup>3</sup>, her down. 10<sup>4</sup>, gotten in.  
11<sup>1</sup>, to me. 11<sup>2</sup>, at a.  
12<sup>4</sup>, his land. 15<sup>2</sup>, and throngh.  
16<sup>5</sup>, if that. 16<sup>6</sup>, Rides Cross, *as in a.*  
17<sup>2</sup>, Take holy. 20<sup>3</sup>, next the.  
*After 23:*

'I'll grow into your arms two  
Like ice on frozen lake;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
Or from your goupen break.'

25. And it's next night into Miles Moss  
Fair Margaret has gone,  
When lo she stands beside Rides  
Cross,  
Between twelve hours and one.

26. There's holy water in her hand,  
She casts a compass round,

And presently a fairy band  
Comes riding o'er the mound.

**c.** 1<sup>2</sup>, and always, Chester's wood.  
3<sup>2</sup>, the seam.  
4<sup>4</sup>, let alone.  
6<sup>1</sup>, will pluck. 6<sup>2</sup>, ask no.  
9<sup>1</sup>, has been.  
11<sup>1</sup>, me. Tom o Lin.  
12<sup>1</sup>, his land.

**E.** 18, 19, 20 are not written out. *We are directed to understand them to be "as in preceding stanzas, making the necessary grammatical changes."*

**F.** 11<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>, ass, somebody's blunder for ask.  
**G.** 21<sup>2</sup>, elfin gray. *Motherwell, but see H. 7<sup>2</sup>.*  
26<sup>1</sup>, Ay. 31<sup>1</sup>, begun.  
58<sup>2</sup>, *Motherwell:* far's the river Tay.  
58<sup>3</sup>, *Motherwell:* she gained.  
*Motherwell, as usual, seems to have made some slight changes in copying.*

**I.** *Scott's copy having been "prepared from a collation of the printed copies," namely, those in Johnson's Museum and Herd's Scottish Songs, "with a very neatne one in Glenriddell's MS., and with several recitals from tradition," what was not derived from tradition, but from the Museum, Glenriddell, and Herd, is printed in smaller type.*

**a.** 3, 20, not in **b.**  
*After 31 are omitted five stanzas of the copy obtained by Scott "from a gentleman residing near Langholm," and others, of the same origin, after 46 and 47.*

32. But we that live in Fairy-land  
No sickness know nor pain;  
I quit my body when I will,  
And take to it again.

33. I quit my body when I please,  
Or unto it repair;  
We can inhabit at our ease  
In either earth or air.

34 · Our shapes and size we can convert  
To either large or small :  
An old nut-shell's the same to us  
As is the lofty hall.

35 · We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,  
We revel in the stream :  
We wanton lightly on the wind  
Or glide on a sunbeam.

36 · And all our wants are well supplied  
From every rich man's store,  
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,  
And vainly grasps for more.'

40<sup>4</sup>. buy me maik, *a plain misprint for the*  
*be my maik of b 57.*

46. *After this stanza are omitted :*

52 The heavens were black, the night was  
dark,  
And dreary was the place.  
But Janet stood with eager wish  
Her lover to embrace.

53 Betwixt the hours of twelve and one  
A north wind tore the bent.  
And straight she heard strange chritch  
sounds  
Upon that wind which went.

47. *After this stanza are omitted :*

55 Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,  
The hemlock small blew clear,  
And louder notes from hemlock large,  
And bog-reed, struck the ear ;  
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,  
The fairies cannot bear.

56 They sing, inspired with love and joy,  
Like skylarks in the air :  
Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,  
You'll find no traces there.

57 Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,  
The dreary heath upon.  
And louder, louder wax'd the sound  
As they came riding on.

58 Will o' Wi-sp before them went,  
Sent forth a twinkling light.

And soon she saw the fairy bands  
All riding in her sight.

b 6-12 is a fragment of · The Broomfield-Hill, intrusted by a stanza formed on  
the sixth, as here given :

5. And she's away to Carterhaugh,  
And gaed beside the wood,  
And there was sleeping young Tam-  
lane,  
And his steed beside him stood.

*After the fragment of · The Broomfield-Hill , follows :*

13. Fair Janet, in her green cleiding,  
Returned upon the morn,  
And she met her father's ae brother,  
The laird of Abercorn.

*And then those two stanzas, the first altered  
from Herd's fragment of · The Broomfield  
Hill, · I'll wager, I'll wager,' p. 310, ed.  
1769, and the second from Herd's frag-  
ment, · Kertonka,' or version C of this  
ballad :*

14. I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager wi  
you  
Five hunder merk and ten,  
I'll maiden gang to Carterhaugh,  
And maiden come agau.

15. She princked hersell, and prin'd her-  
sell,  
By the ae light of the moon,  
And she's away to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she could win.

*Instead of a 10, 11, b has :*

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's led her to the fairy ground,  
And spierd at her nae leave.

*Instead of 14 of a, b has something nearer  
to A, B 9 :*

23. It's four and twenty ladies fair  
Were in her father's ha.

Whan in there came the fair Janet,  
The flower amang them a'.

*After 21 of a follows in b a copy of 'The Wee Wee Man,' 32-39, attached by these two stanzas, which had been "introduced in one recital only":*

30. 'Is it to a man of might, Janet,  
Or is it to a man o' mean?  
Or is it unto young Tamlane,  
That's wi the fairies gane?'

31. 'Twas down by Carterhaugh, fa-  
ther,  
I walked beside the wa,  
And there I saw a wee, wee man,  
The least that eer I saw.'

*Instead of 22, which had been used before, we have in b:*

40. Janet's put on her green cleidings,  
Whan near nine months were gane,  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh,  
To speak wi young Tamlane.

*b has in place of a 28-30:*

46. Roxburgh was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And as we frae the hunting came  
This harm did me betide.

47. Roxburgh was a hunting knight,  
And loved hunting well,  
And on a cauld and frosty day  
Down frae my horse I fell.

*b 49 has A 24 instead of a 37, I 32.  
b 61<sup>2</sup> = a 49<sup>2</sup> = I 44<sup>2</sup> has toad, and so has  
C 9<sup>2</sup>, from which the stanza is taken.  
Tod is an improvement, but probably an  
editorial improvement.*

## 40

### THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE

Skene MSS, No 8, p. 25. Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. Laing, p. 169.

WE see from this pretty fragment, which, after the nature of the best popular ballad, forces you to chant and will not be read, that a woman had been carried off, four days after bearing a son, to serve as nurse in the elf-queen's family. She is promised that she shall be permitted to return home if she will tend the fairy's bairn till he has got the use of his legs. We could well have spared stanzas 10-12, which belong to 'Thomas Rymer,' to know a little more of the proper story.

That elves and water-spirits have frequently solicited the help of mortal women at lying-in

time is well known: see Stewart's Popular Superstitions of the Highlands, p. 104; Grimm, Deutsche Sagen, Nos 41, 49, 68, 69, 304; Müllenhoff, Nos 443, 444; Thiele, Danmarks Folkesagen, 1843, II, 200, Nos 1-4; Asbjørnsen, Norske Huldre-Eventyr, 2d ed., I, 16; Maurer, Isländische Volkssagen, p. 6 f; Keightley's Fairy Mythology, pp 122, 261, 275, 301, 311, 388, 488.\* They also like to have their offspring suckled by earthly women. It is said, writes Gervase of Tilbury, that nobody is more exposed to being carried off by water-sprites than a woman in milk, and that they

\* Many of these instances are cited by Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, 1875, I, 378. In Thiele's first example the necessity of having Christian aid comes from the lying-in woman being a Christian who had been carried off by an elf.

In Asbjørnsen's tale, the woman who is sent for to act as midwife finds that her own serving-maid is forced, without being aware of it, to work all night in the elfin establishment, and is very tired with double duty.

sometimes restore such a woman, with pay for her services, after she has nursed their wretched fry seven years. He had himself seen a woman who had been abducted for this purpose, while washing clothes on the bank of the Rhone. She had to nurse the nix's son under the water for that term, and then was sent back unhurt. *Otia Imperialia*, III, 85. Liebrecht, p. 38. Choice is naturally made of the healthiest and handsomest mothers for this office. "A fine young woman of Nithsdale, when first made a mother, was sitting singing and rocking her child, when a pretty lady came into her cotage, covered with a fairy mantle. She car-

ried a beautiful child in her arms, swaddled in green silk. 'Gie my bonnie thing a suck,' said the fairy. The young woman, conscious to whom the child belonged, took it kindly in her arms, and laid it to her breast. The lady instantly disappeared, saying, 'Nurse kin', an ne'er want.' The young mother nurtured the two babes, and was astonished, whenever she awoke, at finding the richest suits of apparel for both children, with meat of most delicious flavor. This food tasted, says tradition, like loaf mixed with wine and honey," etc. *Cromek, Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 302.

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1 I HEARD a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon glen;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither bid him come ben.

2 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon fauld;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither take him frae cauld.

\* \* \* \* \*  
3 . . . . .  
Waken, Queen of Elfan,  
An hear your nourice moan.'

4 'O moan ye for your meat,  
Or moan ye for your fee,  
Or moan ye for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie?'

5 'I moan na for my meat,  
Nor moan I for my fee,  
Nor moan I for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie.'

6 . . . . .  
But I moan for my young son  
I left in four nights auld.

7 'I moan na for my meat,  
Nor yet for my fee,  
But I mourn for Christen land,  
It's there I fain would be.'

8 'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,  
'Till he stan at your knee,  
An ye's win hame to Christen land,  
Whar fain it's ye wad be.'

9 'O keep my bairn, nourice,  
Till he gang by the hauld,  
An ye's win hame to your young son  
Ye left in four nights auld.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
10 'O nourice lay your head  
Upo my knee:  
See ye na that narrow road  
Up by yon tree?'

11 . . . . .  
That's the road the righteous goes,  
And that's the road to heaven.

12 'An see na ye that braid road,  
Down by yon sunny fell?  
Yon's the road the wicked gae,  
An that's the road to hell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A. an a bonnie cow low, *with an crossed out.*  
 2<sup>2</sup>. you fall : fauld *in margin.*  
 6<sup>1</sup>. auld *not in MS., supplied from 9<sup>4</sup>.*

7<sup>3</sup>. Christend.  
 8<sup>1</sup>. she says *is probably the comment of the singer or reciter.*

## 41

## HIND ETIN

A. 'Young Akin,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 6. Motherwell's MS., p. 554.  
 B. 'Hynde Etin,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 228.

C. 'Young Hastings,' Buchan, Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 67. 'Young Hastings the Groom,' Motherwell's MS., p. 450; Motherwell's Minstrels, p. 287.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that this ballad, like too many others, has suffered severely by the accidents of tradition. A has been not simply damaged by passing through low mouths, but has been worked over by low hands. Something considerable has been lost from the story, and fine romantic features, preserved in Norse and German ballads, have been quite effaced.

Margaret, a king's daughter, A, an earl's daughter, B, a lady of noble birth, C, as she sits sewing in her bower door, hears a note in Elmond's wood and wishes herself there, A. The wood is Amon-shaw in C, Mulberry in B: the Elmond (Almond, Elfman?) is probably significant. So far the heroine resembles Lady Isabel in No 4, who, sewing in her bower, hears an elf-horn, and cannot resist the enchanted tone. Margaret makes for the wood as fast as she can go. The note that is heard in A is mistaken in B for *nuts*: Margaret, as she stands in her bower door, spies some nuts growing in the wood, and wishes herself there. Arrived at the wood, Margaret, in A as well as B, immediately takes to pulling nuts.\* The lady is carried off in C under

cover of a magical mist, and the hero in all is no ordinary hind.

Margaret has hardly pulled a nut, when she is confronted by young Akin, A, otherwise, and correctly, called Etin in B, a hind of giant strength in both, who accuses her of trespassing, and stops her. Akin pulls up the highest tree in the wood and builds a bower, invisible to passers-by, for their habitation. B, which recognizes no influence of enchantment upon the lady's will, as found in A, and no prepossession on her part, as in C, makes Hind Etin pull up the biggest tree in the forest as well, but it is to scoop out a cave many fathoms deep, in which he confines Margaret till she comes to terms, and consents to *go home* with him, wherever that may be. Hastings, another corruption of Etin, carries off the lady on his horse to the wood, "where again their loves are sworn," and there they take up their abode in a cave of stone, C 9. Lady Margaret lives with the etin seven years, and bears him seven sons, A 9; many years, and bears seven sons, B; ten years, and bears seven bairns, C 6, 8, 9.†

Once upon a time the etin goes hunting,

gie, III, 130. But the resemblance seems not material, there being no woman in the case. The pretence of trespass in Tam Lin and Hind Etin is a simple commonplace, and we have it in some Slavic forms of No 4, as at p. 41.

† B is defective in the middle and the end. "The reciter, unfortunately, could not remember more of the ballad,

\* This reading, *nuts*, may have subsequently made its way into A instead of *rose*, which it would be more ballad-like for Margaret to be plucking, as the maid does in 'Tam Lin,' where also the passage A 3-6, B 2-4 occurs. Grimm suggests a parallel to Tam Lin in the dwarf Laurin, who does not allow trespassing in his rose-garden: Deutsche Mytholo-

and takes his eldest boy with him. The boy asks his father why his mother is so often in tears, and the father says it is because she was born of high degree, but had been stolen by him; "is wife of Hynde Etin, wha ne'er got christendame," B 15. The etin, who could pull the highest tree in the wood up by the roots, adds in A 15 that when he stole his wife he was her father's cup-bearer! and that he caught her "on a misty night," which reminds us of the mist which Young Hastings, "the groom," cast before the lady's attendants when he carried her off.

The next time Akin goes hunting he leaves his young comrade behind, and the boy tells his mother that he heard "fine music ring" when he was coming home, on the other occasion. She wishes she had been there. He takes his mother and six brothers, and they make their way through the wood at their best speed, not knowing in what direction they are going. But luckily they come to the gate of the king, the father and grandfather of the band. The mother sends her eldest boy in with three rings, to propitiate the porter, the butler-boy, who acts as usher in this particular palace, and the minstrel who plays before the king. His majesty is so struck with the resemblance of the boy to his daughter that he is blinded with tears. The boy informs his grandfather that his mother is standing at the gates, with six more brothers, and the king orders that she be admitted. He asks her to dine, but she can touch nothing till she has seen her mother and sister. Admitted to her mother, the queen in turn says, You will dine with me; but she can touch nothing till she has seen her sister. Her sister, again, invites her to dine, but now she can touch nothing till she has seen her "dear husband." Rangers are sent into the wood to

fetch Young Akin, under promise of a full pardon. He is found tearing his yellow hair. The king now asks Akin to dine with him, and there appears to have been a family dinner. While this is going on the boy expresses a wish to be christened, "to get christendoun;" in all his eight years he had never been in a church. The king promises that he shall go that very day with his mother, and all seven of the boys seem to have got their christendoun; and so, we may hope, did Hind Etin, who was, if possible, more in want of it than they : B 15, 19.

In this story A and B pretty nearly agree. C has nothing of the restoration of the lady to her parents and home. The mother, in this version, having harped her seven bairns asleep, sits down and weeps bitterly. She wishes, like Fair Annie, that they were rats, and she a cat, to eat them one and all. She has lived ten years in a stone cave, and has never had a churching. The eldest boy suggests that they shall all go to some church: they be christened and she be churched. This is accomplished without any difficulty, and, as the tale stands, we can only wonder that it had not been attempted before.

The etin of the Scottish story is in Norse and German a dwarf-king, elf-king, hill-king, or even a merman. The ballad is still sung in Scandinavia and Germany, but only the Danes have versions taken down before the present century.

Danish. 'Jomfruen og Dvergekongen,' Grundtvig, No 37, A-C from manuscripts of the sixteenth century. A-G, Grundtvig, II, 39-46; H, I, III, 806-808; K-T, IV, 795-800, P-S being short fragments. K previously in "Fylla," a weekly newspaper, 1870, Nos 23, 30; L-O, Q, R, 'Agnete i Bjærget,' in Kristensen's Jyske Folkeviser, II, 72, 77, 349,

although the story was strongly impressed on her memory. She related that the lady, after having been taken home by Hynde Etin, lived with him many years, and bore him seven sons, the eldest of whom, after the inquiries at his parents detailed in the ballad, determines to go in search of the earl, his grandfather. At his departure his mother instructs him how to proceed, giving him a ring to bribe the porter at her father's gate, and a silken vest, wrought by her own hand, to be worn in presence of her father. The son sets out, and

arrives at the castle, where, by bribing the porter, he gets admission to the earl, who, struck with the resemblance of the youth to his lost daughter, and the similarity of the vest to one she had wrought for himself, examines the young man, from whom he discovers the fate of his daughter. He gladly receives his grandson, and goes to his daughter's residence, where he meets her and Hynde Etin, who is pardoned by the earl, through the intercession of his daughter." Kinloch, Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 226 f.

74, I, xxxi, II, 79: U, a short fragment, Danske Viser, V, x, xi.

**Swedish.** ‘Den Bergtagna,’ A, B, Afzelius, I, 1, No 1, II, 201. C, ‘Bergkonungen,’ Afzelius, II, 22, No 35. D, E, ‘Herr Elver, Bergakonungen,’ Arwidsson, II, 277, No 141 B, II, 275, No 141 A. F, ‘Jungfrun och Bergakonungen,’ Arwidsson, II, 280, No 142. G, ‘Agнета och Bergamannen,’ Wigström, Folkdiktning, p. 13. H, ‘Jungfrun och Bergamannen,’ the same, p. 21. I, K, L, in Cavallius and Stephens’ manuscript collection (K, L, fragments), given by Grundtvig, IV, 803. M, F. L. Borgströms Folkvisor, No 11, described by Grundtvig, IV, 802. N, Werner’s Westergötlands Formimmen, p. 93 f, two stanzas.

**Norwegian.** A, B.\* C, ‘Liti Kersti, som vart inkvervd,’ Landstad, p. 431, No 42, p. 442, No 44, p. 446, No 45. D, ‘Margit Hjuxe, som vart inkvervd,’ the same, p. 451, No 46. E, F, ‘Malfri,’ ‘Antonetta,’ Grundtvig, IV, 801 f, the last evidently derived from Denmark. G-P, nine versions communicated to Grundtvig by Professor Sophus Bugge, and partially described in Danmarks gamle Folkeviser, III, 808-10. Lindeman gives the first stanza of A with airs No 214, No 262 of his Fjeldmelodier, and perhaps had different copies. Nos 323, 320 may also have been versions of this ballad. C, rewritten, occurs in J. M. Moe og Ivar Mortensen’s Norske Fornkvæde og Folkevisur, p. 16. Mixed forms, in which the ballad proper is blended with another, Landstad, No 43 = Swedish, Arwidsson, No 145; eight, communicated by Bugge, Grundtvig, III, 810-13; two others, IV, 483 f.†

**Färöe.** A, B, Grundtvig, IV, 803 f.

**Icelandic.** ‘Rika álf’s kvæði,’ Íslensk fornkvæði, No 4.

**Danish** A, one of the three sixteenth-century versions, tells how a knight, expressing a

\* B, Landstad 44 (which has only this in common with the Scottish ballad, that a hill-man carries a maid to his cave), has much resemblance at the beginning to ‘Kvindemorderen,’ Grundtvig, No 183, our No 4. See Grundtvig’s note \*\* at III, 810. This is only what might be looked for, since both ballads deal with abductions.

strong desire to obtain a king’s daughter, is overheard by a dwarf, who says this shall never be. The dwarf pretends to bargain with the knight for his services in forwarding the knight’s object, but consults meanwhile with his mother how he may get the lady for himself.‡ The mother tells him that the princess will go to even-song, and the dwarf writes runes on the way she must go by, which compel her to come to the hill. The dwarf holds out his hand and asks, How came ye to this strange land? to which the lady answers mournfully, I wot never how. The dwarf says, You have pledged yourself to a knight, and he has betrayed you with runes: this eve you shall be the dwarf’s guest. She stayed there the night, and was taken back to her mother in the morning. Eight years went by; her hand was sought by five kings, nine counts, but no one of them could get a good answer. One day her mother asked, Why are thy cheeks so faded? Why can no one get thee? She then revealed that she had been beguiled by the dwarf, and had seven sons and a daughter in the hill, none of whom she ever saw. She thought she was alone, but the dwarf-king was listening. He strikes her with an elf-rod, and bids her hie to the hill after him. Late in the evening the poor thing dons her cloak, knocks at her father’s door, and says good-night to the friends that never will see her again, then sadly turns to the hill. Her seven sons advance to meet her, and ask why she told of their father. Her tears run sore; she gives no answer; she is dead ere midnight.

With A agrees another of the three old Danish copies, B, and three modern ones, D, M, N, have something of the opening scene which characterizes A. So also Swedish C, I, and the Icelandic ballad. In Swedish C, Proud Margaret, who is daughter of a king of seven kingdoms, will have none of her suitors (this

† It is not necessary, for purposes of the English ballad, to notice these mixed forms.

‡ In ‘Nokkens Svig,’ C, Grundtvig, No 39, the merman consults with his mother, and then, as also in other copies of the ballad, transforms himself into a knight. See the translation by Prior, III, 269; Jamieson, Popular Ballads, I, 210; Lewis, Tales of Wonder, I, 60.

circumstance comes too soon). A hill-king asks his mother how he may get her. She asks in return, What will you give me to make her come of herself to the hill? He promises red gold and chestfuls of pence; and one Sunday morning Margaret, who has set out to go to church, is made — by magical operations, of course — to take the way to the hill.

A second form begins a stage later: Danish C, G, K, Swedish D, E, K, Norwegian A, C, E, G, H, I (?), K, L, M (?) N (?). Färöe A, B. We learn nothing of the device by which the maid has been entrapped. Mother and daughter are sitting in their bower, and the mother asks her child why her cheeks are pale, why milk is running from her breasts. She answers that she has been working too hard; that what is taken for milk is mead. The mother retorts that other women do not suffer from their industry; that mead is brown, and milk is white. Hereupon the daughter reveals that she has been beguiled by an elf, and, though living under her mother's roof, has had eight or nine children (seven or eight sons and a daughter; fifteen children, Färöe A, B), none of whom she ever saw, since after birth they were always transferred to the hill (see, especially, Danish C, G, also A; Norwegian H, I; Färöe A, B). The mother (who disowns her, Danish C, G, Swedish D, E, Norwegian K), in several versions, asks what gifts she got for her honor. Among these was a harp [horn, Norwegian L], which she was to play when she was unhappy. The mother asks for a piece, and the first tones bring the elf, who reproaches the daughter for betraying him: had she concealed their connection she might still have lived at home, C; but now she must go with him. She is kindly received by her children. They give her a drink which

makes her forget father and mother, heaven and earth, moon and sun, and even makes her think she was born in the hill. Danish C, G, Swedish D, Norwegian A, C.\*

Danish G, K, Färöe A, B, take a tragic turn: the woman dies in the first two of the night she comes to the hill. Danish C, one of the sixteenth-century versions, goes as far as possible in the other direction. The elf-king pats Malfred's cheek, takes her in his arms, gives her a queen's crown and name.

And this he did for the lily-wand.  
He had himself christened and all his land!

A third series of versions offers the probable type of the much-corrupted Scottish ballads, and under this head come Danish E, F, H, I, L-R, T; Swedish A, B, F-I, and also C, after an introduction which belongs to the first class; Norwegian D, F. The characteristic feature is that the woman has been living eight or nine years in the hill, and has there borne her children, commonly seven sons and a daughter. She sets out to go to matins, and whether under the influence of runes, or accidentally, or purposely, takes the way to the hill. In a few cases it is clear that she does not seek the hill-man or put herself in his way, e. g., Danish N, Swedish G, but Swedish A, H, N make her apply for admission at the hill-door. In Danish I, N-R, T, Norwegian F, it is not said that she was on her way to church; she is in a field or in the hill. In Swedish F she has been two years in the cave, and it seems to her as if she had come yesterday. After her eight or nine years with the hill-man the woman longs to go home, Danish E, F, I, Swedish A, F, I, Norwegian D; to go to church, Danish L, M, N, P, T, Norwegian F; for she had heard Denmark's bells, church bells, Danish L-P, T, Swedish G, Norwegian

\* The beauty of the Norse ballads should make an Englishman's heart wring for his loss. They are particularly pretty here, where the forgetful draught is administered; as Norwegian C, A:

Forth came her daughter, as limp as a wand,  
She dances a dance, with silver can in hand,  
'O where wast thou bred, and where wast thou born?  
And where were thy maiden-garments shorn?'

'In Norway was I bred, in Norway was I born,  
And in Norway were my maiden-garments shorn.'  
The ae first drink from the silver can she drank,  
What stock she was come of she clean forgot.  
'O where wast thou bred, and where wast thou born?  
And where were thy maiden-garments shorn?'  
'In the hill was I bred, and there was I born,  
In the hill were my maiden-garments shorn.'

**D, F.** She had heard these bells as she watched the cradle, Danish **T, P**, Swedish **G**; sat by the cradle and sang, **T 4**; compare English **C 7**. She asks the hill-man's permission, and it is granted on certain terms: she is not to talk of him and her life in the hill, Danish **E, I**, Swedish **A, F, I**, is to come back, Danish **F**, must not stay longer than an hour or two, Norwegian **D**; she is not to wear her gold, her best clothes, not to let out her hair, not to go into her mother's pew at the church, not to bow when the priest pronounces the holy name, or make an offering, or go home after service, etc., Danish **I, L-P, T**, Norwegian **F**. All these last conditions she violates, nor does she in the least heed the injunction not to speak of the hill-man. The consequence is that he summarily presents himself, whether at the church or the paternal mansion, and orders her back to the hill, sometimes striking her on the ear or cheek so that blood runs, or beating her with a rod, Danish **E, I, L, M, S, T**, Swedish **A, B, C, H, I**, Norwegian **F**. In a few versions, the hill-man tells her that her children are crying for her, and she replies, Let them cry; I will never go back to the hill; Danish **M, N, O**, Norwegian **F**. In Danish **E**, Swedish **G**, a gold apple thrown into her lap seems to compel her to return; more commonly main force is used. She is carried dead into the hill, or dies immediately on her arrival, in Norwegian **F**, Danish **T**; she dies of grief, according to traditional comment, in Norwegian **D**. They give her a drink, and her heart breaks, Swedish **A, G, H, M**; but elsewhere the drink only induces forgetfulness, Danish **L, M**, Swedish **B, C, F**.

Much of the story of 'Jomfruen og Dyrekongen' recurs in the ballad of 'Agnete og Havmanden,' which, for our purposes, may be treated as a simple variation of the other. The Norse forms are again numerous, but all from broadsides dating, at most, a century back, or from recent tradition.

Danish. 'Agnete og Havmanden,' Grundtvig,

\* For reasons, doubtless sufficient, but to me unknown, Grundtvig has not noticed two copies in Boisen's *Nye og gamle Viser*, 10th edition, p. 192, p. 194. The former of these is like **A**, with more resemblance here and there to

vig, No 28, **A-D, II, 51 ff, 656 ff, III, 813 ff**. Copies of **A** are numerous, and two had been previously printed: in *Danske Viser*, I, 313, No 50, and "in Barfod's Brage og Idun, II, 264." **E**, Rask's *Morskabslesning*, III, 81, Grundtvig, II, 659. **F**, one stanza, Grundtvig, p. 660. **G, H**, the same, III, 816. **I**, Kristensen, II, 75, No 28 C, Grundtvig, IV, 807. **K**, Grundtvig, IV, 808.\*

Swedish. **A, B, C**, in Cavallius and Stephens' unprinted collection, described by Grundtvig, II, 661. **D**, 'Agneta och Hafsmannen,' Eva Wigström's *Folkkärtning*, p. 9. **E**, Bergström's *Afzelius*, II, 308. **F**, 'Skön Anna och Hafskungen,' Aminson, *Bidrag till Södermanlands äldre Kulturhistoria*, III, 43. **G**, 'Helena och Hafsmannen,' the same, p. 46.

Norwegian. **A**, Grundtvig, III, 817, properly Danish rather than Norwegian. **B**, a version partly described at p. 818. **C**, Grundtvig, IV, 809, also more Danish than Norwegian. All these communicated by Bugge.

Danish **C, G**, Norwegian **A**, have a hill-man instead of a merman, and might as well have been put with the other ballad. On the other hand, the Danish versions **M, N, O** of 'The Maid and the Dwarf-King' call the maid Agenet, and give the hill-man a name, Nek, Netmand, Mekmand, which implies a watery origin for him, and the fragments **P, Q, R** have similar names, Nekmand, Negen, Lakkemand, as also Agenete, and might as well have been ranked with 'Agnes and the Merman.' In 'The Maid and the Dwarf-King,' Swedish **L** (one stanza) the maid is taken by "Pel Elfen-ven" to the sea.

Agnes goes willingly with the merman to the sea-bottom, Danish **A, D, E, K**, Swedish **A, D, E**, Norwegian **A, C**. She lives there, according to many versions, eight years, and has seven children. As she is sitting and singing by the cradle one day, she hears the bells of England, Danish **A, C, D, E, H, I, K**, Swedish **D** [church bells, bells, **F, G**], Norwegian **A, C**. She asks if she may go to

other versions, and may be a made-up copy; the other, 'Agnete og Bjærgmanden, fra Sønderjylland,' consists of stanzas 1-5 of **C**.

church, go home, and receives permission on the same terms as in the other ballad. Her mother asks her what gifts she had received, Danish A, D, E, H, I, Swedish E, F, Norwegian C. When the merman comes into the church all the images turn their backs, Danish A, D, K, Swedish D, F, G, Norwegian A, C; and, in some cases, for Agnes, too. He tells her that the children are crying for her; she refuses to go back, Danish A, C, D, I, K, Swedish D, F, G (and apparently A, B, C), Norwegian C. In Norwegian A the merman strikes her on the cheek, and she returns; in Danish I she is taken back quietly; in Danish C he gives her so sore an ail that she dies presently; in Danish H she is taken away by force, and poisoned by her children; in Danish K the merman says that if she stays with her mother they must divide the children (five). He takes two, she two, and each has to take half of the odd one.

The Norse forms of 'Agnes and the Merman' are conceded to have been derived from Germany: see Grundtvig, IV, 812. Of the German ballad, which is somewhat nearer to the English, the following versions have been noted:

A. 'Die schöne Agniese,' Fiedler, Volksreime und Volkslieder in Anhalt-Dessau, p. 140, No 1 = Mittler, No 553. B. 'Die schöne Agnese,' Parisius, Deutsche Volkslieder in der Altmark und im Magdeburgischen gesammelt, p. 29, No 8 B, from nearly the same region as A. C. Parisius, p. 28, No 8 A, Pechau on the Elbe. D. 'Die schöne Angnina,' Erk's Nene Sammlung, ii, 40, No 26 = Mittler, No 552, from the neighborhood of Magdeburg. E. 'Die Schöne Agnete,' Erk's Liederhort, No 16<sup>a</sup>, p. 47, Erk's Wunderhorn, IV, 91, from the neighborhood of Guben. F. 'Die schöne Dorothea,' Liederhort, No 16<sup>b</sup>, p. 48, Gramzow in der Uckermark. G. 'Die schöne Hammäle,' Liederhort, No 16, p. 44, Erk's Wunderhorn, IV, 87, Silesia. H. 'Die schöne Hannele,' Hoffmann u. Richter, Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 3, No 1 = Mittler, No 551, Böhme, No 90 A, Breslau. 'Der Wassermann,' Simrock, No 1, is a compounded copy.

A wild merman has become enamored of

the King of England's daughter, A, B, C, D. He plates a bridge with gold: she often walks over the bridge; it sinks with her into the water [the merman drags her down into the water, H]. She stays below seven years, and bears seven sons. One day [by the cradle, C, G] she hears the bells of England, A 6, B, C, D, F [bells, E, G, H], and longs to go to church. She expresses this wish to the merman, C, D, G, H. The merman says she must take her seven sons with her, B, C, D: she must come back, G, H. She takes her seven sons by the hand, and goes with them to England, A 5, B 7; cf. Scottish C 13, 14, A 22, 59. When she enters the church everything in it bows, A, B, F. Her parents are there, C, D; her father opens the pew, her mother lays a cushion for her, G, H. As she goes out of the church, there stands the merman, A, B, E, F. Her parents take her home in D, G, H. They seat her at the table, and while she is eating, a gold apple falls into her lap (cf. 'The Maid and the Dwarf-King,' Danish E, Swedish G), which she begs her mother to throw into the fire; the merman appears, and asks if she wishes him burnt, G, H. The merman, when he presents himself at the church, asks whether the woman will go back with him, or die where she is, and she prefers death on the spot, A, B, E. In the other case, he says that if she will not return, the children must be divided,—three and three, and half of the seventh to each; the mother prefers the water to this. D has a peculiar and not very happy trait. The merman fastens a chain to his wife's foot before she goes up, and, having been kept long waiting, draws it in. But the people at the church have taken off the chain, and he finds nothing at the end of it. He asks whether she does not wish to live with him; she replies, I will no longer torment you, or fret myself to death.

The story of Agnes and the Merman occurs in a Wendish ballad, with an introductory scene found in the beautiful German ballad, 'Wassermanns Braut':<sup>\*</sup> Haupt und Schma-

\* See five versions in Mittler, Nos 546-550. As Grundtvig remarks, what is one ballad in Wendish is two in German and three in Norse: D, g, F., IV, 810.

ler, I, 62, No 34. A maid begs that she may be left to herself for a year, but her father says it is time for her to be married. She goes to her chamber, weeps and wrings her hands. The merman comes and asks, Where is my bride? They tell him that she is in her chamber, weeping and wringing her hands. The merman asks her the reason, and she answers, They all say that you are the merwoman's son. He says he will build her a bridge of pure silver and gold, and have her driven over it with thirty carriages and forty horses; but ere she has half passed the bridge it goes down to the bottom. She is seven years below, has seven sons in as many years, and is going with the eighth. She implores her husband to permit her to go to church in the upper world, and he consents, with the proviso that she shall not stay for the benediction. At church she sees her brother and sister, who receive her kindly. She tells them that she cannot stay till the benediction;\* they beg her to come home to dine with them. She does wait till the benediction; the merman rushes frantically about. As she leaves the church and is saying good-by to her sister, she meets the merman, who snatches the youngest child from her (she appears to have all seven with her), tears it in pieces, strangles the rest, scatters their limbs on the road, and hangs himself, asking, Does not your heart grieve for your children? She answers, I grieve for none but the youngest.†

A Slovenian ballad has the story with modifications, Achael and Korytko, Slovénške Pésni krajinskiga Naroda, I, 30.‡ 'Povodnji mošč:' given in abstract by Haupt and Schmalzer, I, 339, note to No. 34. Mizika goes to a dance, in spite of her mother's forbidding. Her mother, in a rage, wishes that the merman may fetch her. A young man who dances with her whirls her round so furiously that she complains, but he becomes still more vio-

\* This trait, corresponding to the prohibition in the Norse ballads of bowing when the holy name is pronounced, occurs frequently in tradition, as might be expected. In a Swedish merman-ballad, 'Necken,' Afzelius, III, 133, the nix, who has attended to church the lady whom he is about to kidnap, makes off with his best speed when the priest reads the benediction. See, further, Arnason's *Íslenskar þjóð-sögur*, I,

lent. Mizika sees how it is, and exclaims, The merman has come for me! The merman flies out of the window with her, and plunges into the water. She bears a son, and asks leave to pay a visit to her mother; and this is allowed on conditions, one of which is that she shall not expose herself to a benediction. She does not conform, and the merman comes and says that her son is crying for her. She refuses to go with him, and he tears the boy in two, that each may have a half.

Two or three of the minuter correspondences between the Scottish and the Norse or German ballads, which have not been referred to, may be indicated in conclusion. The hillman, in several Norwegian copies, as B, M, carries off the lady on horseback, and so Hastings in C. In A 34-39, the returned sister, being invited to dine, cannot eat a bit or drink a drop. So, in 'The Maid and the Dwarf-King,' Swedish G 15, 16, they set before Agnes dishes four and five, dishes eight and nine, but she can take nothing:

Agneta ej smakte en endaste bit.

Young Akin, in A 43, is found in the wood, 'tearing his yellow hair.' The merman has golden hair in Danish A 16, Swedish D 2, 19, Norwegian A 17 (nothing very remarkable, certainly), and in Danish D 31 wrings his hands and is very unhappy, because Agnes refuses to return. It is much more important that in one of the Swedish copies of the merman ballad, Grundtvig, II, 661a, we find a trace of the 'christendom' which is made such an object in the Scottish ballads:

'Nay,' said the mother, 'now thou art mine,  
And christened her with water and with wine.'

'The Maid and the Dwarf-King,' Danish E, is translated by Prior, III, 338; Swedish A by Stephens, Foreign Quarterly Review, XXV, 35; Swedish C by Keightley, Fairy

73 f; Maurer's *Ísländische Volksagen*, 19 f; Liebrecht, Geravasius, p. 26, LVII, and p. 126, note (Grundtvig).

† The merfolk are apt to be ferocious, as compared with hill-people, elves, etc. See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, I, 409 f.

‡ I 79, of a second edition, which, says Vraz, has an objectionable fantastic spelling due to the publisher.

Mythology, p. 103. ‘Agnes and the Mer-man,’ Danish A, C, by Prior, III, 332, 335; some copy of A by Borrow, p. 120; Ohlenschlaeger’s ballad by Buchanan, p. 76.

Scottish B is translated, after Allingham, by

Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen, No 30; A 1-8, C 6-14, by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 2; a compounded version by Roberts into German by Podhorszki, Acta Comparationis, etc., VIII, 69-73.

## A

Buchan’s Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 6; Motherwell’s MS., p. 554.

- 1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam :  
She heard a note in Elmond’s wood,  
And wishd she there had been.
- 2 She loot the seam fa frae her side,  
And the needle to her tae,  
And she is on to Elmond’s wood  
As fast as she coud gae.
- 3 She hadna pu’d a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but ane.  
Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
Says, Lady, lat alone.
- 4 O why pu ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why brake ye the tree ?  
For I am forester o this wood :  
Ye shoud spier leave at me.
- 5 ‘I’ll ask leave at no living man,  
Nor yet will I at thee ;  
My father is king oer a’ this realm,  
This wood belongs to me.’
- 6 She hadna pu’d a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but three,  
Till by it came him Young Akin,  
And gard her lat them be.
- 7 The highest tree in Elmond’s wood,  
He’s pu’d it by the reet,  
And he has built for her a bower,  
Near by a hallow seat.
- 8 He’s built a bower, made it secure  
Wi carbuncle and stane ;  
Tho travellers were never sae nigh,  
Appearance it had nae.
- 9 He’s kept her there in Elmond’s wood,  
For six lang years and one,  
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
And the seventh she’s brought home.
- 10 It fell ance upon a day,  
This guid lord went from home,  
And he is to the hunting game,  
Took wi him his eldest son.
- 11 And when they were on a guid way,  
Wi slowly pace did walk,  
The boy’s heart being something wae,  
He thus began to talk :
- 12 ‘A question I woud ask, father,  
Gin ye woudna angry be :’  
‘Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
Ye’se nae be quarrelld by me.’
- 13 ‘I see my mither’s cheeks aye weet,  
I never can see them dry ;  
And I wonder what aleith my mither,  
To mourn continually.’
- 14 ‘Your mither was a king’s daughter,  
Sprung frae a high degree,  
And she might hae wed some worthy prince,  
Had she nae been stown by me.
- 15 ‘I was her father’s cup-bearer,  
Just at that fatal time :  
I catchd her on a misty night,  
Whan summer was in prime.
- 16 ‘My luv to her was most sincere,  
Her luv was great for me,  
But when she hardships doth endure,  
Her folly she does see.’
- 17 ‘I’ll shoot the buntin o the bush,  
The linnet o the tree,  
And bring them to my dear mither,  
See if she’ll merrier be.’

18 It fell upo another day,  
This guid lord he thought lang,  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi him his dog and gun.

19 Wi bow and arrow by his side,  
He's aff, single, alone,  
And left his seven children to stay  
Wi their mither at hame.

20 'O I will tell to you, mither,  
Gin ye wadna angry be :'  
'Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,  
Ye se nae be quarrelld by me.'

21 'As we came frae the hynd-hunting,  
We heard fine music ring :'  
'My blessings on you, my bonny boy,  
I wish I'd been there my lane.'

22 He's taen his mither by the hand,  
His six brithers also.  
And they are on thro Elmond's wood,  
As fast as they coud go.

23 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
Wi the stratlins o their feet;  
They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
Till at her father's yate.

24 'I hae nae money in my pocket,  
But royal rings hae three :  
I'll gie them you, my little young son,  
And ye'll walk there for me.'

25 'Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,  
And he will lat you in;  
Ye'll gie the next to the butler-boy,  
And he will show you ben ;

26 'Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel  
That plays before the king ;  
He'll play success to the bonny boy  
Came thro the wood him lane.'

27 He gae the first to the proud porter,  
And he opend an let him in ;  
He gae the next to the butler-boy,  
And he has shown him ben ;

28 He gae the third to the minstrel  
That playd before the king ;

And he playd success to the bonny boy  
Came thro the wood him lane.

29 Now when he came before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
The king he turned round about,  
And the saut tear blinded his ee.

30 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
Gang frae my companie ;  
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
My heart will birst in three.'

31 'If I look like your dear daughter,  
A wonder it is none :  
If I look like your dear daughter,  
I am her eldest son.'

32 'Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
Where may my Margaret be ?'  
'She's just now standing at your yates,  
And my six brithers her wi.'

33 'O where are all my porter-boys  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To open my yates baith wide and braid ?  
Let her come in to me.'

34 When she came in before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee ;  
'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye'll dine wi me.'

35 'Ae bit I canno eat, father,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Till I see my mither and sister dear,  
For lang for them I think.'

36 When she came before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee ;  
'Win up, win up, my daughter dear  
This day ye'se dine wi me.'

37 'Ae bit I canno eat, mither,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang for her I think.'

38 When that these two sisters met,  
She haild her courteouslie ;  
'Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,  
This day ye'se dine wi me.'

39 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang for him I think.'

40 'O where are all my rangers bold  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far an wide,  
And bring Akin to me?'

41 Out it speaks the little wee boy :  
Na, na, this maunna be ;  
Witbout ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye 'll nae him see.

42 'O here I grant a free pardon,  
Well seal'd by my own han' ;  
Ye may make search for Young Akin,  
As soon as ever you can.'

43 They searehd the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near,  
And found him into Elmond's wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.

44 'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
Win up, and boun wi me :  
We're messengers come from the court,  
The king wants you to see.'

45 'O lat him take frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree ;  
For since I've lost my dear lady,  
Life 's no pleasure to me.'

46 'Your head will nae be touchd, Akin.  
Nor hangd upon a tree ;  
Your lady 's in her father's court,  
And all be wants is thee.'

47 When he came in before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
This day ye 'se dine wi me.'

48 But as they were at dinner set,  
The boy asked a boun :  
'I wish we were in the good church,  
For to get christendoun.'

49 'We hae lived in guid green wood  
This seven years and aye ;  
But a' this time, since eer I mind,  
Was never a church within.'

50 'Your asking 's nae sae great, my boy,  
But granted it shall be :  
This day to guid church ye shall gang,  
And your mither shall gang you wi.'

51 When unto the guid church she came,  
She at the door did stan' ;  
She was sae sair sunk down wi shame,  
She eoudna come farer ben.

52 Then out it speaks the parish priest,  
And a sweet smile gae he :  
'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,  
Present your babes to me.'

53 Charles, Vincent, Sam and Dick,  
And likewise James and John ;  
They calld the eldest Young Akin,  
Which was his father's name.

54 Then they staid in the royal court,  
And livd wi mirth and glee,  
And when her father was deceas'd,  
Heir of the crown was she.

**B**

Kimloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 228.

1 MAY MARGRET stood in her boner door,  
Kaiming down her yellow hair :  
She spied some nuts growin in the wud,  
And wishd that she was there.

2 She has plaited her yellow locks  
A little abune her bree,

---

And she has kilted her petticoats  
A little below her knee,  
And she's aff to Mulberry wud,  
As fast as she could gae.

3 She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,  
A nut but barely aye,  
Till up started the Hynde Etin,  
Says, Lady, let thae alone !

4 'Mulberry wuds are a' my ain;  
My father gied them me,  
To sport and play when I thought lang;  
And they sall na be tane by thee.'

5 And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,  
Na thinking o' the skaith,  
And said, To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
I wad be unco laith.

6 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,  
And tied her till a tree,  
And said, For slighting my commands,  
An ill death sall ye dree.

7 He pu'd a tree out o the wud,  
The biggest that was there,  
And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,  
And put May Margret there.

8 'Now rest ye there, ye saucie may ;  
My wuds are free for thee :  
And gif I tak ye to myself,  
The better ye 'll like me.'

9 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,  
Sleep she got never nane ;  
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,  
Her head upon a stane.

10 'O tak me ont,' May Margret cried,  
'O tak me hame to thee,  
And I sall be your bounden page  
Until the day I dee.'

11 He took her out o the dungeon deep,  
And awa wi him she 's gane :  
But sad was the day an earl's dochter  
Gaed hame wi Hynde Etin.

\* \* \* \* \*

12 It fell out ance upon a day  
Hynde Etin's to the hunting game,  
And he has tane wi him his eldest son,  
For to carry his game.

13 'O I wad ask ye something, father,  
An ye wadna angry be ?'  
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
Ask onie thing at me.'

14 'My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,  
Alas ! they are seldom dry ;'  
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho she should brast and die.'

15 'For your mother was an earl's dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame,  
And now she 's wife o Hynde Etin,  
Wha neer got christendame.'

16 'But we 'll shoot the laverock in the lift,  
The bantlin on the tree,  
And ye 'll tak them hame to your mother,  
And see if she 'll comforted be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

17 'I wad ask ye something, mother,  
An ye wadna angry be ?'  
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
Ask onie thing at me.'

18 'Your checks they are aft times weet,  
Alas ! they 're seldom dry ;'  
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho I should brast and die.'

19 'For I was ance an earl's dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame,  
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,  
Wha neer got christendame.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 67, communicated by Mr James Nicoll, of Strichen; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 287; Motherwell's MS., p. 450.

1 'O well like I to ride in a mist,  
And shoot in a northern win,

And far better a lady to steal,  
That 's come of a noble kin.'

2 Four an twenty fair ladies  
Put on this lady's sheen,  
And as mony young gentlemen  
Did lead her ower the green.

3 Yet she preferred before them all  
Him, young Hastings the Groom;  
He's coosten a mist before them all,  
And away this lady has taen.

4 He's taken the lady on him behind,  
Spared neither grass nor corn,  
Till they came to the wood o Amonshaw,  
Where again their loves were sworn.

5 And they hae lived in that wood  
Full mony a year and day,  
And were supported from time to time  
By what he made of prey.

6 And seven bairns, fair and fine,  
There she has born to him,  
And never was in gude church-door,  
Nor ever got gude kirking.

7 Anee she took harp into her hand,  
And harped them a' asleep.  
Then she sat down at their couch-side,  
And bitterly did weep.

8 Said, Seven bairns hae I born now  
To my lord in the ha :  
I wish they were seven greedy rats,  
To run upon the wa.  
And I mysel a great grey cat,  
To eat them aye and a'.

9 For ten lang years now I hae lived  
Within this cave of stane,  
And never was at gude church-door,  
Nor got no gude churching.

10 O then out spake her eldest child,  
And a fine boy was he :  
O hold your tonge, my mother dear ;  
I'll tell you what to dee.

11 Take you the youngest in your lap,  
The next youngest by the hand,  
Put all the rest of us you before,  
As you learnt us to gang.

12 And go with us unto some kirk —  
You say they are built of stane —  
And let us all be christened,  
And you get gude kirking.

13 She took the youngest in her lap,  
The next youngest by the hand,  
Set all the rest of them her before,  
As she learnt them to gang.

14 And she has left the wood with them,  
And to the kirk has gane,  
Where the gude priest them christened,  
And gave her gude kirking.

C. Motherwell's copies exhibit five or six slight variations from Buchan.

## 42

### CLERK COLVILL

A. 'Clark Colven,' from a transcript of No 13 of William Tytler's Brown MS.

C. W. F. in Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, VIII, 510, from the recitation of a lady in Forfarshire.

B. 'Clerk Colvill, or, The Mermaid.' Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 302.

ALTHOUGH, as has been already said, William Tytler's Brown manuscript is now not to

be found, a copy of two of its fifteen ballads has been preserved in the Fraser Tytler family,

and 'Clerk Colvill.' **A** ('Clark Colven') is one of the two.\* This ballad is not in Jamieson's Brown manuscript. Rewritten by Lewis, **A** was published in *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, II, 445, No 56. **B**, 1769, is the earliest printed English copy, but a corresponding Danish ballad antedates its publication by seventy-five years. Of C. W. F., who communicated it to *Notes and Queries*, says: "I have reason to believe that it is originally from the same source as that from which Scott, and especially Jamieson, derived many of their best ballads." This source should be no other than Mrs Brown, who certainly may have known two versions of Clerk Colvill; but **C** is markedly different from **A**. An Abbotsford manuscript, entitled "Scottish Songs," has, at fol. 3, a version which appears to have been made up from Lewis's copy, its original, **A**, and Herd's, **B**.

All the English versions are deplorably imperfect, and **C** is corrupted, besides. The story which they afford is this. Clerk Colvill, newly married as we may infer, is solemnly entreated by his gay lady never to go near a well-fared may who haunts a certain spring or water. It is clear that before his marriage he had been in the habit of resorting to this mermaid, as she is afterwards called, and equally clear, from the impatient answer which he renders his dame, that he means to visit her again. His coming is hailed with pleasure by the mermaid, who, in the course of their interview, does something which gives him a strange pain in the head,—a pain only increased by a prescription which she pretends will cure

\* "From a MS. in my grandfather's writing, with the following note: Copied from an old MS. in the possession of Alexander Fraser Tytler." Note of Miss Mary Fraser Tytler. The first stanza agrees with that which is cited from the original by Dr Anderson in *Nichols's Illustrations*, VII, 177, and the number of stanzas is the same.

Colvill, which has become familiar from Herd's copy, is the correct form, and Colven, Colvin, a vulgarized one, which in **C** lapses into Colin.

† Still, though these *particular verses* appear to have come from 'The Drowned Lovers,' they may represent other original ones which were to the same effect. See, further on, the beginning of some Färöe versions.

† Hoc epidem a viris omni exceptione majoribus quotidie scimus probatum, quod quosdam hujusmodi laryvarum quas fadas nominant amatores audivimus, et cum ad aliarum fo-

it, and, as she then exultingly tells him, sure to grow worse until he is dead. He draws his sword on her, but she merrily springs into the water. He mounts his horse, rides home tristful, alights heavily, and bids his mother make his bed, for all is over with him.

**C** is at the beginning blended with verses which belong to 'Willie and May Margaret,' Jamieson, I, 135 (from Mrs Brown's recitation), or 'The Drowned Lovers,' Buchan, I, 140. In this ballad a mother adjures her son not to go wooing, under pain of her curse. He goes, nevertheless, and is drowned. It is obvious, without remark, that the band and belt in **C** do not suit the mother; neither does the phrase 'love Colin' in the second stanza.† **C** 9–11 afford an important variation from the other versions. The mermaid appears at the foot of the young man's bed, and offers him a choice between dying then and living with her in the water. (See the Norwegian ballads at p. 377.)

Clerk Colvill is not, as his representative is or may be in other ballads, the guiltless and guileless object of the love or envy of a water-sprite or elf. His relations with the mermaid began before his marriage with his gay lady, and his death is the natural penalty of his desertion of the water-nymph: for no point is better established than the fatal consequences of inconstancy in such connections.‡ His history, were it fully told, would closely resemble that of the Knight of Staufenberg, as narrated in a German poem of about the year 1300.§

The already very distinguished chevalier, Peter Diemringer, of Staufenberg (in the Or-

minarum matrimonia se transtulerunt, ante mortuos quam superinductis canali se copula immisererunt. Des Gervasius von Tilbury Otia Imperialia (of about 1211), Liebrecht, p. 41.

§ Der Ritter von Staufenberg, from a MS. of perhaps 1437, C. M. Engelhardt, Strassburg, 1823. Edited by Oskar Jänicke, in *Altdeutsche Studien* von O. Jänicke, E. Steinmeyer, W. Wilmanns, Berlin, 1871. Die Legende vom Ritter Herrn Peter Diemringer von Staufenberg in der Ortenau, reprint by E. Culemann of the Strassburg edition of Martin Schott, 1480–82. The old printed copy was made over by Fischart in 1588 (Johin, Strassburg, in that year), and this 'erneuerte Beschreibung der alten Geschicht' is rehashed in seven 'Romanzen' in Wunderhorn, I, 407–18, ed. 1806, 401–12, ed. 1853. Simrock, *Die deutschen Volksbücher*, III, 1–48.

tenau, Baden, four leagues from Strassburg), when riding to mass one Whitsunday, saw a lady of surpassing beauty, dressed with equal magnificence, sitting on a rock by the wayside. He became instantaneously enamored, and, greeting the lady in terms expressive of his admiration, received no discouraging reply. The lady rose; the knight sprang from his horse, took a hand which she offered, helped her from the rock, and they sat down on the grass. The knight asked how she came to be there alone. The lady replied that she had been waiting for him: ever since he could bestride a horse she had been devoted to him; she had been his help and protection in tournaments and fights, in all climes and regions, though he had never seen her. The knight wished he might ever be hers. He could have his wish, she said, and never know trouble or sickness, on one condition, and that was that he never should marry: if he did this, he would die in three days. He vowed to be hers as long as he lived; they exchanged kisses, and then she bade him mount his horse and go to mass. After the benediction he was to return home, and when he was alone in his chamber, and wished for her, she would come, and so always; that privilege God had given her: "swå ich wil, dâ bin ich." They had their meeting when he returned from church: he redoubled his vows, she promised him all good things, and the bounties which he received from her overflowed upon all his friends and comrades.

The knight now undertook a chivalrous tour, to see such parts of the world as he had not visited before. Wherever he went, the fair lady had only to be wished for and she was by him: there was no bound to her love or her gifts. Upon his return he was beset by relatives and friends, and urged to marry. He put them off with excuses: he was too young to sacrifice his freedom, and what not. They returned to the charge before long, and set a wise man of his kindred at him to beg a boon of him. "Anything," he said, "but marrying: rather cut me into strips than that." Having silenced his advisers by this reply, he went to his closet and wished for his lady.

She was full of sympathy, and thought it might make his position a little easier if he should tell his officious friends something of the real case, how he had a wife who attended him wherever he went and was the source of all his prosperity; but he must not let them persuade him, or what she had predicted would surely come to pass.

At this time a king was to be chosen at Frankfurt, and all the nobility flocked thither, and among them Staufenberg, with a splendid train. He, as usual, was first in all tourneys, and made himself remarked for his liberal gifts and his generous consideration of youthful antagonists: his praise was in everybody's mouth. The king sent for him, and offered him an orphan niece of eighteen, with a rich dowry. The knight excused himself as unworthy of such a match. The king said his niece must accept such a husband as he pleased to give, and many swore that Staufenberg was a fool. Bishops, who were there in plenty, asked him if he had a wife already. Staufenberg availed himself of the leave which had been given him, and told his whole story, not omitting that he was sure to die in three days if he married. "Let me see the woman," said one of the bishops. "She lets nobody see her but me," answered Staufenberg. "Then it is a devil," said another of the clergy, "and your soul is lost forever." Staufenberg yielded, and said he would do the king's will. He was betrothed that very hour, and set out for Ortenau, where he had appointed the celebration of the nuptials. When night came he wished for the invisible lady. She appeared, and told him with all gentleness that he must prepare for the fate of which she had forewarned him, a fate seemingly inevitable, and not the consequence of her resentment. At the wedding feast she would display her foot in sight of all the guests: when he saw that, let him send for the priest. The knight thought of what the clergy had said, and that this might be a cheat of the devil. The bride was brought to Staufenberg, the feast was held, but at the very beginning of it a foot whiter than ivory was seen through the ceiling. Staufenberg tore his hair and cried, Friends, ye have ruined

yourselves and me! He begged his bride and all who had come with her to the wedding to stay for his funeral, ordered a bed to be prepared for him and a priest to be sent for. He asked his brothers to give his bride all that he had promised her. But she said no; his friends should rather have all that she had brought; she would have no other husband, and since she had been the cause of his death she would go into a cloister, where no eye should see her: which she did after she had returned to her own country.

A superscription to the old poem denominates Staufenberg's amphibious consort a mer-fey, sea-fairy; but that description is not to be strictly interpreted, no more than mer-fey, or fata morgana, is in some other romantic tales. There is nothing of the water sprite in her, nor is she spoken of by any such name in the poem itself. The local legends of sixty years ago,\* and perhaps still, make her to have been a proper water-nymph. She is first met with by the young knight near a spring or a brook, and it is in a piece of water that he finds his death, and that on the evening of his wedding day.

Clerk Colvill and the mermaid are represented by Sir Oluf and an elf in Scandinavian ballads to the number of about seventy. The oldest of these is derived from a Danish manuscript of 1550, two centuries and a half later than the Staufenberg poem, but two earlier than Clerk Colvill, the oldest ballad outside of the Scandinavian series. Five other versions are of the date 1700, or earlier, the rest from tradition of this century. No ballad has received more attention from the heroic Danish editor, whose study of 'Elveskud' presents an admirably ordered synoptic view of all the versions known up to 1881: Grundtvig, No. 47, II, 109-19, 663-66; III, 824-25; IV, 835-74.†

The Scandinavian versions are:

Färöe, four: A, 39 sts, B, 21 sts, C, 18 sts, D, 23 sts, Grundtvig, IV, 849-52.

\* Engelhardt, pp. 6, 13 f: *Sagen aus Baden und der Umgegend*, Carlsruhe, 1834, pp. 107-122.

† Separately printed, under the title, *Elveskud*, dansk, svensk, norsk, färöisk, islandsk, skotsk, vendisk, bomisk,

Icelandic, twelve, differing slightly except at the very end: A, 'Kvaði af Ólafi Liljurðs,' 24 sts, MS. of 1665; B, C, MS. of about 1700, 20 sts, 1 st.; D, 18 sts; E, 17 sts; F, G, 16 sts; H, 'Ólafs kvaði,' 22 sts; I a, 18 sts; I b, 20 sts; K, 22 sts; L, 24 sts; M, 25 sts. These in Islensk fornkvæði, pp 4-10, A a in full, but only the variations of the other versions. I b, previously, 'Ólafur og álfamar,' Berggreen, *Danske Folke-Sange og Melodier*, 2d ed., pp 56, 57, No 20 d; and M, 'Snót, p. 200.'

Danish, twenty-six: 'Elveskud' A, 54 sts, MS. of 1550, Grundtvig, II, 112; B, 25 sts, Syv No 87 (1695), *Danske Viser*, I, 237, Grundtvig, II, 114; C, 29 sts, the same, II, 115; D a, D b, 31, 15 sts, II, 116, 665; E-G, 20, 16, 8 sts, II, 117-19; H, I, 32, 25 sts, II, 663-64; K, 29 sts, L, 15 sts, M, 27 sts, N, 16 sts, O, 33 sts, P, 22 sts, Q, 7 sts, R, 22 sts, S, 32 sts, T, 27 sts, U, 25 sts, V, 18 sts, X, 11 sts, Y, 11 sts, Z, 8 sts, AE, 23 sts, IV, 835-47; O, 10 sts, Boisen, *Nye og gamle Viser*, 1875, p. 191, No 98.

Swedish, eight: A, 15 sts, 'Elf-Qvinnan och Herr Olof' MS. of seventeenth century, Afzelius, III, 165; B, 12 sts, 'Herr Olof i Elfvornas dans,' Afzelius, III, 160; C, 18 sts, Afzelius, III, 162; D, 21 sts, 'Herr Olof och Elfvorna,' Arwidsson, II, 304; E, 20 sts, Arwidsson, II, 307; F, 19 sts, Grundtvig, IV, 848; G, 12 sts, 'Herr Olof och Elffrinn,' Djurklou, p. 94; H, 8 sts, Afzelius, *Sago-Häfder*, ed. 1844, ii, 157.

Norwegian, eighteen: A, 39 sts, 'Olaf Liljukrans,' Landstad, p. 355; B, 15 sts, Landstad, p. 843; C-S, collections of Professor Bugge, used in manuscript by Grundtvig; C, 36 sts, partly printed in Grundtvig, III, 824; D, 23 sts, Grundtvig, III, 824-25, partly; E, 22 sts; F, 11 sts; G, 27 sts; H, 13 sts; I, 7 sts; K, 4 sts, two printed, *ib.*, p. 824.‡

Of these the Färöe versions are nearest to the English. Olaf's mother asks him whether he means to ride; his corselet is hanging in

tysk, fransk, italiensk, katalonsk, spansk, bretonsk Folkevisse, i overblik ved Svend Grundtvig, Kjøbenhavn, 1881.

‡ All the Norse versions are in two-line stanzas.

the loft; **A, C, D.** "I am going to the heath, to course the hind," he says. "You are not going to course the hind; you are going to your leman. White is your shirt, well is it washed, but bloody shall it be when it is taken off." **A, D.** "God grant it be not as she bodes!" exclaims Olaf, as he turns from his mother. **A.** He rides to the hills and comes to an elf-house. An elf comes out, braiding her hair, and invites him to dance. "You need not braid your hair for me; I have not come a-wooing," he says. "I must quit the company of elves, for to-morrow is my bridal." "If you will have no more to do with elves, a sick bridegroom shall you be! Would you rather lie seven years in a sick-bed, or go to the mould to-morrow?" He would rather go to the mould to-morrow. The elf brought him a drink, with an atter-corn, a poison grain, floating in it: at the first draught his belt burst **A, B\***. "Kiss me," she said, "before you ride." He leaned over and kissed her, though little mind had he to it: she was beguiling him, him so sick a man. His mother came out to meet him: "Why are you so pale, as if you had been in an elf-dance?" "I have been in an elf-dance," he said,\* went to bed, turned his face to the wall, and was dead before midnight. His mother and his love (*moy, vív*) died thereupon.

Distinct evidence of previous converse with elves is lacking in the Icelandic versions. Olaf rides along the cliffs, and comes upon an elf-house. One elf comes out with her hair twined with gold, another with a silver tankard, a third in a silver belt, and a fourth welcomes him by name. "Come into the booth and drink with us." "I will not live with elves," says Olaf; "rather will I believe in God." The elf answers that he might do both, excuses herself for a moment, and comes back in a cloak, which hides a sword. "You shall not go without giving us a kiss," she

says. Olaf leans over his saddle-bow and kisses her, with but half a heart, and she thrusts the sword under his shoulder-blade into the roots of his heart. He sees his heart's blood under his horse's feet, and spurs home to his mother. "Whence comest thou, my son, and why so pale, as if thou hadst been in an elf-dance (*leik*)?" "It boots not to hide it from thee: an elf has beguiled me. Make my bed, mother; bandage my side, sister." He dies presently: there was more mourning than mirth: three were borne to the grave together.

Nearly all the Danish and Swedish versions, and a good number of the Norwegian, interpose an affecting scene between the death of the hero and that of his bride and his mother. The bride, on her way to Olaf's house, and on her arrival, is disconcerted and alarmed by several ominous proceedings or circumstances. She hears bells tolling; sees people weeping; sees men come and go, but not the bridegroom. She is put off for a time with false explanations, but in the end discovers the awful fact. Such a passage occurs in the oldest Danish copy, which is also the oldest known copy of the ballad. The importance of this version is such that the story requires to be given with some detail.

Oluf rode out before dawn, but it seemed to him bright as day.† He rode to a hill where dwarfs were dancing. A maid stepped out from the dance, put her arm round his neck, and asked him whither he would ride. "To talk with my true-love," said he. "But first," said she, "you must dance with us." She then went on to make him great offers if he would plight himself to her: a horse that would go to Rome and back in an hour, and a gold saddle for it; a new corselet, having which he never need fly from man; a sword such as never was used in war. Such were all her benches as if gold were laid in links, and such

\* In 'Jomfruen og Dvergekongen,' **C** 25, 26, Grundtvig, No 37, the woman who has been carried off to the hill, wishing to die, asks that atter-corns may be put into her drink. She evidently gets, however, only the vilar-konn, elvar-konn, of Landstad, Nos 42-45, which are of lethean property. But in J. og D. **F**, we may infer an atter-corn, though none is mentioned, from the effect of the draughts.

† So, also, Swedish **A, F**, Norwegian **A, C**. This is a cantrip sleight of the elves. The Icelandic burden supposes this illumination, "The low was burning red;" and when Olaf seeks to escape, in Norwegian **A, C, E, G, I, K**, he has to make his way through the elv-flame, elvelogi.

were all her drawbridges as the gold on his hands. "Keep your gold," he answered; "I will go home to my true-love." She struck him on the cheek, so that the blood spattered his coat; she struck him midshoulders, so that he fell to the ground: "Stand up, Oluf, and ride home; you shall not live more than a day." He turned his horse, and rode home a shattered man. His mother was at the gate: "Why comest thou home so sad?" "Dear mother, take my horse; dear brother, fetch a priest." "Say not so, Oluf; many a sick man does not die. To whom do you give your betrothed?" "Rise, my seven brothers, and ride to meet my young bride."

As the bride's train came near the town, they heard the bells going. "Why is this?" she asked, her heart already heavy with pain; "I know of no one having been sick." They told her it was a custom there to receive a bride so. But when she entered the house, all the women were weeping. "Why are these ladies weeping?" No one durst answer a word. The bride went on into the hall, and took her place on the bride-bench. "I see," she said, "knights go and come, but I see not my lord Oluf." The mother answered, Oluf is gone to the wood with hawk and hound. "Does he care more for hawk and hound than for his young bride?"

At evening they lighted the torches as if to conduct the bride to the bride-bed; but Oluf's page, who followed his lady, revealed the truth on the way. "My lord," he said, "lies on his bier above, and you are to give your troth to his brother." "Never shalt thou see that day that I shall give my troth to two brothers." She begged the ladies that she might see the dead. They opened the door; she ran to the bier, threw back the cloth, kissed the body precipitately; her heart broke in pieces; grievous was it to see.

Danish B, printed by Syv in 1695, is the copy by which the ballad of the Elf-shot has

\* Grundtvig remarks that Herder's translation, 'Erlkönigs Tochter,' Volkslieder, II, 158, took so well with the Germans that at last it came to pass for an original German ballad. The Wunderhorn, I, 261, ed. 1806, gives it with the title, 'Herr Oluf,' as from a flying sheet (= Scherer's Deutsche Volkslieder, 1851, p. 371). It appears, with some

little changes, in Zarnack's Deutsche Volkslieder, 1819, I, 29, whence it passed into Erlach, IV, 6, and Richter und Marschner, p. 60. Kretzschmer has the translation, again, with a variation here and there, set to a "North German" and to a "Westphalian" air, p. 8, p. 9.

The principal variations of the Scandinavian ballads, so far as they have not been given, now remain to be noted.

The hero's name is mostly Oluf, Ole, or a modification of this, Wolle, Rolig, Volder; sometimes with an appendage, as Färöe Ólavur Riddararós, Rósinkrans, Icelandic Ólafur Liljurós, Norwegian Olaf Liljukrancs, etc. It is Peder in Danish H, I, O, P, Q, R, ÅE.

Excepting the Färöe ballads, Oluf is not distinctly represented as having had previous acquaintance with the elves. In Swedish Å 5 he says, I cannot dance with you, my betrothed has forbidden me; in Danish C, I should be very glad if I could; to-morrow is my wed-ding-day.

The object of his riding out is to hunt, or the like, in Danish D b, E, F, I, R, T, X, Y; to bid guests to his wedding, Danish B, C, D a, G, H, K-N, P, S, U, V, Ø, Norwegian A, B.

He falls in with dwarfs, Danish A, H, Norwegian A; trolds, Danish I; elves and dwarfs, Norwegian B, and a variation of A: elsewhere it is elves.

There is naturally some diversity in the gifts which the elf offers Oluf in order to induce him to dance with her. He more commonly replies that the offer is a handsome one, 'kan jeg vel få,' but dance with her he cannot; sometimes that his true-love has already given him that, or two, three, seven such, Danish D a, I, T, X, Y.

If he will not dance with her, the elf threatens him with sore sickness, Danish B, E, H, Z, Ø, Norwegian A, Swedish E, F; a great misfortune, Danish F, Swedish A; sharp knives, Danish P; it shall cost him his young life, Danish D a, b, T, Y.

Oluf dances with the elves, obviously under compulsion, in Danish C, D, G-N, S, T, U, X, Y, Swedish F, and only in these. He dances till

both his boots are full of blood, D a 15, D b 4, G 5, I 11, K 5, L 5, M 6, N 7, S 6 [shoes], T 10, U 5, X 8, Y 7; he dances so long that he is nigh dead, I 12.

The hard choice between dying at once or lying sick seven years is found, out of the Färöe ballads, only in Danish H 8, M 8, O 4, Q 2, S 8. Norwegian ballads, like English C, present an option between living with elves and dying, essentially a repetition of the terms under which Peter of Staufenberg weds the fairy, that he shall forfeit his life if he takes a mortal wife. So Norwegian

A 12 Whether wilt thou rather live with the  
elves,  
Or leave the elves, a sick man?

13 Whether wilt thou be with the elves,  
Or bid thy guests and be sick?

B 9 Whether wilt thou stay with the elves,  
Or, a sick man, flit [bring home] thy true-  
love?

10 Whether wilt thou be with elves,  
Or, a sick man, flit thy bride?

There is no answer.

Norwegian C, E, G, I resemble A. H is more definite.

6 Whether wilt thou go off sick, "under isle,"  
Or wilt thou marry an elf-maid?

7 Whether wilt thou go off sick, under hill,  
Or wilt thou marry an elf-wife?

To which Olaf answers that he lists not to go off a sick man, and he cannot marry an elf.

The two last stanzas of English C, which correspond to these,

'Will ye lie there an die, Clerk Colin,  
Will ye lie there an die?

Or will ye gang to Clyde's water,  
To fish in flood wi me?'

'I will lie here an die,' he said,  
'I will lie here an die;

In spite o a' the deils in hell,  
I will lie here an die.'

may originally have come in before the mermaid and the clerk parted; but her visit to him as he lies in bed is paralleled by that of the fairy to Staufenberg after he has been persuaded to give up what he had been brought to regard as an infernal *liaison*; and certainly Clerk Colin's language might lead us to think that some priest had been with him, too.

Upon Oluf's now seeking to make his escape through the elves' flame, ring, dance, etc., Norwegian A, B, C, E, G, I, H, K, the elf-woman strikes at him with a gold band, her wand, hand, a branch or twig; gives him a blow on the cheek, between the shoulders, over his white neck: stabs him in the heart, gives him knife-strokes five, nine; sickness follows the stroke, or blood: Danish A, B, F, N, O, R, V, Z, Æ, Ø, Swedish D, G, Norwegian A-E, H, I, Icelandic. The knife-stabs are delayed till the elves have put him on his horse in Danish D, G, X; as he sprang to his horse the knives rang after him, H. "Ride home," they say, "you shall not live more than a day" [five hours, two hours], Danish A, C, K-N, S, U, V. His hair fades, Danish E; his cheek pales, Danish E, Norwegian A; sickness follows him home, Swedish A, C, D, E; the blood is running out of the wound in his heart, Swedish G; when he reaches his father's house both his boots are full of blood, Danish R, Æ.

His mother [father] is standing without, and asks, Why so pale? Why runs the blood from thy saddle? Oluf, in some instances, pretends that his horse, not being sure-footed, had stumbled, and thrown him against a tree, but is told, or of himself adds, that he has been among the elves. He asks one or the other of his family to take his horse, bring a priest, make his bed, put on a bandage. He says he shall never rise from his bed, Swedish C, Danish F; fears he shall not live till the priest comes, Danish O, P.

The important passage which relates the arrival of the bride, the ominous circumstances at the bridegroom's house, the attempts to keep the bride in ignorance of his death, and her final discovery that she is widowed before marriage, occupies some thirty stanzas in Dan-

ish **A**, the oldest of all copies; in Danish **B** it is reduced to six; in other Danish versions it has a range of from fifteen to two; but, shorter or longer, it is found in all versions but **R**, **O**, and the fragments **G**, **L**, **Q**, **X**, **Z**. All the Swedish versions have a similar scene, extending from three to nine stanzas, with the exception of **G** and of **A**, which latter should perhaps be treated as a fragment. In Norwegian **A**, again, this part of the story fills ten stanzas; **B** lacks it, but **C-H** (which have not been published in full) have it, and probably other unpublished copies.

The bride is expected the next day, Danish **D**, **F**, **I**, **K**, **N**, **O**, **S**, **T**, **U**, Swedish **A**, **D**. In Danish **A** Oluf begs his brothers, shortly after his reaching home, to set out to meet her; he fears she may arrive that very night, Danish **ÆE**. "What shall I answer your young bride?" asks the mother, Danish **B**, **C**, **D**, etc., Swedish **H**. "Tell her that I have gone to the wood, to hunt and shoot, to try my horse and my dogs," Danish **B**, **C**, **D**, **F**, **H**, **I**, **K**, **O**, **S**, **T**, **U**, Swedish **D**, **H**, Norwegian **A**, **L**; in Danish **N** only. "Say I died in the night." Oluf now makes his will; he wishes to assign his bride to his brother, Danish **L**, **O**, **R**, Norwegian **C**, **F**; he dies before the bride can come to him. (Norwegian **F** seems to have gone wrong here.)

The bride, with her train, comes in the morning, Danish **B**, **D**, **E**, **I**, **M**, **T**, Swedish **D**, Norwegian **D**; Swedish **C** makes her wait for her bridegroom several days. As she passes through the town the bells are tolling, and she anxiously asks why, Danish **A**, **K**, **O**, **S**, **U**; she is told that it is a custom there to ring when the bride comes, Danish **A**, Swedish **B**. In Danish **H**, though it is day, she sees a light burning in Oluf's chamber, and this alarms her. When she comes to the house, Oluf's mother is weeping, all the ladies

\* Owing to a close resemblance of circumstances in 'The Elf-shot,' in 'Frillens Havn' ('The Leman's Wreck'), Grundtvig, No 208, and in 'Ribbold og Guldborg,' Grundtvig, No 82, these ballads naturally have details in common. The pretence that the horse was not sure-footed and hurtled his rider against a tree; the request to mother, father, etc., to make the bed, take care of the horse, apply a bandage, send for a priest, etc.; the testament, the assignment of the bride

are weeping, or there are other signs of grief, Danish **A**, **C**, **H**, **U**, **ÆE**. When she asks the reason, no one can answer, or she is told that a woman, a fair knight, is dead, **A**, **C**, **H**. Now she asks, Where is Oluf, who should have come to meet me, should have been here to receive me? Danish **K**, **O**, **S**, **U**, **D**, **E**, **I**, **T**, etc. They conduct the bride into the hall and seat her on the bride bench; knights come and go: they pour out mead and wine. "Where is Oluf," she asks again; the mother replies, as best she can, that Oluf is gone to the wood, Danish **B**, **H**, Norwegian **A**, **D**, Swedish **H**, etc. "Does he then care more for that than for his bride?" Danish **A**, **D**, **I**, **M**, etc., Swedish **C**, **D**, Norwegian **A**, **E**, **G**.

The truth is now avowed that Oluf is dead, Danish **A**, **D**, **I**, **T**, **Y**, **ÆE**, Swedish **B**, Norwegian **G**. The bride begs that she may see the dead, Danish **A**, **C**, **P**, **ÆE**, Swedish **F**, Norwegian **D**, **E**, and makes her way to the room where Oluf is lying. She puts aside the cloths that cover him, or the curtains, or the flowers, Danish **A**, **B**, **K**, **V**, etc., Swedish **C**, **D**, Norwegian **C**, **D**, **E**, **G**; says a word or two to her lover, Danish **A**, **C**, **E**, **H**, Swedish **E**, **F**, Norwegian **G**; kisses him, Danish **A**, **C**, **H**; her heart breaks, Danish **A**, **C**; she swoons dead at his feet, Danish **K**, **M**, **S**, **U**. In Norwegian **A**, **C**, **D**, she kills herself with Olaf's sword; in Swedish **E**, with her own knife. In Danish **R** she dies in Oluf's mother's arms. On the morrow, when it was day, in Oluf's house three corpses lay: the first was Oluf, the second his maid, the third his mother, of grief was she dead: Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, passim.\*

Breton ballads preserve the story in a form closely akin to the Scandinavian, and particularly to the oldest Danish version. I have seen the following, all from recent tradition: **A**, **C**, 'Ann Aotro ar C'hont,' 'Le Seigneur

by the dying man to his brother, and her declaration that she will never give her troth to two brothers; and the nearly simultaneous death of hero, bride, and mother, occur in many versions of both Elveskud and Ribold, and most of them in Frillens Havn. A little Danish ballad, 'Hr. Olufs Død,' cited by Grundtvig, IV, 847, seems to be Elveskud with the elf-shot omitted.

Comte,' Luzel, I, §, ¶, fifty-seven and fifty-nine two-line stanzas. B, 'Ann Aotro Nann,' 'Le Seigneur Nann,' Luzel, I, ¶, fifty-seven stanzas.\* D, 'Aotrou Nann hag ar Gorrigan,' 'Le Seigneur Nann et la Fée,' Villemarqué, p. 25, ed. 1867, thirty-nine stanzas. E, 'Monsieur Nann,' Poésies populaires de la France, MS., V, fol. 381, fifty-three verses. F, 'Sonnet Gertrud gnet hi Vam,' 'Chant de Gertrude et de sa Mère,' L. Kérardven [= Dufilhol], Guionvach, Études sur la Bretagne, 2d ed., Paris, 1835, p. 362, p. 13, eleven four-line stanzas. G, Rolland in Romania, XII, 117, a somewhat abridged literal translation, in French.

The count [Nann] and his wife were married at the respective ages of thirteen and twelve. The next year a son was born [a boy and girl, D]. The young husband asked the countess if she had a faucey for anything. She owned that she should like a bit of game, and he took his gun [lancee] and went to the wood. At the entrance of the wood he met a fairy [a dwarf, E; a hind, G; saw a white hind, which he pursued hotly till evening, when he dismounted near a grotto to drink, and there was a korrigan, sitting by the spring, combing her hair with a gold comb, D]. The fairy [dwarf, hind] said that she had long been looking for him, A, B, C, E, G. "Now that I have met you, you must marry me."† "Marry you? Not I. I am married already." "Choose either to die in three days or to lie sick in bed seven [three] years" [and then die, C]. He would rather die in three days, for his wife is very young, and would suffer greatly [he would rather die that instant than wed a korrigan, D].

On reaching home the young man called to his mother to make his bed; he should

\* Luzel was in possession of other versions, but he assures us that every detail is contained in one or the other of these three.

† B 13, "You must marry me straightway, or give me my weight in silver;" then, "or die in three days," etc. It is not impossible that this stanza, entirely out of place in this ballad, was derived from 'Le Comte des Chapelles,' Luzel, p. 457, from which certain French versions have taken a part of their story. See Luzel, the eighth and ninth stanzas, on p. 461.

‡ B 50, "A white gown, or brogt, or my violet petticoat?" Luzel says he does not understand *brogt*, and in

never get up again. [His mother, in C 21, says, Do not weep so: it is not every sick man that dies, as in Danish A 22.] He recounted his meeting with the fairy, and begged that his wife might not be informed of his death.

The countess asked, What has happened to my husband, that he does not come to see me? She was told that he had gone to the wood to get her something, A [to Paris, C; to the city, D]. Why were the men-servants weeping? The best horse had been drowned in bathing him, A, E; had been eaten by the wolves, B; had broken his neck, C; had died, F. They were not to weep: others should be bought. And why were the maids weeping? Linen had been lost in washing, A, C, E, F; the best silver cover had been stolen, F. They must not weep; the loss would be supplied. Why were the priests chanting? [the bells tolling, E, F]. A poor person whom they had lodged had died in the night, A-E [a young prince had died, F]. What dress should she wear for her churching,—red or blue? D, F.‡ The custom had come in of wearing black [she asks for red, they give her black, F]. On arriving at the church, or cemetery, she saw that the earth had been disturbed; her pew was hung with black, B; why was this? "I can no longer conceal it," said her mother-in-law: "your husband is dead." She died upon the spot, A, D. "Take my keys, take care of my son; I will stay with his father," B, C. "Your son is dead, your daughter is dead," F. §

This ballad has spread, apparently from Brittany, over all France. No distinct trace of the fairy remains, however, except in a single case. The versions that have been made

his Observations, prefixed to the volume, expresses a conjecture that it must have been altered from *droop d'*, robe d'enfant, robe de femme, but we evidently want a color. GrunDTVIG remarks that *broget* would make sense in Danish, where it means party-colored. Scotch *brookit* is black and white. Icelandic *brók*, tartan, party-colored cloth, is said to be from Gaëlic *breac*, versicolor (*Vigfusson*). This points to a suitable meaning for Breton *brogt*.

§ D adds: "It was a marvel to see, the night after husband and wife had been buried, two oaks rise from the common tomb, and on their branches two white doves, which sang there at daybreak, and then took flight for the skies."

public, so far as they have come to my knowledge, are as follows, resemblance to the Breton ballad principally directing the arrangement.

**A.** ‘Le fils Louis,’ Vendée, pays de Retz, Poésies populaires de la France, MS., III, fol. 118, printed in Romania, XI, 100, 44 verses. **B.** Normandy, 1876, communicated by Legrand to Romania, X, 372, 61 verses. **C.** “Forez, Frédéric Noëlas, Annales de la Société impériale d’agriculture, industrie, sciences, arts et belles-lettres du département de la Loire, Année 1865, p. 210, 64 verses,” Grundtvig, IV, 867–70. **D.** Victor Smith, Chants populaires du Velay et du Forez, Romania, X, 583, 68 verses. **E.** The same, p. 581, 64 verses. **F.** Saint-Denis, Poés. pop. de la France, III, fol. 103, Romania, XI, 98, 74 verses, as sung by a young girl, her mother and grandmother. **G.** Poitou et Vendée, Études historiques et artistiques par B. Fillon et O. De Rochbrune, 7<sup>e</sup>–10<sup>e</sup> livraisons, Fontenay-le-Comte, 1865, article Nalliers, pp 17, 18, nineteen four-line stanzas and a couplet; before by B. Fillon in “L’Histoire véridique des fraudes et exécrables volerries et subtilités de Guillery, depuis sa naissance jusqu’à la juste punition de ses crimes, Fontenay, 1848,” extracted in Poés. pop., III, fol. 112; other copies at fol. 108 and at fol. 116; Romania, XI, 101, 78 verses. **H.** Bourbonnais, Poés. pop. III, fol. 91, Romania, XI, 103, 38 verses, sung by a woman seventy-two years old. **I.** Bretagne, Loudéac, Poés. pop., III, fol. 121, Romania, XI, 103 f, 64 verses. **J.** Poés. pop., III, fol. 285, Romania, XII, 115 (J), 50 verses. **K.** Bretagne (?), Romania, XII, 115 f, 36 verses. **L.** V. Smith, Chants pop. du Velay et du Forez, Romania, X, 582, 57 verses. **M.** ‘Le roi Renaud,’ Flévy, Puymaigre, I, 39, 78 verses. **N.** Touraine, Bléré, Brachet in Revue Critique, II, 125, 60 verses. **O.** The same, variations of a later version. **P.** ‘L’Arnaud l’Infant,’ Limoges, Laforest, Limoges au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle, 1862, p. 300, Poés. pop., III,

fol. 95, Romania, XI, 104, 82 verses. **Q.** Charente, Poés. pop., III, fol. 107, Romania, XI, 99, 60 verses. **R.** Cambes, Lot-et-Garonne, Romania, XII, 116, 46 verses. **S.** Jura, Revue des Deux Mondes, 1854, Août, p. 486, 50 verses. **T.** Rouen, Poés. pop. III, fol. 100, Romania, XI, 102, 60 verses, communicated by a gentleman who at the beginning of the century had learned the ballad from an aunt, who had received it from an aged nun. **U.** a, Buchon, Noëls et Chants populaires de la Franche-Comté, p. 85, 34 verses; b, Tarbé, Romancero de Champagne, Vol. II, Chants Populaires, p. 125, 32 verses; c, G. de Nerval, La Bohème Galante, ed. 1866, p. 77, Les Filles du Feu, ed. 1868, p. 130, 30 verses; d, ‘Jean Renaud,’ Bujeaud, Chants et Chansons populaires des Provinces de l’Ouest, II, 213, 32 verses. **V.** Poés. pop., III, fol. 122, Romania, XI, 100 f, 32 verses. **W.** Le Blésois, Ampère, Instructions, etc., p. 37, 36 verses. **X.** Provence, Poés. pop., III, fol. 114, Romania, XI, 105, 44 verses. **Y.** ‘Lou Comte Arnaud,’ Bivès, Gers, Bladé, Poés. pop. de la Gascogne, II, 134, 48 verses. **Z.** Vagny, Vosges, Mélusine, p. 75, 44 verses. **AA.** Cambes, Lot-et-Garonne, Romania, XII, 116 f, 40 verses. **BB.** Quercy, Sérignac, Poés. pop., Romania, XI, 106, 34 verses. **CC.** Quercy, Poés. pop., Romania, XI, 107, 26 verses. **DD.** Bretagne, Villemarqué, Barzaz-Breiz, ed. 1846, I, 46, 12 verses. **EE.** Orléans, Poés. pop., III, fol. 102, Romania, XI, 107, 10 verses. **FF.** Auvergne, Poés. pop., III, fol. 89, Romania, XI, 107 f, 6 verses. **GG.** Bourbonnais, ‘La Ballade du Roi Renaud,’ E. Hamy, in Almanach de Boulogne-sur-Mer pour 1863, p. 110 (compounded from several versions), 16 four-line stanzas.\*

The name of the hero in the French ballad is mostly Renaud, or some modification of Renaud: Jean Renaud, G, H, U; Renom, AA; Arnaud, C, E, L, Y, BB; L’Arnaud l’Infant, P; Louis Renaud, brother of Jean, F.

\* It will be observed that some of the Renaud ballads in the Poésies populaires de la France were derived from earlier publications: such as were communicated by collectors appear to have been sent in 1852 or 1853. The versions cited by Rathery, Revue Critique, II, 287 ff, are all from the

MS. Poésies populaires. **BB**, **CC** have either been overlooked by me in turning over the first five volumes, or occur in vol. vi, which has not yet been received. **GG** came to hand too late to be ranked at its proper place.

It is Louis in A, I, J, V. He is king, or of the royal family, F, M, N, O, Q, W, BB, CC, GG; count, Y; Renaud le grand, H, Z. In A, while he is walking in his meadows, he meets Death, who asks him, peremptorily, Would you rather die this very night, or languish seven years? and he answers that he prefers to die at once. Here there is a very plain trace of the older fairy. He is mortally hurt, while hunting, by a wolf, B; by a boar, DD. But in more than twenty versions he returns from war, often with a horrible wound, "apportant son cœur dans sa main," C; "tenant ses tripes dans ses mains," N; "oqué ses tripes sur sa main, sen estoumac on sen chapea, sen cœur covert de sen menteau," G; etc. In F, I, J he comes home in a dying state from prison (to which he was consigned, according to I, for robbing a church!). In these versions the story is confused with that of another ballad, existing in Breton, and very likely in French, 'Kont ar Chapel,' 'Le Comte des Chapelles,' Luzel, I, 437, or 'Le Page de Louis XIII,' Villemarqué, Barzaz-Breiz, p. 301. A fragment of a corresponding Italian ballad is given by Nigra, Romania, XI, 397, No 9.

Renaud, as it will be convenient to call the hero, coming home triste et chagrin, F, P, U b, c, triste et bien malau, Y, receives on his arriving felicitations from his mother on account of the birth of a son. He has no heart to respond to these: "Ni de ma femme, ni de mon fils, je ne saurais me réjoui." He asks that his bed may be made, with precautions against his wife's hearing. At midnight he is dead.

The wife, hearing the men-servants weeping, asks her mother-in-law the cause. The best horse [horses] has been found dead in the stable, has strayed away, etc., B, D-S, GG. "No matter for that," says the wife; "when Renaud comes he will bring better," B, D-G, L-Q, GG. The maids are heard weeping; why is that? They have lost, or injured, sheets in the washing, B, D, E, G, J. When Renaud comes we shall have better, B, D, E, G. Or a piece of plate has been lost or broken, A, F, H, I, K, O. [It is children with the tooth-

ache, F, U a, b, c, d]. "What is this chanting which I hear?" It is a procession, making the tour of the house: B, D-F, L, P-X, GG. "What gown shall I wear when I go to church?" Black is the color for women at their churching, B, F, I, L, M, O, P, V, Y; black is more becoming, plus joli, plus convenant, plus conséquent, A, D, H, K, N, R, X, BB, DD, GG; "quitez le ros', quitez le gris, prenez le noir, pour mieux choisir," etc., Q, W, U, E, S, T.

Besides these four questions, all of which occur in Breton ballads, there are two which are met with in many versions, always coming before the last. "What is this pounding (frapper, cogner, taper) which I hear?" It is carpenters, or masons, repairing some part of the house, D, E, K, L, N, P-U, W; A, V, X, AA; GG. "Why are the bells ringing?" For a procession, or because a distinguished personage has come, has died, etc., A, B, F-L, Q, R, W, Y, AA, DD, GG. On the way to church [or cemetery] herdboys or others say to one another, as the lady goes by, That is the wife of the king, the seigneur, that was buried last night, or the like; and the mother-in-law has again to put aside the lady's question as to what they were saying, D, E, G, H, L-P, S, T, X, Y, FF, GG.

Flambeaux or candles are burning at the church, E, V; a taper is presented to the widow, M, or holy water, N, T, Z, GG; the church is hung with black, D, O, FF; the funeral is going on, AA, CC. "Whose is this new monument?" "What a fine tomb!" M, N, R, T, Z, GG. The scene in other cases is transferred to the cemetery. "Why has the earth been disturbed?" "What new monument is this?" A, DD; C, F, I, J, P. In B the tomb is in the garden: in L, S, X, BB the place is not defined.

The young wife utters a piercing shriek, C, D, K, L, N. Open earth, split tomb, split tiles! A, B, Q, R, V, W, X, Y; I will stay with my husband, will die with my husband, will not go back, A, C, D, M, N, Q, R, S, X, Y, Z, BB, CC, GG. She bids her mother take her keys, B, C, G, L, M, P, Y, BB, CC, GG, and commits her son [children] to her

kinsfolk, to bring up piously, **B**, **G**, **I**, **J**, **L**, **M**, **O**, **Z**, **BB**, **CC**. In **H**, **P**, **Q**, **W**, **X**, **Y** the earth opens, and in the last four it encloses her. In **K** heaven is rent by her shriek, and she sees her husband in light (who says, strangely, that his mouth smacks of rot) : he bids her bring up the children as Christians. Heaven opens to her prayer in **AA**, and a voice cries, Wife, come up hither ! In **GG** the voice from heaven says, Go to your child : I will keep your husband safe. There are other variations.\*

**G**, **T**, I say expressly that Renaud's wife died the next day, or after hearing three masses, or soon after. **M**, **O**, by a feeble modern perversion, make her go into a convent.

Italian ballads cover very much the same ground as the French. The versions hitherto published are :

**A**. 'La Lavandaia,' Cento, Ferraro, Canti popolari di Ferrara, Cento e Pontelagoseuro, p. 52, 16 verses, Romania, XI, 397, amended. **B**. 'Il Cavaliere della bella Spada,' Pontelagoseuro, Ferraro, p. 107, previously in Rivista di Filologia romanza, II, 205, 28 verses, Romania, XI, 398. **C**. Piedmont, communicated by Nigra, with other versions, to Romania, XI, 394, No 4, 48 verses. **D**. Romania, XI, 393 f. No 3, 34 verses. **E**. *Ib.* p. 395, No 6, 42 verses. **F**. *Ib.* p. 392 f. No 2, 46 verses. **G**. 'Conte Anzolin,' Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, p. 61, 57 verses. **H**. Romania, XI, 396, No 7, 38 verses. **I**. *Ib.* p. 394 f. No 5, 26 verses. **J**. 'Il re Carlino,' Ferraro, Canti popolari monferrini, p. 34, 42 verses. **K**. Romania, XI, 392, No 1, 20 verses. **L**. 'Il Conte Angiolino,' Rovigno, Iye, Canti popolari istriani, p. 344, 34 verses. **M**. 'Il Conte Cagnolino,'

\* In **C** the mother-in-law tells her daughter, austerely :

Vous aurez plutôt trouvé un mari  
Que moi je n'aurai trouvé un fils.

So **E**, nearly. A mother makes a like remark to the betrothed of a dead son in the Danish ballad of 'Ebbe Tygesen.' Grundtvig, Danske Kæmpeviser og Folkesange, fornyede i gammel Stil, 1867, p. 122, st. 14. **F** and **T** conclude with these words of the wife :

'Ma mère, dites au fossoyeur  
Qu'il creuse une fosse pour deux ;

Pontelagoseuro, Ferraro, as above, p. 84, Rivista di Filologia romanza, II, 196, 36 verses. All these are from recent tradition.

The name Rinaldo, Rinald, is found only in **I**, **C**, and the latter has also Lüis. Lüis is the name in **E**: Carlino, Carlin, in **J**, **H**; Angiolino, Anzolin, **L**, **G**; Cagnolino, **M**. The rank is king in **C**, **E**, **H**-**K**; prince, **D**; count, **G**, **L**, **M**.

**A** and **B**, corrupted fragments though they be, retain clear traces of the ancient form of the story, and of the English variety of that form. Under the bridge of the Rella [Diamantina] a woman is washing clothes, *gh' è 'na lavandaera*. A knight passes, **B**, and apparently accosts the landress. She moves into the water, and the knight after her; the knight embraces her, **A**. Dowy rade he hame, *el va a cà tüto mojà*, **A**. In **B** (passing over some verses which have intruded) he has many knife-stabs, and his horse many also.† He asks his mother to put him to bed and his horse into the stable, and gives directions about his funeral.

All of the story which precedes the hero's return home is either omitted, **D**, **F**, **J**, **K**, **L**, or abridged to a single stanza: *ven da la cassa lo re Rinald*, *ven da la cassa, l'è tüt feri*, **C**; *ven da la guerra re Rinaldo*, *ven da la guerra, l'è tüt feri*, **I**, **E**, **H**; save that **G**, which like **C** makes him to have been hunting (and to have been bitten by a mad dog), adds that, while he was hunting, his wife had given birth to a boy. **M** has an entirely false beginning: Count Cagnolino was disposed to marry, but wished to be secure about his wife's previous life. He had a marble statue in his garden which moved its eyes when any girl that had gone astray presented herself before it. The

\* Et que l'espace y soit si grand  
Que l'on y mette aussi l'enfant.'

The burial of father, mother, and child in a common grave is found elsewhere in ballads, as in 'Redscliffe og Medelvold,' Grundtvig, No 271, **A** 37, **G** 20, **M** 26, **X** 27.

† Shutting our eyes to other Romance versions, or, we may say, opening them to Scandinavian ones, we might see in these stabs the wounds made by the elf-knives in Danish **D**, **G**, **H**, **N**, **O**, **R**, **X**, Swedish **G**, Norwegian **H**, **I**. See 'Don Joan y Don Ramon,' further on.

daughter of Captain Tartaglia having been declined, for reason, and another young woman espoused, Tartaglia killed the count while they were hunting.

The wounded man, already feeling the approach of death, F, G, L, asks that his bed may be made; he shall die before the morrow, D, F, J; let not his wife know, F, G. The wife asks why the men-servants, coachmen, are weeping, and is told that they have drowned [lost] some of the horses. C-J, M [have burned the king's carriage, K]. We will get others when the king comes, she answers, C, D, H [when I get up, F, as in Breton A]. Why are the maids weeping? The maids have lost sheets or towels in washing, F, I, K; have scorched the shirts in ironing, C, D, H. When the king comes, he will buy or bring better, C, D, H [when I get up, F, as in Breton A]. Why are the priests chanting? For a great feast to-morrow, F. Why are the carpenters at work? They are making a cradle for your boy, C-E, H-K. Why do the bells ring? A great lord is dead: in honor of somebody or something: C, E-L. Why does not Anzolin come to see me? He has gone a-hunting, G, L. What dress shall I put on to go to church? [When I get up I shall put on red, F, I.] You in black and I in gray, as in our country is the way, C-F, H, I [H moda a *Paris*, by corruption of d'il pais]; I white, you gray, J; you will look well in black, M: put on red, or put on white, or put on black for custom's sake, G.

The children in the street say, That is the wife of the lord who was buried, or the people look at the lady in a marked way, C, J, G, M; and why is this? For the last time the mother-in-law puts off the question. At the church, under the family bench, there is a grave new made, and now it has to be said that the husband is buried there, C-K, M.

A conclusion is wanting in half of the ballads, and what there is is corrupted in others. The widow commands her boy to her hus-

band's mother, G, M, and says she will die with her dear one, D, E, J, M. In C, as in French V, she wishes to speak to her husband. If the dead ever spake to the quick, she would speak once to her dear Lüis: if the quick ever spake to the dead, she would speak once to her dear husband. In G she bids the grave unlock, that she may come into the arms of her beloved, and then bids it close, that in his arms she may stay: cf. French Y, Q, X, R, AA.

The story of the Italian ballad, under the title of 'Il Conte Angiolino,' was given in epitome by Luigi Carrer, in his Prose e Poesie, Venice, 1838, IV, 81f, before any copy had been published (omitted in later editions). According to Carrer's version, the lady, hearing bells, and seeing from her windows the church lighted up as for some office, extracts the fact from her mother-in-law on the spot, and then, going to the church and seeing her husband's tomb, prays that it would open and receive her.

A fragment of an Italian ballad given by Nigra, Romania, XI, 396, No 8, describes three card players, quarrelling over their game, as passing from words to knives, and from knives to pistols, and one of the party, the king of Spain, as being wounded in the fray. He rides home with a depressed air, and asks his mother to make his bed, for he shall be dead at midnight and his horse at dawn. There is a confusion of two stories here, as will be seen from Spanish ballads which are to be spoken of. Both stories are mixed with the original adventure of the mermaid in 'Il Cavaliere della bella spada,' already referred to as B. In this last the knight has a hundred and fifty stabs, and his horse ninety.\*

Nigra has added to the valuable and beautiful ballads furnished to Romania, XI, a tale (p. 398) from the province of Turin, which preserves the earlier portion of the Breton story. A hunter comes upon a beautiful woman under a rock. She requires him to

\* The ballad of 'Luggieri,' published by Salvatori in the Rassegna Settimanale, Rome, June 22, 1879, and reprinted by Nigra in Romania, XI, 391 (a variety of 'Rizzardo bello,' Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, p. 62, No 83), appears

to me not to belong with 'Renand,' but with the class of 'The Cruel Brother,' as already remarked of the Venetian ballad at p. 142.

marry her, and is told by the hunter that he is already married. The beautiful woman, who is of course a fairy, presents the hunter with a box for his wife, which he is not to open. This box contains an explosive girdle, intended to be her death; and the hunter's curiosity impelling him to examine the gift, he is so much injured by a detonation which follows that he can just drag himself home to die.

**Spanish.** This ballad is very common in Catalonia, and has been found in Asturias. Since it is also known in Portugal, we may presume that it might be recovered in other parts of the peninsula. **A.** ‘La bona vindua,’ Briz, *Cansons de la Terra*, III, 155, 32 verses. **B.** ‘La Viuda,’ 33 verses, Milá y Fontanals, *Romancecillo Catalán*, 2d ed., p. 155, No 204. **C-I.** *Ib.* p. 156 f. **J.** *Ib.* p. 157 f, No 204, 36 verses. **K.** ‘Romance de Doña Ana,’ Asturias, the argument only, Amador de los Ríos, *Historia Crítica de la Literatura Española*, VII, 446, being No 30 of that author’s unpublished collection.

The name of the husband is Don Joan de Sevilla, **D**, Don Joan, **F**, Don Olalbo, **I**, Don Francisco, **J**, Don Pedro, **K**. His wife, a princess, **A**, **G**, has given birth to a child, or is on the eve of so doing. The gentleman is away from home, or is about to leave home on a pilgrimage of a year and a day, **A**, **G**; has gone to war, **D**; to a hunt, **I**, **K**. He dies just as he returns home or is leaving home, or away from home, in other versions, but in **K** comes back in a dying condition, and begs that his state may be concealed from his wife. The lady, hearing a commotion in the house, and asking the cause, is told that it is the noisy mirth of the servants, **A-D**. There is music, chanting, tolling of bells; and this is said to be for a great person who has died, **B**, **D**, **A**. In **B**, **D**, the wife asks, Can it be for my husband? In **J** the mother-in-law explains her own sorrowful demeanor as occasioned by the death of an uncle, and we are informed that the new mother was without bells, in order that the new mother

might not hear. In **J** only do we have the question, Where is my husband? He has been summoned to court, says the mother-in-law, where, as a favorite, he will stay a year and ten days. When should the young mother go to mass? Peasants go after a fortnight, tradesfolk after forty days, etc.: she, as a great lady, will wait a year and a day. **A**, **D**, **I**, a year, **B**, a year and ten days, **J**. What dress should she wear, silk, gold tissue, silver? etc. Black would become her best, **A**, **J**, **K**. [Doña Ana, in **K**, like the lady in Italian **G**, resists the suggestion of mourning, as proper only for a widow, and appears in a costume de Pascua florida: in some other copies also she seems to wear a gay dress.] The people, the children, point to her, and say, There is the widow, and her mother-in-law parries the inquiry why she is the object of remark; but the truth is avowed when they see a grave digging, and the wife asks for whom it is, **A**. In **J** the lady sees a monument in the church, hung with black, reads her husband’s name, and swoons. **B**, **C** make the mother’s explanation follow upon the children’s talk. In **K** the announcement is made first by a shepherd, then confirmed by gaping spectators and by a rejected lover. The widow commends her child to its grandmother, and says she will go to her husband in heaven, **A-D**; dies on the spot, **K**; Don Francisco dies in March, Doña Ana in May, **J**.

‘Don Joan y Don Ramon’ is a ballad in which a young man returns to his mother mortally wounded, and therefore would be likely to blend in the memory of reciters with any other ballad in which the same incident occurred. A version from the Balearic Islands may be put first, which has not yet taken up any characteristic part of the story of Renaud: *Recuerdos y Bellezas de España*, Mallorca, p. 336, 1842 = Milá, 1853, p. 114, No 15, Briz III, 172; *Die Balearen in Wort und Bild geschildert*, by the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, Leipzig, 1871, II, 556.\*

Don Joan and Don Ramon are returning from the chase. Don Ramon falls from his horse;

\* The version in the *Recuerdos* was obtained in Majorca by Don J. M. Quadrado. The editor remarks that the employment of the articles *H* and *La* instead of *Es* and *Sa*

Don Joan rides off. Don Ramon's mother sees her son coming through a field, gathering plants to heal his wounds. "What is the matter?" she asks; "you are pale." "I have been bled, and they made a mistake." "Ill luck to the barber!" "Curse him not: it is the last time. Between me and my horse we have nine and twenty lance thrusts; the horse has nine and I the rest. The horse will die tonight and I in the morning. Bury him in the best place in the stable, and me in St Eulalia; lay a sword crosswise over my grave, and if it is asked who killed me, let the answer be, Don Joan de la cassada."

There are numerous Catalan versions, and most of them add something to this story: Milá, 2d ed., 'El guerrero mal herido,' p. 171, No 210, A-F, A<sub>1</sub>-G<sub>1</sub>, A<sub>11</sub>; Briz, III, 171 f, two copies. These disagree considerably as to the cause of the hero's death, and the names are not constant. In A<sub>1</sub> of Milá, as in the Balearic ballad, Don Joan and Don Ramon are coming from the chase, and have a passage at lances; Don Joan is left dead, and Don Ramon is little short of it. A, B, of Milá, tell us that Don Pedro died on the field of battle and Don Joan came home mortally wounded. E says that Don Joan and Don Ramon come from the chase, but Don Joan immediately says that he comes from a great battle. It is battle in F<sub>1</sub>, in E<sub>1</sub> (with Gastó returning), and in both the Catalan copies of Briz, the hero being Don Joan in the first of these last, and in the other nameless. The wounded man says he has been badly bled, Milá, A, B, A<sub>1</sub>, C, Briz 2; he and his horse have lance wounds fifty-nine, thirty-nine, twenty-nine, etc., the horse nine and he the rest, Milá, A, B, E, A<sub>1</sub>, Briz 1. His mother informs him that his wife has borne a child, "a boy like the morning star," Briz 1, and says that if he will go to the best chamber he will find her surrounded by dames and ladies. This gives him no pleasure; he does not care for wife, nor dames, nor ladies, nor boys, nor morning stars: Briz 1, Milá, A<sub>1</sub>-G<sub>1</sub>. He asks to have his bed made, Milá, A-D, B<sub>1</sub>, C<sub>1</sub>, Briz 1, 2, for he shall die at

midnight and his horse at dawn, A-D, A<sub>1</sub>, Briz 2, and gives directions for his burial and that of his horse. Let the bells toll when he is dead, and when people ask for whom it is, the answer will be, For Don Joan, Briz 1, Gastó, Milá, E<sub>1</sub>, who was killed in battle. Let his arms be put over the place where his horse is buried, and when people ask whose arms they are his mother will say, My son's, who died in battle, Milá A, B<sub>1</sub>. Let a drawn sword be laid across his grave, and let those that ask who killed him be told, Don Joan, at the chase, Milá, A<sub>1</sub>.\*

We have, probably, to do with two different ballads here, versions A-F of Milá's 'Guerrero mal herido,' and Briz's second, belonging with 'Don Joan y Don Ramon,' while A<sub>1</sub>-G<sub>1</sub> of Milá, and Briz's first, represent a ballad of the Renaud class. It is, however, possible that the first series may be imperfect copies of the second.

'Don Joan y Don Ramon' has agreements with Italian B, A: in B, particularly, we note the hundred and fifty stabs of the knight and the ninety of his horse.

Portuguese. A good Portuguese version, 'D. Pedro e D. Leonarda,' in fifty short verses, unfortunately lacking the conclusion, has been lately communicated to Romania (XI, 585) by Leite de Vasconcellos. Dom Pedro went hunting, to be gone a year and a day, but was compelled to return home owing to a malady which seized him. His mother greets him with the information that his wife has given birth to a son. "Comfort and cheer her," he says, "and for me make a bed, which I shall never rise from." The wife asks, Where is my husband, that he does not come to see me? "He has gone a-hunting for a year and a day," replies the mother. What is this commotion in the house? "Only visitors." But the bells are tolling! Could it be for my husband? "No, no; it is for a feast-day." When do women go to mass after child-birth? "Some in three weeks and some in two, but a lady of your rank after a year and a day." And what color do they

\* I do not entirely understand Professor Milá's arrangement of those texts which he has not printed in full, and it

is very likely that more of his copies than I have cited exhibit some of the traits specified.

wear? "Some light blue and some a thousand wonders, but you, as a lady of rank, will go in mourning." The ballad stops abruptly with a half-pettish, half-humorous imprecation from the daughter-in-law against the mother for keeping her shut up so long.

There is a Slavic ballad, which, like the versions that are so popular with the Romance nations, abridges the first part of the story, and makes the interest turn upon the gradual discovery of the hero's death, but in other respects agrees with northern tradition.

**Bohemian.** A a. Erben, p. 473, No 9, Herman a Dornička = Waldau. Böhmische Granaten, I, 73, No 100; b. Čelakowsky, I, 26 = Haupt u. Schmäler, I, 327. B. Erben, p. 475. C. Moravian, Sušil, p. 82, No 89 a, 'Neštastná svatba,' 'The Doleful Wedding.' D. Sušil, p. 83, No 89 b. E. Slovak, Čelakowsky, I, 80.

**Wendish.** A. Haupt und Schmäler, I, 31, No 3, 'Zrudny kwas,' 'The Doleful Wedding.' B. II, 131, No 182, 'Plakauen newesta,' 'The Weeping Bride' (the last eight stanzas, the ten before being in no connection).

The hero on his wedding day is making ready his horse to fetch the bride; for he is, as in the Scandinavian ballads, not yet a married man. His mother, Bohemian A, ascertaining his intention, begs him not to go himself with the bridal escort. Obviously she has a premonition of misfortune. Herman will never invite guests, and not go for them. The mother, in an access of passion, exclaims, If you go, may you break your neck, and never come back! Here we are reminded of the Fäyöe ballad. Bohemian C, D make the forebodings to rise in Herman's mind, not in his mother's. The mother opposes the match in Bohemian E, and the sister wishes that he may break his neck. Wendish A has nothing of opposition or bodelement before the start, but the crows go winging about the young men who are going for the bride, and caw a horrible song, how the bridegroom shall fall from his horse and break his neck. The train sets off with a band of trumpets, drums, and stringed instruments, or, Bohemian D, with a

discharge of a hundred muskets, and when they come to a linden in a meadow Herman's horse "breaks his foot," and the rider his neck; Bohemian D, when they come to a copse in a meadow the hundred pieces are again discharged, and Herman is mortally wounded. His friends stand debating what they shall do. The dying man bids them keep on: since the bride cannot be his, she shall be his youngest brother's, Bohemian A, C; cf. Danish L, O, R, Norwegian C, F. The train arrives at the bride's house: the bride comes out to greet them, but, not seeing the bridegroom, inquires affrightedly what has become of him. They pretend that he has remained at home to see to the tables. The mother is reluctant to give them the bride, but finally yields. When the train comes again to the linden in the mead, Dorothy sees blood. It is Herman's! she cries; but they assure her that it is the blood of a deer that Herman had killed for the feast. They reach Herman's house, where the bride has an appalling reception, which need not be particularized.

In Bohemian A, while they are at supper (or at half-eve = three in the afternoon), a death-bell is heard. Dorothy turns pale. For whom are they tolling? Surely it is for Herman. They tell her that Herman is lying in his room with a bad headache, and that the bell is ringing for a child. But she guesses the truth, sinks down and dies, a. She wears two knives in her hair, and thrusts one of them into her heart, b. The two are buried in one grave. In Bohemian B the bell sounds for the first time as the first course is brought on, and a second time when the second course comes. The bride is told in each case that the knell is for a child. Upon the third sounding, when the third course is brought in, they tell her that it is for Herman. She seizes two knives and runs to the graveyard: with one she digs herself a grave, and with the other stabs herself. In the Wendish fragment B, at the first and second course (there is no bell) the bride asks where the bridegroom is, and at the third repeats the question with tears. She is told that he is ranging the woods, killing game for his wedding. In-

Bohemian C the bell tolls while they are getting the table ready. The bride asks if it is for Herman, and is told that it is for a child. When they sit down to table, the bells toll again. For whom should this be? For whom but Herman? She springs out of the window, and the catastrophe is the same as in Bohemian B. In D the bride hears the bell as the train is approaching the house, and they say it is for a child. On entering the court she asks where Herman is. He is in the cellar drawing wine for his guests. She asks again for Herman as the company sits down to table, and the answer is, In the chamber, lying in a coffin. She springs from the table and rushes to the chamber, seizing two golden knives, one of which she plunges into her heart. In Bohemian E, when the bride arrives at John the bridegroom's house, and asks where he is, they tell her she had better go to bed till midnight. The moment she touches John she springs out of bed, and cries, Dear people, why have ye laid a living woman with a dead man? They stand, saying, What shall we give her, a white cap or a green chaplet? "I have not deserved the white (widow's) cap," she says; "I have deserved a green chaplet." In Wendish A, when the bell first knolls, the bride asks, Where is the bridegroom? and they answer, In the new chamber, putting on his fine clothes. A second toll evokes a second inquiry; and they say he

is in the new room, putting on his sword. The third time they conceal nothing: He fell off his horse and broke his neck. "Then tear off my fine clothes and dress me in white, that I may mourn a year and a day, and go to church in a green chaplet, and never forget him that loved me!" It will be remembered that the bride takes her own life in Norwegian A, C, D, and in Swedish E, as she does in Bohemian A b, B, C, D.

B is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 305, No 48; by Doeniges, p. 25.

'Der Ritter von Staufenberg' is translated by Jamieson, from the "Romanzen" in the Wunderhorn, in Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 257. Danish A by Prior, II, 301; B by Jamieson, Popular Ballads, I, 219, and by Prior, II, 306; Buchanan, p. 52. 'The Erl-King's Daughter,' "Danish," in Lewis's Tales of Wonder, I, 53, No 10, is rendered from Herder. Swedish A by Keightley, Fairy Mythology, p. 84; B by Keightley, p. 82, and by William and Mary Howitt, Literature and Romance of Northern Europe, I, 269. There is a version from Swedish by J. H. Dixon, in Notes and Queries, 4th Series, I, 168. Breton D by Keightley, as above, p. 433, and by Tom Taylor, Ballads and Songs of Brittany, 'Lord Nann and the Fairy,' p. 9. Bohemian A b by Bowring, Cheskian Anthology, p. 69.

## A

From a transcript from William Tytler's Brown MS.

1 CLARK COLVEN and his gay ladie,  
As they walked to yon garden green,  
A belt about her middle gimp,  
Which cost Clark Colven crowns fifteen:

2 · O hearken weel now, my good lord,  
O hearken weel to what I say:  
When ye gang to the wall o Stream,  
O gang nae neer the well-fared may.'

3 · O hand your tongue, my gay ladie,  
Tak nae sic care o me;

For I nae saw a fair woman  
I like so well as thee.'

4 He mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And merry, merry rade he on,  
Till he came to the wall o Stream,  
And there he saw the mermaiden.

5 · Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny may,  
And ay 's ye wash your sark o silk :'  
· It's a' for you, ye gentle knight,  
My skin is whiter than the milk.'

6 He 's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He 's taen her by the sleeve sae green,

And he's forgotten his gay ladie,  
And away with the fair maiden.

\* \* \* \*

7 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
'And aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
And merrily leugh the mermaiden,  
'O win on till you be dead.'

8 'But out ye tak your little pen-knife,  
And frae my sark ye shear a gare;  
Row that about your lovely head,  
And the pain ye'll never feel nae mair.'

9 Out he has taen his little pen-knife,  
And frae her sark he's shorn a gare,  
Rowed that about his lovely head,  
But the pain increased mair and mair.

10 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
'An aye sae sair's I mean my head!'

## B

Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 302 :  
ed. 1776, I, 161.

1 CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
Were walking in the garden green;  
The belt around her stately waist  
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

2 'O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,  
Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
If ye wad live and brook your life.'

3 'Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
Now speak nae mair of that to me;  
Did I neer see a fair woman,  
But I wad sin with her body?'

4 He's taen leave o' his gay lady,  
Nought minding what his lady said,  
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,  
Where washing was a bonny maid.

5 'Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
That wash sae clean your sark of silk;  
'And weed fa you, fair gentleman,  
Your body whiter than the milk.'

And merrily laugh'd the mermaiden,  
'It will ay be war till ye be dead.'

11 Then out he drew his trusty blade,  
And thought wi it to be her dead,  
But she's become a fish again,  
And merrily sprang into the flood.

12 He's mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And dowy, dowy rade he home,  
And heavily, heavily lighted down  
When to his ladie's bower-door he came.

13 'Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,  
And, gentle ladie, lay me down;  
Oh, brother, brother, unbend my bow,  
'T will never be bent by me again.'

14 His mither she has made his bed,  
His gentle ladie laid him down,  
His brother he has unbent his bow,  
'T was never bent by him again.'

\* \* \* \*

6 Then loud, loud ery'd the Clerk Colvill,  
'O my head it pains me sair;  
'Then take, then take,' the maiden said,  
'And frae my sark you'll cut a gare.'

7 Then she's gied him a little bane-knife,  
And frae her sark he cut a share;  
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,  
But ay his head it akeid mair.

8 Then louder ery'd the Clerk Colvill,  
'O sairer, sairer akes my head;'  
'And sairer, sairer ever will,'  
The maiden crys, 'till you be dead.'

9 Out then he drew his shining blade,  
Thinking to stick her where she stood,  
But she was vanish'd to a fish,  
And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

10 'O mother, mother, braid my hair;  
My lusty lady, make my bed;  
O brother, take my sword and spear,  
For I have seen the false mermaid.'

## C

Notes and Queries, 4th Series, VIII, 510, from the recitation of a lady in Forfarshire.

## 1 CLERK COLIN and his mother dear

Were in the garden green ;  
The band that was about her neck  
Cost Colin pounds fifteen ;  
The belt about her middle sae sma  
Cost twice as much again.

2 'Forbidden gin ye wad be, love Colin,  
Forbidden gin ye wad be,  
And gang nae mair to Clyde's water,  
To court yon gay ladie.'
3 'Forbid me frae your ha, mother,  
Forbid me frae your boar,  
But forbid me not frae yon ladie ;  
She's fair as ony flour.
4 'Forbidden I winna be, mother,  
Forbidden I winna be,  
For I maun gang to Clyde's water,  
To court yon gay ladie.'
5 An he is on his saddle set,  
As fast as he could win,  
An he is on to Clyde's water,  
By the lee light o the moon.

6 An when he cam to the Clyde's water  
He lighted lowly down.  
An there he saw the mermaiden,  
Washin silk upon a stane.

7 'Come down, come down, now, Clerk Colin,  
Come down an [fish] wi me ;  
I'll row ye in my arms twa,  
An a foot I sanna jee.'

\* \* \* \*

8 'O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
And, sister, lay me down,  
An brother, tak my bow an shoot,  
For my shooting is done.'

9 He wasna weel laid in his bed,  
Nor yet weel fa'en asleep,  
When up an started the mermaiden,  
Just at Clerk Colin's feet.

10 'Will ye lie there an die, Clerk Colin,  
Will ye lie there an die ?  
Or will ye gang to Clyde's water,  
To fish in flood wi me ?'

11 'I will lie here an die,' he said,  
'I will lie here an die ;  
In spite o a' the deils in hell  
I will lie here an die.'

A. 7<sup>a</sup>. laugh ; but we have laugh'd in 10<sup>a</sup>.

9<sup>a</sup>. Rowed seems to be written Round, possibly  
Rowad.

14<sup>a</sup>. brother.

B. 5<sup>a</sup>. The edition of 1776 has body's.

C. 7. When they part he returns home, and on the  
way his head becomes "wondrous sair;"  
seemingly a comment of the reciter.

*The Abbotsford copy in "Scottish Songs,"*  
*fol. 3, has these readings, not found in*  
*Lewis, the Brown MS., or Herd.*

3<sup>a</sup>. And dinna deave me wi your din : Lewis,  
And haud, my Lady gay, your din.

6<sup>a</sup>. He 's laid her on the flowery green.

## 43

## THE BROOMFIELD HILL

A. 'The Broomfield Hill.' a. Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 271, 1803. b. The same, II, 229, 1802.

B. 'I'll wager, I'll wager,' etc., Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 310.

C. 'Broomfield Hills,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 291.

D. 'Lord John,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 195.

E. Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January, 1830, p. 7.

F. 'The Merry Broomfield, or The West Country Wager,' a. Donee Ballads, III, fol. 64<sup>b</sup>. b. The same, IV, fol. 10.

A SONG of 'Brume, brume on hil' is one of those named in The Complaint of Scotland, 1549, p. 64 of Dr J. A. H. Murray's edition. "The foot of the song" is sung, with others, by Moros in Wager's "very merry and pithy Comedy called 'The longer thou livest the more fool thou art,'" c. 1568. 'Broom, broom on hil' is also one of Captain Cox's "bunch of ballets and songs, all auncient," No 53 of the collection, 1575.\* The lines that Moros sings are :

Brome, brome on hill,  
The gentle brome on hill, hill,  
Brome, brome on Hive hill,  
The gentle brome on Hive hill,  
The brome stands on Hive hill a.

"A more sanguine antiquary than the editor," says Scott, "might perhaps endeavor to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the 'Broom, broom on hill' mentioned . . . as forming part of Captain Cox's collection." Assuredly "Broom, broom on hill," if that were all, would justify no such

\* Furnivall, Captain Cox, his Ballads and Books, pp. cxvii f. Ritson cited the comedy in the dissertation prefixed to his Ancient Songs, 1790, p. ix.

t Motherwell remarks, at page 42 of his Introduction, "The song is popular still, and is often to be met with." It was printed in a cheap American song-book, which I have not been able to recover, under the title of 'The Green Broomfield,' and with some cis-atlantic variations. Graham's Illustrated Magazine, September, 1858, gives these stanzas:

"Then when she went to the green broom field,  
Where her love wa' fast asleep,

identification, but the occurrence of Hive hill, both in the burden which Moros sings and in the eighth stanza of Scott's ballad, is a circumstance that would embolden even a very cautious antiquary, if he had received Hive hill from tradition, and was therefore unaffected by a suspicion that this locality had been introduced by an editor from the old song.†

Most of the versions give no explicit account of the knight's prolonged sleep. He must needs be asleep when the lady comes to him, else there would be no story; but his heavy slumber, not broken by all the efforts of his horse and his hawk, is as a matter of course not natural: es geht nicht zu mit rechten dingen; the witch-wife of A 4 is at the bottom of that. And yet the broom-flowers strewed on his hals-bane in A 8, B 3, and the roses in D 6, are only to be a sign that the maid had been there and was gone. Considering the character of many of Buchan's versions, we cannot feel sure that C has not borrowed the second and third stanzas from B, and the witch-wife, in the sixth, from A; but

With a gray *goose*-hawk and a green laurel bough,  
And a green broom under his feet.

"And when he awoke from out his sleep,  
An angry man was he;  
He looked to the East, and he looked to the West,  
And he wept for his sweetheart to see.

"Oh! where was you, my gray *goose*-hawk,  
The hawk that I loved so dear,  
That you did not awake me from out my sleep,  
When my sweetheart was so near?"

it would be extravagant to call in question the genuineness of **C** as a whole. The eighth stanza gives us the light which we require.

'Ye'll pu the bloom frae aff the broom,  
Strew 't at his head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that ye do strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.'

The silver belt about the knight's head in **A** 5 can hardly have to do with his sleeping, and to me seems meaningless. It is possible that roses are not used at random in **D** 6, though, like the posie of pleasant perfume in **F** 9, they serve only to prove that the lady had been there. An exerescence on the dog-rose, *rosenschwamm*, *schlafkunz*, *kunz*, *schlafapfel*, it is believed in Germany, if laid under a man's pillow, will make him sleep till it is taken away. Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 1008, and *Deutsches Wörterbuch* (Hildebrand), V, 2753 *e*.

**C** makes the lady hide in the broom to hear what the knight will say when he wakes, and in this point agrees with the broadside **F**, as also in the comment made by the men on their master in stanza 24; cf. **F** 16.

Mr J. W. Dixon has reprinted an Aldermanry Churchyard copy of the broadside, differing as to four or five words only from **F**, in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 116, Percy Society, Volume XVII. The editor remarks that **A** is evidently taken from **F**; from which it is clear that the pungent buckishness of the broadside does not necessarily make an impression. **A** smells of the broom; **F** suggests the groom.\*

The sleep which is produced in **A** by strewing the flower of the broom on a man's head and feet, according to a witch's advice, is brought about in two Norse ballads by means not simply occult, but altogether preternatural; that is, by the power of runes. One of these, 'Sönn-runorna,' Arwidsson, II, 249, No 133, is preserved in a manuscript of the end of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth, century. The other, 'Sövnerun-

erne,' Gründtvig, II, 337, No 81, was taken down in 1847 from the singing of a woman seventy-five years of age.

The Swedish ballad runs thus. There is a damsel in our land who every night will sleep with a man, and dance a maid in the morning. The fame of this comes to the ears of the son of the king of England, who orders his horse, thinking to catch this damsel. When he arrives at the castle gate, there stands the lady, and asks him what is his haste. He frankly answers that he expects to get a fair maid's honor for his pains, and she bids him follow her to the upper room. She lays sheets on the bed, and writes strong runes on them. The youth sits down on the bed, and is asleep before he can stretch himself out. He sleeps through that day, and the next, and into the third. Then the lady rouses him. "Wake up; you are sleeping your two eyes out." He is still so heavy that he can hardly stir. He offers her his horse and saddle to report the matter as he wishes. "Keep your horse," she says: "shame fa such liars."

The Danish story is much the same. One of a king's five sons goes to make trial of the maid. She tells him to fasten his horse while she goes before and unlocks; calls to her maid to bring five feather-beds, feather-beds nine, and write a sleep on each of them. He sleeps through three days, and is roused the fourth, with "Wake up, wake up; you have slept away your pluck." He offers her a bribe, as before, which she scornfully rejects, assuring him that he will not be spared when she comes among maids and knights.

A sleep produced by runes or grameye is one of the two main incidents of a tale in the *Gesta Romanorum*, better known through the other, which is the forfeit of flesh for money not forthcoming at the day set, as in the *Merchant of Venice*: Latin, Oesterley, No 195, p. 603; † English, Harleian MS. 7333, No 40, printed by Dunc, Illustrations of Shakspere, I, 281, Madden, p. 130, Herritage, p. 158; German, No 68, of the printed edition of 1489 (which I have not seen). A knight,

\* The broadside is also copied into Buchan's MSS, II, 197.

† The Anglo-Latin text in Harleian MS. 2270, No 48.

who has a passion for an emperor's daughter, engages to give a thousand [hundred] marks for being once admitted to her bed. He instantly falls asleep, and has to be roused in the morning. Like terms are made for a second night, and the man's lands have to be pledged to raise the money. He sleeps as before, but stipulates for a third night at the same price. A merchant lends him the thousand marks, on condition that, if he breaks his day, his creditor may take the money's weight of flesh from his body. Feeling what a risk he is now running, the knight consults a philosopher, Virgil, in the English version. The philosopher (who in the Latin version says he ought to know, for he had helped the lady to her trick) tells the knight that between the sheet and coverlet of the bed there is a letter, which causes the sleep; this he must find, and, when found, cast far from the bed. The knight follows these directions, and gets the better of the lady, who conceives a reciprocal passion for him, and delivers him, in the sequel, from the fearful penalty of his bond by pleading that the flesh must be taken without shedding of blood.

The romance of Dolopathos, a variety of the Seven Wise Masters, written about 1185, considerably before the earliest date which has hitherto been proposed for the compilation of the Gesta, has this story, with variations, of which only these require to be noted. The lady has herself been a student in magic. She is wooed of many; all comers are received, and pay a hundred marks; any one who accomplishes his will may wed her the next day. An enchanted feather of a screech-owl, laid under the pillow, makes all who enter the bed fall asleep at once, and many have been baffled by this charm. At last a youth of high birth, but small means, tries his fortune, and, failing at the first essay, tries once more. Thinking that the softness of his couch was the cause of his falling asleep, he puts away

the pillow, and in this process the feather is thrown out: Iohannis de Alta Silva Dolopathos, ed. esterley, pp 57-59; Herbers, *Li Romans de Dolopathos*, Brunet et Montaignon, vv 7096-7498, pp 244-59: Le Roux de Lincy, in a sequel to *Loiseleur-Deslongchamps's Essai sur les Fables indiennes*, pp 211 ff. This form of the tale is found in German, in a fifteenth-century manuscript, from which it was printed by Haupt in *Altdeutsche Blätter*, I, 143-49; but here the sleep is produced by the use of *both* the means employed in the Gesta and in Dolopathos, letter (runes) and feather, "the wild man's feather."\*

Magic is dropped, and a sleeping draught administered, just as the man is going to bed, in a version of the story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, *Giornata*, IV<sup>a</sup>, Nov. 1<sup>a</sup> (last quarter of the fourteenth century). Upon the third trial the man, warned by a friendly chambermaid not to drink, pours the medicated wine into his bosom. The account of Ser Giovanni is adopted in *Les Adventures d'Abdalla fils d'Hanif*, etc., La Haye, 1713, *Bibliothèque de Romans*, 1778, Janvier, I, 112-14, 143 f.

Ellin writes sleep-runes on the cushions on which her husband is to sleep, in the Danish ballad 'Frendehævn,' Grundtvig, No 4, A 33 [C 45].

In Icelandic tales a sleep-thorn† is employed, probably a thorn inscribed with runes. The thorn is stuck into the clothes or into the head (the ears, according to the popular notion, Vigfusson), and the sleep lasts till the thorn is taken out. Odin stuck such a thorn into Brynhild's garments: *Fáfnismál*, 43; *Sigrdrífumál*, 7; *Völsunga Saga*, *Fornaldar Sögur*, I, 166. The thorn is put into the clothes also in the Icelandic fairy-tale *Mærjöll*, Maurer, *Isländische Volkssagen*, p. 286. Ölöf, to save herself from Helgi's violence, and to punish his insolence, sticks him with a sleep-thorn after he is dead drunk: *Hrólfs*

\* Sy . . . bereytle keyn abende das bette met der czöberyne met der schryft und met des wylden mannes veidere, p. 145, lines 8, 10-12; das quam alles von der cozyberye, das die jungfrowe dy knaben alle becoebert hatte met schryft und met bryven, dy sy en under dy höbt leyte under dy kussen,

und met den veddern von den wylden ruchen liten, lines 1-5. Only one letter and one feather is employed in each case.

† Svefnjorn, Danish svinhorn, or svønpreen: blandstafr, sleep-staves, rods (if not letters, runes) in *Sigrdrífumál*, 2.

Saga Kraka, Forn. S. I, 18 f, Torfæns, p. 32. Vilhjálmr sticks a sleep-thorn into Hrólfr, and he lies as if dead so long as the thorn is in him: Gaungu-Hrólfs Saga, Forn. S., III, 303, 306.

A pillow of soporific quality, which Kamele, by Isot's direction, puts under Kaedin's head, assures her safety though she lies all night by his side: Ulrich's continuation of Gottfried's Tristan, vv 1668-99, 1744-85; and Heinrich's continuation, omitting the last circumstance, vv 4861-4960 (J. Grimm).

The witch-woman, in the English ballad, A 4, represents the philosopher in the Gesta, and the wager in the other versions the fee or fine exacted by the lady in the Gesta and elsewhere.

An Italian ballad, a slight and unmeritable thing, follows the story of Ser Giovanni, or agrees with it, in respect to the sleeping-draught. A man falls in with a girl at a spring, and offers her a hundred ducats, or scudi, per una nottina. The girl says that she must consult her mother. The mother advises her to accept the offer: she will give the man a drug, and the money will serve for a dowry. The man, roused in the morning, counts out the money with one hand and wipes his eyes with the other. When asked why he is crying, he replies that the money is not the loss he weeps for, and makes a second offer of the same amount. The girl wishes to refer the matter to her mother again, but the gallant says the mother shall not take him in a second time. One version (A) ends somewhat more respectably: the girl declares that, having come off with her honor once, she will not again expose herself to shame. A. Ferraro, Canti popolari monferrini, 'La Ragazza onesta,' p. 66, No 47. B. Ferraro, C. p. di Ferrara, Cento e Pontelagosecuro, p. 53 (Cento) No 4, 'La Ragazza onesta.' C. The same, p. 94 (Pontelagosecuro) No 8, 'La Brunetta,' previously in Rivista di Filologia Romanza, II, 200. D. Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, p. 74, 'La Contadina alla Fonte.' E. Bernoni, C. p. veneziani, Puntata V, No 4, p. 6, 'La bella Brunetta.' F. Bolza, Canzoni p. comasche, p. 677, No

57, 'L'Amante deluso.' G. Ive, C. p. istriani, p. 324, No 4, 'La Contadina alla Fonte.' H. Gimandrea, C. p. marchigiani, p. 277, No 12, 'La Madre indegna.' I. Ferraro, C. p. della Bassa Romagna, Rivista di Letteratura popolare, p. 57, 'La Ragazza onesta.' J. Cassetti e Imbriani, C. p. della Provincie meridionali, p. 1, No 1 (Chieti), the first sixteen verses. K. Archivio per Tradizioni popolari, I, 89, No 4, 'La Fandell e lu Cavalére,' the first thirteen lines.

'The Sleepy Merchant,' a modern ballad, in Kinloch's MSS. V, 26, was perhaps fashioned on some traditional report of the story in Il Pecorone. The girl gives the merchant a drink, and when the sun is up starts to her feet, crying, "I'm a leal maiden yet!" The merchant comes back, and gets another dram, but "tooms it a' between the bolster and the wa," and then sits up and sings.

A ballad found everywhere in Germany, but always in what appears to be an extremely defective form, must originally, one would think, have had some connection with those which we are considering. A hunter meets a girl on the heath, and takes her with him to his hut, where they pass the night. She rouses him in the morning, and proclaims herself still a maid. The hunter is so chagrined that he is of a mind to kill her, but spares her life. 'Der Jäger,' 'Der ernsthafte Jäger,' 'Des Jägers Verdruss,' 'Der Jäger und die reine Jungfrau,' 'Der verschlafene Jäger:' Meineert, p. 203; Wunderhorn, 1857, I, 274, Birlinger u. Crecelius, I, 190; Büsching u. von der Hagen, p. 134, No 51; Nicolai, Almanach, I, 77 (fragment); Erk u. Irmer, ii, 12, No 15; Meier, p. 305, No 170; Pröhle, No 54, p. 81; Fiedler, p. 175; Erk, Liederhort, pp 377 f, Nos 174, 174a; Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 202, No 176; Ditzfurth, Fränkische Volkslieder, II, 26 f, Nos 30, 31; Norrenberg, Des dülkener Fiedlers Liederbuch, No 16, p. 20; J. A. E. Köhler, Volksbrauch im Voigtländere, p. 307; Jeitteles, Volkslied in Steiermark, Archiv für Lit. gesch., IX, 361, etc.; Uhland, No 104, Niederdeutsches Liederbuch, No 59, 'vermuthlich vom Eingang des 17.

Jhd.' Cf. Die Märeget, Flemish, Büsching u. von der Hagen, p. 311; Willem's, p. 160, No. 61.\*

A is translated by Doenniges, p. 3; by Gerhard, p. 146; by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 226.

## A

a. Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 271, ed. 1803. b. Sts. 8-14; the same, II, 229, ed. 1802.

- 1 THERE was a knight and a lady bright,  
Had a true tryste at the broom;  
The ane gaed early in the morning,  
The other in the afternoon.
- 2 And ay she sat in her mother's bower door,  
And ay she made her mane:  
'O whether should I gang to the Broomfield  
Hill,  
Or should I stay at hame?
- 3 'For if I gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
My maidenhead is gone;  
And if I chance to stay at hame,  
My love will ea me mansworn.'
- 4 Up then spake a witch-woman,  
Ay from the room aloon:  
'O ye may gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
And yet come maiden hame.
- 5 'For when ye gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
Ye'll find your love asleep,  
With a silver belt about his head,  
And a broom-cow at his feet.
- 6 'Take ye the blossom of the broom,  
The blossom it smells sweet,  
And strew it at your true-love's head,  
And likewise at his feet.
- 7 'Take ye the rings off your fingers,  
Put them on his right hand,

## B

Herd, Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 310.

- 1 'I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you  
Five hundred merks and ten,

\* The first stanza of the German ballad occurs in a music-book of 1622; Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 202, who add that the ballad is extant in Dutch and Flemish.

To let him know, when he doth awake,  
His love was at his command.'

- 8 She pu'd the broom flower on Hive Hill,  
And strewd on 's white hals-bane,  
And that was to be wittering trne  
That maiden she had gane.
- 9 'O where were ye, my milk-white steed,  
That I hae coft sae dear,  
That wadna wach and waken me  
When there was maiden here?'
- 10 'I stamped wi my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But no kin thing wald waken ye,  
Till she was past and gane.'
- 11 'And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
That I did love sae dear,  
That wadna wach and waken me  
When there was maiden here.'
- 12 'I elapped wi my wings, master,  
And aye my bells I rang,  
And aye ery'd, Waken, waken, master,  
Before the ladye gang.'
- 13 'But haste and haste, my gude white steed,  
To come the maiden till,  
Or a' the birds of gude green wood  
Of your flesh shall have their fill.'
- 14 'Ye need na burst your gude white steed  
Wi racing oer the howm;  
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,  
Than she fled through the broom.'

That a maid shane go to yon bonny green  
wool,  
And a maiden return agen.'

- 2 'I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you  
Five hundred merks and ten,  
That a maid shall go to yon bonny green wood,  
And a maiden return agen.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-bush,  
And strewd them on's white hass-baue:  
'This is a sign whereby you may know  
That a maiden was here, but she's gane.'

4 'O where was you, my good gray steed,  
That I hae loed sae dear?  
O why did you not awaken me  
When my true love was here?'

C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 291.

1 THERE was a knight and lady bright  
Set trysts amo the broom,  
The one to come at morning ear,  
The other at afternoon.

2 'I'll wager a wager wi you,' he said,  
'An hundred merks and ten.  
That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills,  
Return a maiden again.'

3 'I'll wager a wager wi you,' she said,  
'A hundred pounds and ten.  
That I will gang to Broomfield Hills,  
A maiden return again.'

4 The lady stands in her bower door,  
And thus she made her mane:  
'O shall I gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Or shall I stay at hame?

5 'If I do gang to Broomfield Hills,  
A maid I'll not return;  
But if I stay from Broomfield Hills,  
I'll be a maid mis-sworn.'

6 Then out it speaks an auld witch-wife,  
Sat in the bower aboon:  
'O ye shall gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Ye shall not stay at hame.'

7 'But when ye gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Walk nine times round and round;  
Down below a bonny burn bank,  
Ye'll find your love sleeping sound.'

8 'Ye'll pu the bloom frae aff the broom,  
Strew't at his head and feet,

5 'I stamped with my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But you wadnae waken from your sleep  
Till your love was past and gane.'

6 'Now I may sing as dreary a sang  
As the bird sung on the brier,  
For my true love is far remov'd,  
And I'll neer see her mair.'

7 And aye the thicker that ye do strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.

9 'The broach that is on your napkin,  
Put it on his breast bane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That's true love's come and gane.'

10 'The rings that are on your fingers,  
Lay them down on a stane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That's true love's come and gane.'

11 'And when ye hae your work all done,  
Ye'll gang to a bush o' broom.  
And then you'll hear what he will say,  
When he sees ye are gane.'

12 When she came to Broomfield Hills,  
She walkd it nine times round,  
And down below yon burn bank,  
She found him sleeping sound.

13 She pu'd the bloom frae aff the broom,  
Strew'd it at's head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that she strewd,  
The sounder he did sleep.

14 The broach that was on her napkin,  
She put on his breast bane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.'

15 The rings that were on her fingers,  
She laid upon a stane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.'

16 Now when she had her work all done,  
She went to a bush o' broom,

That she might hear what he did say,  
When he saw she was gane.

17 'O where were ye, my guid grey hound,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
Ye woudna waken me frae my sleep  
When my true love was sae near?'

18 'I scraped wi my foot, master,  
Till a' my collars rang,  
But still the mair that I did scrape,  
Waken woud ye name.'

19 'Where were ye, my berry-brown steed,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When my love was sae near?'

20 'I patted wi my foot, master,  
Till a' my bridles rang,  
But still the mair that I did patt,  
Waken woud ye name.'

21 'O where were ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When ye saw my love near?'

22 'I flapped wi my wings, master,  
Till a' my bells they rang,  
But still the mair that I did flap,  
Waken woud ye name.'

23 'O where were ye, my merry young men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
Ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When my love ye did see?'

24 'Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,  
And wake mair on the day;  
Gae sooner down to Broomfield Hills  
When ye've sie pranks to play.'

25 'If I had seen any armed men  
Come riding over the hill —  
But I saw but a fair lady  
Come quietly you until.'

26 'O wae mat worth you, my young men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That ye woudna waken me frae sleep  
When ye my love did see.'

27 'O had I waked when she was nigh,  
And o' her got my will,  
I shoudna cared upon the morn  
Tho sma birds o' her were fill.'

28 When she went out, right bitter wept,  
But singing came she hame;  
Says, I ha'e been at Broomfield Hills,  
And maid returnd again.

## D

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 195.

1 'I'll wager, I'll wager,' says Lord John,  
'A hundred merks and ten,  
That ye wimma gae to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again.'

2 'But I'll lay a wager wi you, Lord John,  
A' your merks oure again,  
That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again.'

3 Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,  
And his hound wi his bells sae bricht,  
And swiftly he rade to the bonny broom-fields,  
Wi his hawks, like a lord or knicht.

4 'Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,  
My lady will soon be here,  
And I'll lay my head beneath this rose sae red,  
And the bonnie burn sae near.'

5 But sound, sound was the sleep he took,  
For he slept till it was noon,  
And his lady eam at day, left a taiken and  
away,  
Gaed aslicht as a glint o' the moon.

6 She strawed the roses on the ground,  
Threw her mantle on the brier,  
And the belt around her middle sae jimp,  
As a taiken that she'd been there.

7 The rustling leaves flew round his head,  
And rousd him frae his dream;

He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,  
That his love had been there and was gane.

8 'O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

9 'I pautit wi my foot, master,  
Garrd a' my bridles ring,  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

10 'Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

11 'I pautit wi my foot, master,  
Garrd a' my bells to ring.

And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

12 'But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

13 'O wytte na me, now, my master dear,  
I garrd a' my young hawks sing,  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

14 'Then be it sae, my wager gane,  
'T will skaith frae meikle ill,  
For gif I had found her in bonnie broom-fields,  
O her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill.'

## E

Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 7.

1 'I'll wager, I'll wager wi you, fair maid,  
Five hunder punds and ten,  
That a maid winna gae to the bonnie green bower,  
An a maid return back agen.'

2 'I'll wager, I'll wager wi you, kin' sir,  
Five hunder punds and ten,  
That a maid I'll gang to the bonnie green bower,  
An a maid return again.'

3 But when she eam to the bonnie green bower,  
Her true-love was fast asleep;  
Sumtimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips.  
An his breath was wondrous sweet.

4 Sometimes she went to the crown o his head,  
Sometimes to the soles o his feet,  
Sometimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
An his breath was wondrous sweet.

5 She's taen a ring frae her finger,  
Laid it upon his breast-bane;  
It was for a token that she had been there,  
That she had been there, but was gane.

6 'Where was you, where was ye, my merry-men a',  
That I do luv sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
When my true love was here?'

7 'Where was ye, where was ye, my gay goshawk,  
That I do luv sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
When my true love was here?'

8 'Wi my wings I flaw, kin' sir,  
An wi my bill I sang,  
But ye woudna waken out o yer sleep  
Till your true love was gane.'

9 'Where was ye, my bonnie grey steed,  
That I do luv sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
When my true love was here?'

10 'I stampit wi my fit, maister,  
And made my bridle ring,  
But ye wadna waken out o yer sleep,  
Till your true love was gane.'

## F

a. Douce Ballads, III, fol. 64b : Newcastle, printed and sold by John White, in Pilgrim Street. b. Douce Ballads, IV, fol. 10.

1 A NOBLE young squire that livd in the west,  
He courted a young lady gay,  
And as he was merry, he put forth a jest,  
A wager with her he would lay.

2 'A wager with me?' the young lady reply'd,  
'I pray, about what must it be?  
If I like the humour you shan't be deny'd;  
I love to be merry and free.'

3 Quoth he, 'I will lay you an hundred pounds,  
A hundred pounds, aye, and ten.  
That a maid if you go to the merry broom-field,  
That a maid you return not again.'

4 'I'll lay you that wager,' the lady she said,  
Then the money she flung down amain;  
'To the merry broomfield I'll go a pure maid,  
The same I'll return home again.'

5 He coverd herbett in the midst of the hall  
With an hundred and ten jolly pounds,  
And then to his servant straightway he did call,  
For to bring forth his hawk and his hounds.

6 A ready obedience the servant did yield,  
And all was made ready o'er night:  
Next morning he went to the merry broom-field,  
To meet with his love and delight.

7 Now when he came there, having waited a while,  
Among the green broom down he lies;  
The lady came to him, and cou'd not but smile,  
For sleep then had closed his eyes.

8 Upon his right hand a gold ring she seur'd,  
Down from her own finger so fair,  
That when he awaked he might be assur'd  
His lady and love had been there.

9 She left him a posie of pleasant perfume,  
Then stept from the place where he lay:

Then hid herself close in the besom of the broom,

To hear what her true-love would say.

10 He wakend and found the gold ring on his hand,

Then sorrow of heart he was in :

• My love has been here, I do well understand,  
And this wager I now shall not win.

11 'O where was you, my goodly gawshawk,  
The which I have purchasd so dear?  
Why did you not waken me out of my sleep  
When the lady, my lover, was here?'

12 'O with my bells did I ring, master,  
And eke with my feet did I run;  
And still did I cry, Pray awake, master,  
She's here now, and soon will be gone.'

13 'O where was you, my gallant greyhound,  
Whose collar is flourishd with gold?  
Why hadst thou not wakened me out of my sleep  
When thou didst my lady behold?'

14 'Dear master, I barkd with my mouth when she came,  
And likewise my collar I shook,  
And told you that here was the beautiful dame,  
But no notice of me then you took.'

15 'O where was thou, my serving-man,  
Whom I have cloathed so fine?  
If you had wak'd me when she was here,  
The wager then had been mine.'

16 'In the night ye should have slept, master,  
And kept awake in the day;  
Had you not been sleeping when hither she came,  
Then a maid she had not gone away.'

17 Then home he returnd, when the wager was lost,  
With sorrow of heart, I may say;  
The lady she laughd to find her love crost, —  
This was upon midsummer-day.

18 'O squire, I laid in the bushes conceald,  
And heard you when you did complain;  
And thus I have been to the merry broomfield,  
And a maid returnd back again.'

19 'Be chearful, be chearful, and do not repine,  
For now 't is as clear as the sun,

The money, the money, the money is mine,  
The wager I fairly have won.'

A. b. 8<sup>1</sup>. flower frae the bush. 8<sup>2</sup>. a witter true.  
9<sup>2</sup>. I did love.  
11<sup>1</sup>. gray goshawk. 11<sup>2</sup>. sae well.  
11<sup>3</sup>. When my love was here hersell.  
12<sup>1</sup>. Afore your true love gang.  
13<sup>2</sup>. in good.  
14<sup>2</sup>. By running oer the houn' ;  
Nae hare runs swifter oer the lea  
Nor your love ran thro the broom.

**E** concludes with these stanzas, which do not belong to this ballad :

11 'Rise up, rise up, my bonnie grey cock,  
And craw when it is day,  
An your neck sall be o the beaten gowd,  
And your wings o the silver lay.'

12 But the cock prov'd fauss, and untrue he was,  
And he crew three hour ower seen,  
The lassie thocht it day, and sent her love  
away,  
An it was but a blink o the meen.

13 'If I had him but agen.' she says,  
'O if I but had him agen.'

F. a. 8<sup>2</sup>. fingers. 11<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 15<sup>2</sup>. I am.  
b. 2<sup>2</sup>. I pray you now, what.  
3<sup>1</sup>. Said he. 3<sup>4</sup>. omits That.  
4<sup>3</sup>. omits pure. 4<sup>4</sup>. And the . . . back  
again.  
5<sup>2</sup>. ten good. 5<sup>3</sup>. he strait. 5<sup>4</sup>. omits For.  
6<sup>1</sup>. his servants. 6<sup>2</sup>. omits made.  
6<sup>4</sup>. his joy.  
7<sup>4</sup>. sleep had fast. 8<sup>2</sup>. finger.  
9<sup>2</sup>. in the midst. 9<sup>4</sup>. what her lover.  
10<sup>1</sup>. Awaking he found. 10<sup>2</sup>. of hearst.  
10<sup>3</sup>. omits do. 11<sup>2</sup>. wake. 11<sup>4</sup>. and lover.  
12<sup>1</sup>. I did. 12<sup>2</sup>. wake. 12<sup>4</sup>. here and she.  
13<sup>2</sup>. Why did you not wake.  
14<sup>1</sup>. I barked aloud when. 14<sup>2</sup>. that there  
was my.  
15<sup>2</sup>. I have. 15<sup>3</sup>. when she had been here.  
15<sup>4</sup>. had been surely mine.  
16<sup>1</sup>. omits should. 17<sup>3</sup>. to see.  
18<sup>1</sup>. lay. 18<sup>3</sup>. so I. 18<sup>4</sup>. have return'd.  
b has no imprint.

## 44

### THE TWA MAGICIANS

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 24; Motherwell's MS., p. 570.

A BASE-BORN cousin of a pretty ballad known over all Southern Europe, and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France.

The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on

Sunday, or to give her an *aubade*. She declines his visit, or his music. To avoid him she will turn, e. g., into a rose; then he will turn bee, and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman, and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler, and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun;

he priest, and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with her, or be her docto[r]. She will become a star; he a cloud, and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth, into which they will put her, or St Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another; or more complaisantly, Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant.

This ballad might probably be found anywhere in France, but most of the known versions are from south of the Loire. A. Romania, X, 390, E. Legrand, from Normandy; also known in Champagne. B. 'Les Transformations,' V. Smith, Vieilles Chansons du Velay et du Forez, Romania, VII, 61 ff. C. Poésies populaires de la France, MS., III, fol. 233, Vienne. D. The same, II, fol. 39, Guéret, Creuse. E, F. The same volume, fol. 41, fol. 42. G. 'La maîtresse gagnée,' the same volume, fol. 38: "on chante cette chanson sur les confins du département de l'Ain qui le séparent de la Savoie."\* H. 'J'ai fait une maîtresse,' Champfleury, Chansons populaires des Provinces, p. 90, Bourbonnais. I. 'Adin, Margaridoto,' Bladé, Poésies pop. de la Gasconne, II, 361. J. Mélusine, col. 338 f, Carcassonne. K. Montel et Lambert, Chansons pop. du Languedoc, p. 544-51, and Revue des Langues romanes, XII, 261-67, four copies. L. 'Les Transfourmations,' Arband, II, 128. The Provençal ballad is introduced by Mistral into Miréo, Chant III, as the song of Magali. M. 'La Poursuite d'Amour,' Marrelle, in Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, LVII, 191. N. 'J'ai fait une maîtresse,' Gagnon, Chansons populaires du Canada, p. 137, and Lovell, Recueil de Chansons canadiennes, 'Chanson de Voyageur,' p. 68. O. Gagnon, p. 78.

Catalan. Closely resembling the French: A. 'La Esquerpa,' Briz, Cansons de la Terra, I, 125. B, C, D. 'Las Transformaciones,' Milá, Romancerillo Catalan, p. 393, No 513.

Italian. Reduced to a *rispetto*, Tigri, Canti popolari toscani, ed. 1860, p. 241, No 861.

\* There are two other versions in this great collection besides the five cited, but either I have overlooked these, or they are in Volume VI, not yet received.

Roumanian. 'Cucul si Turturica,' Alecsandri, Poesie populare ale Românilor, p. 7, No 3; French version, by the same, Ballades et Chants populaires, p. 35, No 7; Schuller, Romänische Volkslieder, p. 47. The cuckoo, or the lover under that style, asks the dove to be his mistress till Sunday. The dove, for his sake, would not say No, but because of his mother, who is a witch, if not let alone will change into a roll, and hide under the ashes. Then he will turn into a shovel, and get her out. She will turn into a reed, and hide in the pond. He will come as shepherd to find a reed for a flute, put her to his lips, and cover her with kisses. She will change to an image, and hide in the depths of the church. He will come every day in the week, as deacon or chorister, to kiss the images (a pious usage in those parts), and she will not thus escape him. Schuller refers to another version, in Schuster's unprinted collection, in which youth and maid carry on this contest in their proper persons, and not under figure.

Ladin. Flugi, Die Volkslieder des Engadin, p. 83, No 12. "Who is the younger that goes a-field ere dawn? Who is his love?" "A maid all too fair, with dowry small enough." "Maid, wilt give me a rose?" "No; my father has forbidden." "Wilt be my love?" "Rather a seed, and hide in the earth." "Then I will be a bird, and pick thee out," etc.

Greek. Tommaseo, III, 61, Passow, p. 431, No 574 a. A girl tells her mother she will kill herself rather than accept the Turk: she will turn swallow, and take to the woods. The mother replies, Turn what you will, he will turn hunter, and take you from me. The same kernel of this ballad of transformations in Comparetti, Saggi dei Dialetti greci dell'Italia meridionale, p. 38, No 36, as M. Paul Meyer has remarked, Revue Critique, II, 302.

The ballad is well known to the Slavic nations.

Moravian. Čelakovsky, p. 75, No 6, Wenzig, Slawische Volkslieder, p. 72, Bibliothek slaviseher Poesien, p. 92. A youth threatens to carry off a maid for his wife. She will fly to the wood as a dove. He has a rifle that will bring her down. She will jump into the

water as a fish. He has a net that will take the fish. She will turn to a hare; he to a dog; she cannot escape him.

**Polish.** Very common. **A a.** Waclaw z Oleska, p. 417, No 287; Konopka, p. 124. A young man says, though he should ride night and day for it, ride his horse's eyes out, the maid must be his. She will turn to a bird, and take to the thicket. But carpenters have axes which can fell a wood. Then she will be a fish, and take to the water. But fishermen have nets which will find her. Then she will become a wild duck, and swim on the lake. Sportsmen have rifles to shoot ducks. Then she will be a star in the sky, and give light to the people. He has a feeling for the poor, and will bring the star down to the earth by his prayers. "I see," she says, "it's God's ordinance; whithersoever I betake myself, you are up with me; I will be yours after all." Nearly the same mutations in other versions, with some variety of introduction and arrangement. **A b.** Kolberg, Lud, VI, 129, No 257. **A c.** "Przyjaciel ludu, 1836, rok 2, No 34;" Lipiński, p. 135; Kolberg, Lud XII, 98, No 193. **B.** Pauli, Piesiń ludu polskiego, I, 135. **C.** The same, p. 133. **D.** Kolberg, Lud, XII, 99, No 194. **E.** Lud, IV, 19, No 137. **F.** Lud, XII, 97, No 192. **G.** Lud, II, 134, No 161. **H.** Lud, VI, 130, No 258. **I.** Woicicki, I, 141, Waldbrühl, Slawische Balalaika, p. 433. **J. a, b.** Roger, p. 147, No 285, p. 148, No 286.

**Servian.** Karadshitch, I, 434, No 602; Talvj, II, 100; Kapper, II, 208; Pellegrini, p. 37. Rather than be her lover's, the maid will turn into a gold-jug in a drinking-house; he will be mine host. She will change into a cup in a coffee-house; he will be *caféter*. She will become a quail, he a sportsman; a fish, he a net. Pellegrini has still another form, 'La fanciulla assediata.' p. 93. An old man desires a maid. She will rather turn into a lamb; he will turn into a wolf. She will

become a quail; he a hawk. She will change into a rose; he into a goat, and tear off the rose from the tree.

There can be little doubt that these ballads are derived, or take their hint, from popular tales, in which (1) a youth and maid, pursued by a sorcerer, fiend, giant, ogre, are transformed by the magical powers of one or the other into such shapes as enable them to elude, and finally to escape, apprehension; or (2) a young fellow, who has been apprenticed to a sorcerer, fiend, etc., and has acquired the black art by surreptitious reading in his master's books, being pursued, as before, assumes a variety of forms, and his master others, adapted to the destruction of his intended victim, until the tables are turned by the fugitive's taking on the stronger figure and despatching his adversary.

Specimens of the first kind are afforded by Gonzenbach, Siciliane Märchen, Nos 14, 15, 54, 55; Grimms, Nos 51, 56, 113; Schneller, No 27; Pitre, Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti siciliani, No 15; Imbriani, Novellaja milanese, No 27, N. fiorentana, No 29; Maspons y Labrós, Rondallayre, I, 85, II, 39; Cosquin, Contes lorrains, in Romania, V, 354; Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 129f, from Afanasief V, No 23; Bechstein, Märchenbuch, p. 75, ed. 1879, which combines both. Others in Köhler's note to Gonzenbach, No 14, at II, 214.

Of the second kind, among very many, are Straparola, viii, 5, see Grimms, III, 288, Louveau et Larivey, II, 152; Grimms, Nos 68, 117; Müllenhoff, No 27, p. 466; Pröhle, Märchen für die Jugend, No 26; Asbjørnsen og Moe, No 57; Grundtvig, Gamle danske Minder, 1854, Nos 255, 256; Hahn, Griechische Märchen, No 68; the Breton tale Koadalan, Luzel, in Revue Celtique, I, 1<sup>1/2</sup>; the Schotts, Walachische Märchen, No 18; \* Woicicki, Klechdy, II, 26, No 4; Karadshitch, No 6; Afanasief, V, 95f, No 22, VI,

\* The Schotts are reminded by their story that Wade puts his son Weland in apprenticeship to Mimir Smith, and to the dwarfs. They might have noted that the devil, in the Wallachian tale, wishes to keep his prentice a second year, as the dwarfs wish to do in the case of Weland. That little

trait comes, no doubt, from Weland's story; but we will not, therefore, conclude that our smith is Weland Smith, and his adventure with the lady founded upon that of Weland with Nidung's daughter.

189 ff, No 45 a, b, and other Russian and Little Russian versions, VIII, 340. Köhler adds several examples of one kind or the other in a note to *Koadalan*, *Revue Celtique*, I, 132, and Wolner Slavic parallels in a note to *Leskien und Brugman*, *Litauische Volkslieder und Märchen*, p. 537 f.

The usual course of events in these last is that the prentice takes refuge in one of many pomegranate kernels, barley-corns, poppy-seeds, millet-grains, pearls; the master becomes a cock, hen, sparrow, and picks up all of these but one, which turns into a fox, dog, weasel, crow, cat, hawk, vulture, that kills the bird.

The same story occurs in the Turkish Forty Viziers, Behrnauer, p. 195 ff, the last transformations being millet, cock, man, who tears off the cock's head. Also in the introduction to *Siddhi-Kür*, Jülg, pp 1-3, where there are seven masters instead of one, and the final changes are worms, instead of seeds, seven hens, a man with a cane who kills the hens.\*

The pomegranate and cock (found in *Straparola*) are among the metamorphoses in the contest between the afrite and the princess in the tale of the Second Calender in the Arabian Nights.

Entirely similar is the pursuit of Gwion the pigmy by the goddess Koridgwen, cited by Villemarqué, *Barzaz Breiz*, p. lvi, ed. 1867,

from the Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales, I, 17. Gwion having, by an accident, come to the knowledge of superhuman mysteries, Koridgwen wishes to take his life. He flees, and turns successively into a hare, fish, bird; she follows, in the form of hound, otter, hawk; finally he becomes a wheaten grain, she a hen, and swallows the grain.

The ordinary tale has found its way into rhyme in a German broadside ballad, Lóngard, Altrheinländische Mährlein und Liedlein, p. 76, No 40, 'Von einem gottlosen Zauberer und seiner unschuldigen Kindlein wunderbarer Erlösung.' The two children of an ungodly magician, a boy and a girl, are devoted by him to the devil. The boy had read in his father's books while his father was away. They flee, and are pursued: the girl becomes a pond, the boy a fish. The wicked wizard goes for a net. The boy pronounces a spell, by which the girl is turned into a chapel, and he into an image on the altar. The wizard, unable to get at the image, goes for fire. The boy changes the girl into a threshing-floor, himself into a barley-corn. The wizard becomes a hen, and is about to swallow the grain of barley. By another spell the boy changes himself into a fox, and then twists the hen's neck.

Translated by Gerhard, p. 18.

1 THE lady stands in her bower door,  
As straight as willow wand;  
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,  
Wi hammer in his hand.

2 'Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,  
Into your robes o red;  
Before the morn at this same time,  
I'll gain your maidenhead.'

3 'Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,  
Woud ye do me the wrang  
To think to gain my maidenhead,  
That I haec kept sae lang!'

4 Then she has hadden up her hand,  
And she sware by the mold,  
'I wudna be a blacksmith's wife  
For the full o a chest o gold.'

5 'I'd rather I were dead and gone,  
And my body laid in grave,  
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith  
My maidenhead shoud have.'

6 But he has hadden up his hand,  
And he sware by the mass,  
'I'll cause ye be my light leman  
For the hauf o that and less.'

\* See Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, I, 410 f, who maintains the Mongol tale to be of Indian origin, and thinks the story to have been derived from the contests in magic between

Buddhist and Brahman saints, of which many are related in Buddhist legends.

O bide, lady, bide,

And aye he bade her bide :

The rusty smith your leman shall be,

For a' your muckle pride.

7 Then she became a turtle dow,

To fly up in the air,

And he became another dow,

And they flew pair and pair,

O bide, lady, bide, &c.

8 She turnd hersell into an eel,

To swim into yon burn,

And he became a speckled trout,

To gie the eel a turn,

O bide, lady, bide, &c.

9 Then she became a duck, a duck,

To puddle in a peel,

And he became a rose-kaimd drake,

To gie the duck a dreel,

O bide, lady, bide, &c.

10 She turnd hersell into a hare,

To rin upon yon hill,

And he became a gude greyhound,

And boldly he did till,

O bide, lady, bide, &c.

11 Then she became a gay grey mare,

And stood in yonder slack,

And he became a gilt saddle,

And sat upon her back,

Was she wae, he held her sae,

And still he bade her bide :

The rusty smith her leman was,

For a' her muckle pride.

12 Then she became a het girdle,

And he became a cake,

And a' the ways she turnd hersell,

The blacksmith was her make,

Was she wae, &c.

13 She turnd hersell into a ship,

To sail out ower the flood :

He ea'd a nail intill her tail,

And synce the ship she stood,

Was she wae, &c.

14 Then she became a silken plaid,

And stretch'd upon a bed,

And he became a green covering,

And gain'd her maidenhead,

Was she wae, &c.

## 45

### KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

A. 'Kinge John and Bishoppe,' Percy MS., p. 184; Hales and Furnivall, I, 508.

B. 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,' broadside printed for P. Brooksby.

THE broadside B was printed, with trifling variations, or corrections, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, IV, 29 (1719), and in *Old Ballads*, II, 49 (1723). It is found in several of the collections: *Pepys*, II, 128, No 112; *Roxburghe*, III, 883; *Ouvry*, No 47; the *Bagford*; and it was among Heber's ballads, Brooksby published from 1672 to 1695, and

B was "allowed" by Roger L'Estrange, who was licenser from 1663 to 1685: Chappell, *The Roxburghe Ballads*, I, xviii, xxiii. The title of B is A *new* ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, to the tune of 'The King and the Lord Abbot.'\* This older ballad seems not to have come down.

There are at least two other broadsides ex-

allowance, Ro L'Estrange. Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.

\* A New Ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury. To the Tune of The King and the Lord Abbot. With

tant upon the same subject, both mentioned by Percy, and both inferior even to B, and in a far less popular style: ‘The King and the Bishop,’ Pepys, I, 472, No 243. Roxburghe, III, 170, Douce, fol. 110; and ‘The Old Abbot and King Olfrey,’ Douce, II, fol. 169, Pepys, II, 127, No 111, printed in Old Ballads, II, 55.\* In both of these the Shepherd is the Bishop’s brother, which he is not in B; in A he is half-brother. Pepys’s Penny Mermits contain, I, 14, ‘The pleasant History of King Henry the Eighth and the Abbot of Reading.’† This last may, without rashness, be assumed to be a variation of ‘King John and the Abbot.’

Percy admitted ‘King John and the Abbot’ to his Reliques, II, 302, introducing many lines from A “worth reviving,” and many improvements of his own,‡ and thus making undeniably a very good ballad out of a very poor one.

The story of this ballad was told in Scotland, some fifty years ago, of the Gudeman of Ballengeigh, James the V, the hero of not a few other tales. Once on a time, falling in with the priest of Markinch (near Falkland), and finding him a dullard, he gave the poor man four questions to think of till they next met, with an intimation that his benefice would be lost were they not rightly answered. The questions were those of our ballad, preceded by Where is the middle of the earth? The parson could make nothing of them, and was forced to resort to a miller of the neighborhood, who was reputed a clever fellow. When called to answer the first question, the miller put out his staff, and said, There, as your

\* The King and the Bishop, or,

Unlearned Men hard matters out can find  
When Learned Bishops Princes eyes do blind.

To the Tune of Chievy Chase. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright (1655-80). Printed for J. Wright, Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenver.

The Old Abbot and King Olfrey. To the tune of the Shaking of the Sheets. Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the booksellers of London.

J. Wright’s date is 1650-82, T. Passinger’s, 1670-82, Chappell.

† Printed by J. M. for C. D., at the Stationers Armes within Aldgate. C. D. is, no doubt, C. Dennis, who pub-

majesty will find by measuring. The others were dealt with as in the ballad. The king said that the miller should have the parson’s place, but the miller begged off from this in favor of the incumbent. Small, Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, p. 289 ff.

Riddle stories in which a forfeit is to be paid by a vanquished party have incidentally been referred to under No 1 and No 2. They are a very extensive class. The oldest example is that of Samson’s riddle, with a stake of thirty sheets (or shirts) and thirty change of garments: Judges, xiv, 12 ff. Another from Semitic tradition is what is related of Solomon and Hiram of Tyre, in Josephus against Apion, i, 17, 18, and Antiquities, viii, 5. After the manner of Amasis and the Ethiopian king in Plutarch (see p. 13), they send one another riddles, with a heavy fine for failure,—in this case a pecuniary one. Solomon at first poses Hiram; then Hiram guesses Solomon’s riddles, by the aid of Abdemon (or the son of Abdemon), and in turn poses Solomon with riddles devised by Abdemon.§

‘Pá grónaliðheiði,’ Landstad, p. 369, is a contest in riddles between two brothers (refreshingly original in some parts), introduced by three stanzas, in which it is agreed that the defeated party shall forfeit his share of their inheritance: and this the editor seems to take quite seriously.

Death is the penalty attending defeat in many of these wit-contests. Odin (Vafþrúðnismál), jealous of the giant Vafþrúðnir’s wisdom, wishes to put it to test. He enters the giant’s hall, assuming the name of Gagn-

lished 1685-89. See Chappell, The Roxburghe Ballads, I, xix.

† Among these, St Bittel for St Andrew of A 26, with the note, “meaning probably St Botolph;” why “probably”?

§ This story serves as a gloss on 2 Chronicles, ii, 13, 14, where Hiram sends Solomon a cunning Tyrian, skilful to find out every device which shall be put to him by the cunning men of Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba’s hard questions to Solomon, not specified in 1 Kings, x, 1-13, were, according to tradition, of the same general character as the Indian ones spoken of at p. 12. See Hertz, Die Rätsel der Königin von Saba, Zeitschrift für deut-sches Altertum, XXVII, 1 ff.

rāðr, and announces the object of his visit. The giant tells him he shall never go out again unless he prove the wiser, asks a few questions to see whether he be worth contending with, and, finding him so, proposes a decisive trial, with their heads for the stake. Odin now propounds, first, twelve questions, mostly in cosmogony, and then five relating to the future of the universe; and all these the giant is perfectly competent to answer. The very unfair question is then put, What did Odin say in his son's ear ere Balder mounted the funeral pile? Upon this Vafprûðnir owns himself vanquished, and we may be sure he was not spared by his antagonist.

The Hervarar saga contains a story which, in its outlines, approximates to that of our ballad until we come to the conclusion, where there is no likeness. King Heiðrekr, after a long career of blood, gave up war and took to law-making. He chose his twelve wisest men for judges, and swore, with one hand on the head and the other on the bristles of a huge hog which he had reared, that no man should do such things that he should not get justice from these twelve, while any one who preferred might clear himself by giving the king riddles which he could not guess. There was a man named Gestr, and surnamed the Blind, a very bad and troublesome fellow, who had withheld from Heiðrekr tribute that was due. The king sent him word to come to him and submit to the judgment of the twelve: if he did not, the case would be tried with arms. Neither of these courses pleased Gestr, who was conscious of being very guilty: he took the resolution of making offerings to Odin for help. One night there was a knock. Gestr went to the door, and saw a man, who announced his name as Gestr. After mutual inquiries about the news, the stranger asked whether Gestr the Blind was not in trouble about something. Gestr the Blind explained his plight fully, and the stranger said, "I will go to the king and try what I can effect: we will exchange looks and clothes." The

stranger, in the guise of Gestr, entered the king's hall, and said, Sire, I am come to make my peace. "Will you abide by the judgment of my men of law?" asked the king. "Are there not other ways?" inquired Gestr. "Yes: you shall give me riddles which I cannot guess, and so purchase your peace." Gestr assented, with feigned hesitation; chairs were brought, and everybody looked to hear something fine. Gestr gave, and Heiðrekr promptly answered, some thirty riddles.\* Then said Gestr: Tell thou me this only, since thou thinkest to be wiser than all kings: What said Odin in Balder's ear before he was borne to the pile? "Shame and cowardice," exclaimed Heiðrekr, "and all manner of poltroonery, jugglery, goblinry! no one knows those words of thine save thou thyself, evil and wretched wight!" So saying, Heiðrekr drew Tyrfing, that never was bared but somebody must fall, to cut down Gestr. The disguised Odin changed to a hawk, and made for the window, but did not escape before Heiðrekr's sword had docked the bird's tail. For breaking his own truce Odin said Heiðrekr should die by the hand of a slave, which came to pass. Fornaldar Sögur, Rafn, I, 462 ff.

The same story has come down in a Färöe ballad, 'Gátu ríma,' Hammershaimb, Færøiske Kvæder, No 4, p. 26 (and previously published in the Antiquarisk Tidsskrift, 1849–51, pp 75–78), translated by Dr Prior, I, 336 ff. Gest promises Odin twelve gold marks to take his place. The riddles are announced as thirteen in number, but the ballad is slightly defective, and among others the last question, What were Odin's words to Balder? is lost. Odin flies off in the shape of a falcon; Hejdrek and all his men are burned up.

A tale presenting the essential traits of our ballad is cited in Vincent of Beauvais's Speculum Morale, i, 4, 10, at the end. We read, he says, of a king, who, seeking a handle for wrenching money out of a wealthy and wise man, put him three questions, apparently

\* These are proper riddles, and of a kind still current in popular tradition. See, e.g., Svend Vonved, Grundtvig, I, 237 f. There are thirty-five, before the last, in the oldest

text, given, with a translation, by Vigfusson and Powell, Corpus Poeticum Boreale, 'King Heidrek's Riddles,' I, 86 ff.

insoluble, intending to make him pay a large sum for not answering them : 1, Where is the middle point of the earth ? 2, How much water is there in the sea ? 3, How great is the mercy of God ? On the appointed day, having been brought from prison into the presence to ransom himself if he could, the respondent, by the *advice of a certain philosopher*, proceeded thus. He planted his staff where he stood, and said, Here is the centre; disprove it if you can. If you wish me to measure the sea, stop the rivers, so that nothing may flow in till I have done ; then I will give you the contents. To answer your third question, I must borrow your robes and your throne. Then mounting the throne, clothed with the royal insignia, "Behold," said he, "the height of the mercy of God : but now I was a slave, now I am a king ; but now poor, and now rich ; but now in prison and in chains, and now at liberty," etc.

Of the same stamp is a story in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, Madden, p. 55, No 19. A knight was accused to the emperor by his enemies, but not so as to give a plausible ground for steps against him. The emperor could hit upon no way but to put him questions, on pain of life and death. The questions were seven ; the third and the sixth will suffice : How many gallons of salt water been in the sea ? Answer : Let all the outpassings of fresh water be stopped, and I shall tell thee. How many days' journey beth in the circle of the world ? Answer : Only the space of one day.

Much nearer to the ballad, and earlier than either of the preceding, is the Stricker's tale of Amis and the Bishop, in the Pfaffe Amis, dated at about 1236. Amis, a learned and bountiful priest in England, excited the envy of his bishop, who sent for him, told him that he lived in better style than his superior, and demanded a subvention. The priest flatly refused to give the bishop anything but a good dinner. "Then you shall lose your church," said the bishop in wrath. But the priest, strong in a good conscience, felt small concern about that : he said the bishop might test his fitness with any examination he pleased.

That I will do, said the bishop, and gave him five questions. "How much is there in the sea?" "One tun," answered Amis ; "and if you think I am not right, stop all the rivers that flow in, and I will measure it and convince you." "Let the rivers run," said the bishop. "How many days from Adam to our time?" "Seven," said the parson ; "for as soon as seven are gone, they begin again." The bishop, fast losing his temper, next demanded "What is the exact middle of the earth ? Tell me, or lose your church." "Why, my church stands on it," replied Amis. "Let your men measure, and take the church if it prove not so." The bishop declined the task, and asked once more : How far is it from earth to sky ? and then : What is the width of the sky ? to which Amis replied after the same fashion.

In this tale of the Stricker the parson answers for himself, and not by deputy, and none of the questions are those of our ballad. But in a tale of Franco Sacchetti,\* given in two forms, Novella iv<sup>a</sup>, we have both the abbot and his humble representative, and an agreement as to one of the questions. Bernabò Visconti († 1385) was offended with a rich abbot, who had neglected some dogs that had been entrusted to his care, and was minded to make the abbot pay him a fine ; but so far yielded to the abbot's protest as to promise to release him from all penalties if he could answer four questions : How far is it from here to heaven ? How much water is there in the sea ? What is going on in hell ? What is the value of my person ? A day was given to get up the answers. The abbot went home, in the depths of melancholy, and met on the way one of his millers, who inquired what was the matter, and, after receiving an explanation, offered to take the abbot's place, disguising himself as well as he could. The answers to the two first questions are not the usual ones : huge numbers are given, and the seigneur is told to measure for himself, if not willing to accept them. The answer to the fourth is twenty-nine deniers ; for our Lord was sold for thirty,

\* Sacchetti's life extended beyond 1400, or perhaps beyond 1410.

and you must be worth one less than he. Messer Bernabò said the miller should be abbot, and the abbot miller, from that time forth. Sacchetti says that others tell the story of a pope and an abbot, adding one question. The gardener of the monastery presents the abbot, makes the usual answer to the second question as to the water in the sea, and prizes Christ's vicar at twenty-eight deniers.

The excellent old farce, "Ein Spil von einem Kaiser und eim Apt," Fastnachtsspiele aus dem 15<sup>th</sup> Jahrhundert, I, 199, No 22, obliges the abbot to answer three questions, or pay for all the damages done in the course of a calamitous invasion. The abbot has a week's grace allowed him. The questions are three: How much water in the sea? How much is the emperor worth? Whose luck came quickest? The miller answers for the abbot: Three tubs, if they are big enough; eight and twenty pence; and *he* is the man whose luck came quickest, for just before he was a miller, now he is an abbot. The emperor says that, since the miller has acted for the abbot, abbot he shall be.

Very like this, as to the form of the story, is the anecdote in Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, LV, p. 46, ed. Oesterley (c. 1522). A nobleman, who is seeking an occasion to quarrel with an abbot, tells him that he must answer these questions in three days, or be deposed: What do you value me at? Where is the middle of the world? How far apart are good and bad luck? A swineherd answers for him: Since Christ was sold for thirty pence, I rate the emperor at twenty-nine and you at twenty-eight; my church is the mid-point of the world, and, if you will not believe me, measure for yourself; good and bad luck are but one night apart, for yesterday I was a swineherd, to-day I am an abbot. Then, says the nobleman, an abbot shall you stay. With this agrees, say the Grimms, the tale in Eyring's Proverbiorum Copia (1601), I, 165-168, III, 23-25.

\* The form of the third question is slightly varied at first: *i* Cuñal es el error en que yo estoy pensando? But when put to the herdsman the question is simply *i* En qué estoy yo pensando? I was pointed to this story by Seidemann, in

Waldis, Esopns (1548), B. 3, Fabel 92, Kurz, I, 382, agrees in general with Pauli: but in place of the first two questions has these three: How far is to heaven? How deep is the sea? How many tubs will hold all the sea-water? The answers are: A short day's journey, for Christ ascended in the morning and was in heaven before night; a stone's cast; one tub, if large enough.

Teofilo Folengo (1491-1544), as pointed out by Köhler, has the story in the 8th canto of his Orlando; and here we find the third question of our ballad. There are three besides: How far from earth to heaven? From the east to the west? — a modification of the second question in the ballad: How many drops of water in the seas about Italy? The abbot's cook, Marcolf, answers to the first, One leap, as proved by Satan's fall; to the second, One day's journey, if the sun is to be trusted; and insists that, for a correct count under the third, all the rivers shall first be stopped. To the fourth he makes the never-stale reply, You *think* I am the abbot, but I am the cook. Rainero says he shall remain abbot, and the abbot the cook. (Stanzas 38, 39, 64-69, pp 186 f, 195 ff, London edition of 1775.)

A capital Spanish story, Gramatica Parda, Trueba, Cuentos Populares, p. 287, has all three of the questions asked and answered as in our ballad. There is a curate who sets up to know everything, and the king, "el rey que rabió," has found him out, and gives him a month to make his three answers, with a premium and a penalty. The curate is forced to call in a despised goatherd, who also had all along seen through the shallowness of the priest. The king makes the goatherd "archipámpano" of Seville, and condemns the curate to wear the herdsman's garb and tend his goats for a month.\*

The first and third questions of the ballad are found in the thirty-eighth tale of Le Grand Parangon des Nouvelles Nouveilles of Nicolas de Troyes, 1536 (ed. Mabille, p. 155 ff); in

Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte, IX, 423. Trueba's C. P. forms vol. 19 of Brockhaus's Colección de Autores Españoles.

the Patrónuelo of Juan de Timoneda, 1576, Pat. 14, Novelistas anteriores á Cervantes, in the Rivadeneyra Biblioteca, p. 154 f; and in the Herzog Heinrich Julius von Braunschweig's comedy, Von einem Edelman welcher einem Abt drey Fragen aufgegeben, 1594, ed. Holland, p. 500 ff. The other question is as to the centre of the earth, and the usual answers are given by the abbot's miller, cook, servant, except that in Timoneda the cook is so rational as to say that the centre must be under the king's feet, seeing that the world is as round as a ball.\* The question Where is the middle of the earth? is replaced by How many stars are there in the sky? the other two remaining, in Balthasar Schupp, *Schriften*, Frankfurt, 1701, I, 91 f (Köhler), and in Gottlieb Cober († 1717), *Cabinet-prediger*, 2<sup>r</sup> Theil, No 65, p. 323 (Gräter, Idunnna u. Hermodé, 1814, No 33, p. 131, and p. 87). The abbot's miller gives a huge number, and bids the king (of France) verify it, if he wishes. This last is no doubt the version of the story referred to by the Grimms in their note to K. u. H. *märchen*, No 152.

We encounter a slight variation, not for the better, in L'Élité des Contes du Sieur d'Ouville († 1656 or 1657), Rouen, 1699, I, 241; à la Haye, 1703, I, 296; ed. Ristelhuber, 1876, p. 46 (Kölder); Nouveaux Contes à Rire, Cologne, 1709, p. 266; Contes à Rire, Paris, 1781, I, 184. An ignorant and violent nobleman threatens a parson, who plumes himself on a little astrology, that he will expose him as an impostor if he does not answer four questions: Where is the middle of the world? What am I worth? What am I thinking? What do I believe? The village miller an-

swers for the curé. The reply to the third question is, You are thinking more of your own interest than of mine; the others as before. This story is retold, after tradition, by Cénae Moncaut, *Contes populaires de la Gascogne*, p. 50, of a marquis, archiprêtre, and miller. The query, What am I thinking of? with the answer, More of your interest than of mine (which is not exactly in the popular manner), is replaced by a logical puzzle, not found elsewhere: Quel est le nombre qui se trouve renfermé dans deux œufs?

The King and the Abbot is preserved, in modern German tradition, in this form. An emperor, riding by a cloister, reads the inscription, We are two farthings poorer than the emperor, and live free of cares. Wait a bit, says the emperor, and I will give you some cares. He sends for the abbot, and says, Answer these three questions in three days, or I will depose you. The questions are, How deep is the sea? How many stars in the sky? How far from good luck to bad? The shepherd of the monastery gives the answers, and is told, as in several cases before, If you are the abbot, abbot you shall be. J. W. Wolf, *Hessische Sagen*, p. 166, No 262, II. 'Gustav Adolf und der Abt von Benedikteuern,' in Sepp's *Altbayerischer Sagenschatz*, p. 554, No 153, is another form of the same story, with a substitution of How far is it to heaven? for the first question, and the answers are given by a kitchie-boy.† In 'Hans ohne Sorgen,' Meier, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben*, p. 305, the questions are, How far is it to heaven? How deep is the sea? How many leaves has a linden? and the shepherd again undertakes the answers.‡

\* The editor of the Grand Parangon, at p. xiii, cites from an older source an anecdote of a king insisting upon being told how much he ought to bring if offered for sale. While his courtiers are giving flattering replies, a fool leaps forward and says, Twenty-nine deniers, and no more; for if you were worth thirty, that would be autant que le tout-piasant Dieu valut, quant il fut vendu. The king took this answer to heart, and repented of his vanities. So an emperor is converted by this reply from a man-at-arms, Van den verwenden Keyser, Jan van Hollant, c. 1400, Willems, Belgisch Museum, X, 57; Thijm, p. 145. The like question and answer, as a riddle, in a German MS. of the fifteenth century, and in Questions énigmatiques, Lyon, 1619; Kohler, in Weimarisches Jahrbuch, V, 354 ff.

† In Prussia Frederick the Great plays the part of Gustavus. Sepp, p. 558.

‡ Another Swabian story, in Meier, No 28, p. 99, is a mixed form. The Duke of Swabia reads "Hans sans eares" over a miller's house-door, and says, "Bide a wee: if you have no eares, I will give you some." The duke, to give the miller a taste of what care is, says he must solve this riddle or lose his mill: Come to me neither by day nor by night, neither naked nor clothed, neither on foot nor on horseback. The miller promises his man his daughter in marriage and the mill in succession, if he will help him out of his dilemma. The man at once says, Go on Mid-week, for Mid-week is no day (Mitt-woch ist ja gar kein Tag, wie Sonn-tag, Mon-tag), neither is it night; and if you are to be neither

'Der Müller ohne Sorgen,' Müllenhoff, p. 153, 208, is a mutilated variation of these. The abbot disappears, and the questions are put to the miller, who answers for himself. The second question is How much does the moon weigh? and the answer, Four quarters; if you don't believe it, you must weigh for yourself.

We meet the miller *sans souci* again in a Danish tale, which otherwise agrees entirely with our ballad. The questions are answered by the rich miller's herdsman: Grundtvig, Gamle danske Minder, 1854, p. 112, No 111.

A Croatian version of the story is given by Valjavets, 'Frater i turski car,' p. 262. The Turkish tsar is disposed to expel all monks from his dominions, but determines first to send for an abbot to try his calibre. The abbot is too much frightened to go, and his cook, as in Foligno and Timoneda, takes his place. The questions are, Where is the centre of the world? What is God doing now? What am I thinking? The first and third are disposed of in the usual way. When called to answer the second, the cook said, You can't see through the ceiling: we must go out into the field. When they came to the field, the cook said again, How can I see when I am on such a small ass? Let me have your horse. The sultan consented to exchange beasts, and then the cook said, God is wondering that a sultan should be sitting on an ass and a monk on a horse. The sultan was pleased with the answers, and reasoning, If the cook is so clever, what must the abbot be, decided to let the monks alone. Afanaseff, who cites this story from Valjavets (*Narodnii russkiy Skazki*, VIII, 460), says that he heard in the government of Voroneje a story of a soldier who dressed himself as a monk and presented himself before a tsar who was in the habit of puzzling people with riddles. The questions are, How many drops in the sea? How many stars in the sky?

clothed nor bare, put on a fishing-net; and if you are to go neither on foot nor on horseback, ride to him on an ass. All but the beginning of this is derived from the cycle of 'The Clever Wench:' see No 2. Haltrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen in Siebenbürgen, No 45, which is also of this cycle, has taken up a little of 'Hans ohne Sorgen.' A church has an inscrip-

tion, *Wir leben ohne Sorgen*. This vexes the king, who says as before, Just wait, and I will give you reason for cares, p. 244, ed. 1856.

A few tales, out of many remaining, may be now briefly mentioned, on account of variations in the setting.

A prisoner is to be released if he can tell a queen how much she is worth, the centre of the world, and what she thinks. A peasant changes clothes with the prisoner, and answers *pro more*. Kurtzweiliger Zeitvertreiber durch C. A. M. von W., 1668, p. 70 f, in Köhler, Orient u. Occident, I, 43.

A scholar has done learning. His master says he must now answer three questions, or have his head taken off. The master's brother, a miller, comes to his aid. The questions are. How many ladders would reach to the sky? Where is the middle of the world? What is the world worth? Or, according to another tradition, the two last are, How long will it take to go round the world? What is my thought? Campbell, Popular Tales of the West Highlands, II, 391 f.

Eulenspiegel went to Prague, and advertised himself on the doors of the churches and lecture-rooms as a great master, capable of answering questions that nobody else could solve. To put him down, the rector and his colleagues summoned Eulenspiegel to an examination before the university. Five questions were given him: How much water is there in the sea? How many days from Adam to now? Where is the middle of the world? How far from earth to heaven? What is the breadth of the sky? Lappenberg, Dr Thomas Murners Uulenspiegel, p. 38, No 28; Howglas, ed. Ouvry, p. 28.

A herdboy had a great fame for his shrewd answers. The king did not believe in him, but sent for him, and said, If you can answer three questions that I shall put, I will regard you as my own child, and you shall live

tion, *Wir leben ohne Sorgen*. This vexes the king, who says as before, Just wait, and I will give you reason for cares, p. 244, ed. 1856.

\* These two stories were communicated to me by Mr Ralston.

in my palace. The questions are, How many drops of water are there in the ocean? How many stars in the sky? How many seconds in eternity? The Grimms, K. u. H. Märchen, No 152, 'Das Hirtenbüblein.'

Three questions are put to a counsellor of the king's, of which the first two are, Where does the sun rise? How far from heaven to earth? The answers, by a shepherd, are extraordinarily feeble. Jüdisches Maasäbuch, cap. 126, cited from Helwigs Jüdische Historien, No 39, in the Grimms' note to Das Hirtenbüblein.

Three monks, who know everything, in the course of their travels come to a sultan's dominions, and he invites them to turn Mussulmans. This they agree to do if he will answer their questions. All the sultan's doctors are convened, but can do nothing with the monks' questions. The hodja (the court-fool) is sent for. The first question, Where is the middle of the earth? is answered as usual. The second monk asks, How many stars are there in the sky? The answer is, As many as there are hairs on my ass. Have you counted? ask the monks. Have *you* counted? rejoins the fool. Answer me this, says the same monk, and we shall see if your number is right: How many hairs are there in my beard? "As many as in my ass's tail." "Prove it." "My dear man, if you don't believe me, count yourself; or we will pull all the hairs out of both, count them, and settle

the matter." The monks submit, and become Mussulmans. Les plaisanteries de Nasr-eddin Hodja, traduites du turc par J. A. Decourde-manche, No 70, p. 59 ff.

The Turkish emperor sends word to Kaiser Leopold that unless the emperor can answer three questions he shall come down upon him with all his Turks. The counsellors are summoned, but there is no help in them. The court-fool offers to get his master out of the difficulty, if he may have the loan of crown and sceptre. When the fool comes to Constantinople, there lies the sultan in the window, and calls out, Are you the emperor, and will you answer my questions? Where does the world end? "Here, where my horse is standing." How far is it to heaven? "One day's journey, and no inn on the road." What is God thinking of now? "He is thinking that I am one fool and you another." J. W. Wolf, Hessische Sagen, p. 165, No 262 I.\*

For the literature, see especially the Grimms' Kinder und Hausmärchen, notes to No 152; R. Köhler in Orient und Occident, I, 439–41; Oesterley's note to Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, No 55, p. 479.

Translated, after Percy's Reliques, II, 302, 1765, by Bodmer, II, 111; by Doenniges, p. 152; by Ritter, Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, XXII, 222. Retold by Bürger, 'Der Kaiser und der Abt,' Göttinger Museunalmanach für 1785, p. 177.

## A

Percy MS., p. 184. Hales and Furnivall, I, 508.

1 OFF an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
Of a notable princee *that* was called King Iohn,  
In England was borne, with maine and with  
might;  
Hee did much wrong and maintained little  
right.

2 This noble princee was vexed in veretye,  
For he was angry with the Bishopp of Can-  
terbury;

Ffor his house-keeping and his good cheere,  
The rode post for him, as you shall heare.

3 They rode post for him verry bastilye;  
The *king* sayd the bishopp kept a better house  
then hee:  
A hundred men euen, as I [have heard] say,  
The bishopp kept in his house euerye day,  
And fifty gold chaines, without any doubt,  
In veluett coates waited the bishopp about.

\* In the beginning there is a clear trace of the Oriental tales of 'The Clever Lass' cycle.

4 The bishopp he came to the court anon,  
Before his princee *that* was called *King Iohn*.  
As soone as the bishopp the *king* did see,  
‘O,’ quoth the *king*, ‘bishopp, thou art wel-  
come to mee.  
There is noe man soe welcome to towne  
As thou *that* workes treason against my  
crownē.’

5 ‘My legee,’ quoth the bishopp, ‘I wold it were  
knowne  
I spend, *your* grace, nothing but *that* *thert*’s  
my owne;  
I trust *your* grace will doe me noe deare  
For spending my owne trew gotten geere.’

6 ‘Yes,’ quoth the *king*, ‘bishopp, thou must  
needs dye.  
Eecept thou can answerre mee questions three :  
Thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy bodye,  
And all thy living remayne vnto mee.

7 ‘First,’ quoth the *king*, ‘tell me in this steade,  
With this crowne of gold heire vpon my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and much  
mirth.  
Lett me know within one pennye what I am  
worth.

8 ‘Secondlye, tell me without any dowbt  
How soone I may goe the whole world about :  
And thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte,  
What is the thing, bishopp, *thert* I doe thinke.  
Twenty dayes pardon thoust haue trulye,  
And come againe and answerre mee.’

9 The bishopp bade the *king* god night att a  
word :  
He rode betwixt Cambridge and Oxenford,  
But nener a doctour there was soe wise  
Cold shew him these questions or enterprise.

10 Wherewith the bishopp was nothing gladd,  
But in his hart was heauy and sadd,  
And hyed him home to a house in the coun-  
trye.  
To ease some part of his melanchollye.

11 His halfe-brother dwelt there, was feiree and  
fell.  
Noe better but a shepard to the bishoppe him-  
self ;

The shepard came to the bishopp anon,  
Saying, My Lord, you are welcome home !

12 ‘What ayles you,’ quoth the shepard, ‘*that* you  
are soe sadd,  
And had wonte to haue beene soe merry and  
gladd?’  
‘Nothing,’ quoth the bishopp, ‘I ayle att this  
time :  
Will not thee availe to know, brother mine.’

13 ‘Brother,’ quoth the shepeard, ‘you haue  
heard itt.  
*That* a ffoole may teach a wiseman witt ;  
Say me therfore whatsoeuer you will,  
And if I doe you noe good, He doe you noe ill.’

14 Quoth the bishop : I haue beene att the court  
anon,  
Before my prince is called *King Iohn*.  
And there he hath charged mee  
Against his crowne with traitorye.

15 If I cannott answer his misterye,  
Three questions hee hath propounded to mee,  
He will haue my land soe faire and free,  
And alsose the head from my bodye.

16 The first question was, to tell him in *that* stead,  
With the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
Amongst his nobilitye, with ioy and much  
mirth.  
To lett him know within one penye what hee  
is worth.

17 And secondlye, to tell him with-out any doubt  
How soone he may goe the whole world about ;  
And thirdlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,  
What is the thinge *thert* he does thinke.

18 ‘Brother,’ quoth the shepard, ‘you are a man  
of learninge :  
What neede you stand in doubt of soe small a  
thinge?  
Lend me,’ quoth the shepard, ‘*your* ministers  
apparell.  
He ryde to the court and answerre *your* quar-  
rell.

19 ‘Lend me *your* serving men, say me not may,  
With all *your* best horses *that* ryd on the  
way ;

He to the court, this matter to stay :  
He speake with *King John* and heare what  
heele say.'

20 The bishopp with speed prepared then  
To sett forth the shepard with horsse and  
man ;  
The shepard was liuely without any doubt ;  
I wott a royll compayne came to the court.

21 The shepard hee came to the court anon  
Before [his] princee *that* was called *King Iohn*.  
As soone as the *king* the shepard did see,  
'O,' quoth the *king*, 'bishopp, thou art wel-  
come to me.'  
The shepard was soe like the bishopp his  
brother,  
The *king* cold not know the one from the  
other.

22 Quoth the *king*, Bishopp, thou art welcome to  
me  
If thou can answer me my questions three.  
Said the shepeard, If it please *your grace*,  
Show mee what the first quest[i]on was.

23 'First,' quoth the *king*, 'tell mee in this stead,  
With the crowne of gold vpon my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and much  
mirth,  
Within one penny what I am worth.'

24 Quoth the shepard, To make *your grace* noe  
offence,  
I thinke you are worth nine and twenty pence ;  
For our *Lord Jesus*, *that* bought vs all,  
For thirty penee was sold into thrall  
Amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you doe  
shewe ;  
But I know Christ was one penye better then  
you.

25 Then the *king* laught, and swore by St An-  
drew  
He was not thought to bee of such a small  
value.  
'Secondly, tell mee with-out any doubt  
How soone I may goe the world round about.'

26 Saies the shepard, It is noe time with *your*  
grace to scorne,  
But rise betime with the sun in the mornie,  
And follow his course till his vprising,  
And then you may know without any leasing.

27 And this [to] *your grace* shall proue the same,  
You are come to the same place from whence  
you came :  
[In] twenty-four houres, with-out any doubt,  
*Your grace* may the world goe round about ;  
The world round about, enen as I doe say,  
If with the sun you can goe the next way.

28 'And thirdye tell me or euer I stint,  
What is the thing, bishoppe, *that* I doe  
think?'  
'*That* shall I doe,' quoth the shepeard ; 'for  
veretye,  
You thinke I am the bishopp of Canterbury.'

29 'Why, art not thou? the truth tell to me ;  
For I doe thinke soe,' quoth the *king*, 'by St  
Marye.'  
'Not soe,' quoth the shepeard ; 'the truth  
shalbe knowne,  
I am his poore shepeard ; my brother is att  
home.'

30 'Why,' quoth the *king*, 'if itt soe bee,  
He make thee bishopp here to mee.'  
'Noe, Sir,' quoth the shepard, 'I pray you bo  
still,  
For He not bee bishop but against my will ;  
For I am not fitt for any such deede,  
For I can neither write nor reede.'

31 'Why then,' quoth the *king*, 'He gine thee  
cleere  
A pattent of three hundred pound a yeere ;  
*That* I will gine thee franke and free :  
Take thee *that*, shepard, for coming to me.

32 'Free pardon He gine,' the *kings* grace said,  
'To saue the bishopp, his land and his head ;  
With him nor thee He be nothing wrath ;  
Here is the *pardon* for him and thee both.'

33 Then the shepard he had noe more to say,  
But tooke the *pardon* and rode his way :  
When he came to the bishoppes place,  
The bishopp asket anon how all things was.

34 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, 'I haue well  
sped,  
For I haue sauied both *your* land and *your*  
head ;  
*The king* with you is nothing wrath,  
For heere is the *pardon* for you and mee  
both.'

35 Then the bishopes hart was of a merry  
eheere :  
‘ Brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare ;  
For I will gine thee a patent to thee and to  
thine  
Of fifty pound a yeere, land good and fine.’

36 . . . . .  
‘ I will to thee noe longer croche nor creepe,  
Nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe thy  
sheepe.’

**B**

Broadside, printed for P. Brooksbey, at the Golden Ball in  
Pye-corner (1672-95).

1 I'LL tell you a story, a story anon,  
Of a noble prinee, and his name was King  
John ;  
For he was a prinee, and a prinee of great  
micht,  
He held up great wrongs, he put down great  
right.  
Derry down, down hey, derry down

2 I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,  
And of his house-keeping and high renown,  
Whieh made him resort to fair London town.

3 ‘ How now, father abbot ? ’ Tis told unto me  
That thou keepest a far better house than I ;  
And for [thy] house-keeping and high renown,  
I fear thou has treason against my crown.’

4 ‘ I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge  
For spending of my true-gotten goods :’  
‘ If thou dost not answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

5 ‘ When I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head.  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much  
mirth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am  
worth.

6 ‘ And the next question you must not flout,  
How long I shall be riding the world about ;  
And the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell to me truly what I do think.’

37 Whereever wist you shepard before,  
*That* had in his head witt such store  
To pleasure a bishopp in such a like case,  
To answer three questions to the *kings* grace ?  
Whereever wist you shepard gett cleare  
Three hundred and fifty pound a yeere ?

38 I never hard of his fellow before,  
Nor I never shall : now I need to say noe  
more.  
I never knew shepheard *that* gott such a liuinge  
But David, the shepheard, *that* was a *king*.

7 ‘ O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
For I cannot answer your grace as yet ;  
But if you will give me but three days spae,  
I'll do my endeavor to answer your gracie.’

8 ‘ O three days space I will thee give,  
For that is the longest day thou hast to live.  
And if thou dost not answer these questions  
right,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.’

9 And as the shepherd was going to his fold,  
He spy'd the old abbot come riding along :  
‘ How now, master abbot ? You're weleome  
home ;  
What news have you brought from good King  
John ? ’

10 ‘ Sad news, sad news I have thee to give,  
For I have but three days space for to live ;  
If I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be taken from my body.

11 ‘ When he is set so high on his steed,  
With his crown of gold upon his head,  
Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much  
mirth,  
I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.

12 ‘ And the next question I must not flout,  
How long he shall be riding the world about ;  
And the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him truly what he does think.’

13 ‘ O master, did you never hear it yet,  
That a fool may learn a wiseman wit ?  
Lend me but your horse and your apparel,  
I'll ride to fair London and answer the quar-  
rel.’

14 'Now I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much  
mirth,  
Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

15 'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,  
Amongst the false Jews, as you have been  
told,  
And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,  
For I think thou art one penny worser than  
he.'

16 'And the next question thou mayst not flout;  
How long I shall be riding the world about.'  
'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the  
same,  
Until the next morning he rises again,  
And then I am sure you will make no doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you 'l ride it about.'

17 'And the third question you must not shrink,  
But tell me truly what I do think.'  
'All that I can do, and 't will make you  
merry:  
For you think I 'm the Abbot of Canterbury,  
But I 'm his poor shepherd, as you may see,  
And am come to beg pardon for he and for  
me.'

18 The king he turned him about and did smile,  
Saying, Thou shalt be the abbot the other  
while:  
'O no, my gracie, there is no such need,  
For I can neither write nor read.'

19 'Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee  
For this merry jest thou hast told unto me;  
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good  
King John.'

A. *Not divided into stanzas in the MS.*  
3<sup>a</sup>, 3<sup>b</sup>, 6<sup>a</sup>, 8<sup>a</sup>, 15<sup>a</sup>, 22<sup>a</sup>, 24<sup>a</sup>, 27<sup>a</sup>, 31<sup>a</sup>, 37<sup>a</sup>. *Arabic numerals are expressed in letters.*  
14<sup>a</sup>. thy court.  
24<sup>a</sup>. worth 29 penee.

31<sup>a</sup>. pattern. 31<sup>a</sup>. eaming.  
35<sup>a</sup>, 50<sup>b</sup>. 37<sup>a</sup>, 350<sup>b</sup>.  
B. 5<sup>a</sup>, 11<sup>a</sup>, 14<sup>a</sup>. on my [his] steed so high.  
7<sup>a</sup>. my sh<sup>a</sup> ow.  
11<sup>a</sup>. sat. 12<sup>a</sup>. thou must. 19<sup>a</sup>. K. John.

## 46

## CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSCHIP

A. a. 'I'll no ly neist the wa,' Herd's MS., I, 161.  
b. 'She'll no ly neist [the] wa,' the same, II, 100.  
  
B. a. 'The Earl of Rosslyn's Daughter,' Kinloch MSS., I, 83. b. 'Lord Roslin's Daughter,' Lord Roslin's Daughter's Garland, p. 4. c. 'Lord Roslin's Daughter,' Buchan's MSS., II, 34. d. 'Captain Wedder-

burn's Courtship,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 159. e. Harris MS., fol. 19 b, No 14. f. Notes and Queries, 2d S., IV, 170.

C. 'The Laird of Roslin's Daughter,' Sheldon's Minstrelsy of the English Border, p. 232.

A COPY of this ballad was printed in The New British Songster, a Collection of Songs, Scots and English, with Toasts and Sentiments for the Bottle, Falkirk, 1785: see

Motherwell, p. lxxiv.\* Few were more popular, says Motherwell, and Jamieson remarks

\* This book has been pursued by me for years, with the co-operation of many friends and agents, but in vain.

that 'Captain Wedderburn' was equally in vogue in the north and the south of Scotland.

Jamieson writes to the Scots Magazine, 1803, p. 701: "Of this ballad I have got one whole copy and part of another, and I remember a good deal of it as I have heard it sung in Morayshire when I was a child." In his Popular Ballads, II, 154, 1806, he says that the copy which he prints was furnished him from Mr Herd's MS. by the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, and that he had himself supplied a few readings of small importance from his own recollection. There is some inaccuracy here. The version given by Jamieson is rather B, with readings from A.

We have had of the questions six, A 11, 12,  
What is greener than the grass? in No 1, A 15,  
C 13, D 5; What's higher than the tree? in  
C 9, D 1; What's wair than a woman's wiss?  
("than a woman *was*") A 15, C 13, D 5;  
What's deeper than the sea? A 13, B 8, C 9,  
D 1. Of the three dishes, A 8, 9, we have  
the bird without a gall in Ein Spil von den  
Freilheit, Fastnachtspiele aus dem 15<sup>th</sup> Jhd.,  
II, 558, v. 23,\* and the two others in the fol-  
lowing song, from a manuscript assigned to  
the fifteenth century, and also preserved in  
several forms by oral tradition: † Sloane MS.,  
No 2593, British Museum; Wright's Songs

and Carols, 1836, No 8; as printed for the  
Warton Club, No xxix, p. 33.

I have a jong suster fer beyondyn the se,  
Many be the drowryis that che sente me.

Che sente me the cherye, withoutyn ony ston,  
And so che dede [the] dowe, withoutyn ony bon.

Che sente me the brere, withoutyn ony rynde,  
Che bad me love my leman without longgyng.

How xuld ony cherye be withoute ston?  
And how xuld ony dowe ben withoute bon?

How xuld any brere ben withoute rynde?  
How xuld y love myn leman without longyng?

Quan the cherye was a flour, than hadde it non  
ston;

Quan the dowe was an ey, than hadde it non bon.

Quan the brere was onbred, than hadde it non  
rynd;

Quan the mayden haſt that che lovit, che is without  
longyng.

'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship,' or  
'Lord Roslin's Daughter,' ‡ is a counterpart  
of the ballad in which a maid wins a husband  
by guessing riddles. (See Nos 1 and 2, and  
also the following ballad, for a lady who *gives*

\* Followed by Virgil's riddle, Ecl. iii, 104-5, Where is  
he sky but three spans broad?

† Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 150;  
Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes, No 375; Notes and Queries, 3d Ser., IX, 401; 4th Ser., III, 501, 604; Macmillan's Maga-  
zine, V, 248, by T. Hughes. The first of these runs:

I have four sisters beyond the sea,  
Para-mara, dictum, domine  
And they did send four presents to me.  
Parum, quartum, paradise, tempum,  
Para-mara, dictum, domine

The first it was a bird without eer a bone,  
The second was a cherry without eer a stone.

The third it was a blanket without eer a thread,  
The fourth it was a book which no man could read.

How can there be a bird without eer a bone?  
How can there be a cherry without eer a stone?

How can there be a blanket without eer a thread?  
How can there be a book which no man can read?

When the bird's in the shell, there is no bone;  
When the cherry's in the bud, there is no stone.

When the blanket's in the fleece, there is no thread;  
When the book's in the press, no man can read.

The Minnesinger dames went far beyond our laird's  
daughter in the way of requiring "ferlies" from their lovers. Der Tanhusen and Boppe represent that their ladies  
would be satisfied with nothing short of their turning the  
course of rivers; bringing them the salamander, the basilisk,  
the grail, Paris's apple; giving them a sight of Enoch and  
Elijah in the body, a hearing of the sirens, etc. Von der  
Hagen, Minnesinger, II, 91 f, 385 f.

‡ There were, no doubt, Grissels enough in the very dis-  
tinguished family of the Sinclairs of Roslin to furnish one  
for this ballad. I see two mentioned among the Sinclairs  
of Herdmanstown. Even a Wedderburn connection, as I am  
informed, is not absolutely lacking. George Home of Wed-  
derburn († 1497), married the eldest daughter of John Sin-  
clair of Herdmanstown: Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, ed.  
Wood, 1813, II, 174.

riddles.) The ingenious suitor, though not so favorite a subject as the clever maid, may boast that he is of an old and celebrated family. We find him in the *Gesta Romanorum*, No. 70; Oesterley, p. 383, Madden's English Versions, No. 35, p. 384. A king had a beautiful daughter, whom he wished to dispose of in marriage; but she had made a vow that she would accept no husband who had not achieved three tasks: to tell her how many feet long, broad, and deep were the four elements; to change the wind from the north; to take fire into his bosom, next the flesh, without harm. The king issued a proclamation in accordance with these terms. Many tried and failed, but at last there came a soldier who succeeded. To answer the first question he made his servant lie down, and measured him from head to foot. Every living being is composed of the four elements, he said, and I find not more than seven feet in them. A very easy way was hit on for performing the second task: the soldier simply turned his horse's head to the east, and, since wind is the life of every animal, maintained that he had changed the wind. The king was evidently not inclined to be strict, and said, Clear enough. Let us go on to the third. Then, by the aid of a stone which he always carried about him, the soldier put handfuls of burning coals into his bosom without injury. The king gave his daughter to the soldier.

An extraordinary ballad in Sakellarios's *Kυπριακά*, III, 15, No. 6, 'The Hundred Sayings,' subjects a lover to a severe probation of riddles. (Liebrecht has given a full abstract of the story in Gosche's Archiv, II, 29.) A youth is madly enamored of a king's daughter, but, though his devotion knows no bound, cannot for a long time get a word from her mouth, and then only disdain. She shuts her-

self up in a tower. He prays for a heat that may force her to come to the window, and that she may drop her spindle, and he be the only one to bring it to her. The heavens are kind: all this comes to pass, and she is fain to beg him to bring her the spindle. She asks, Can you do what I say? Shoulder a tower? make a stack of eggs? trim a date-tree, standing in a great river?\* All this he can do. She sends him away once and again to learn various things; last of all, the hundred sayings that lovers use. He presents himself for examination. "One?" "There is one only God: may he help me!" "Two?" "Two doves with silver wings are sporting together: I saw how they kissed," etc. "Three?" "Holy Trinity, help me to love the maid!" "Four?" "There is a four-pointed cross on thy smock, and it implores God I may be thy mate;" and so he is catechised through all the units and tens.† Then the lady suddenly turns about, concedes everything, and proposes that they shall go to church: but the man says, If I am to marry all my loves, I have one in every town, and wife and children in Constantinople. They part with reciprocal seurillities.

Usually when the hand of a princess is to be won by the performance of tasks, whether requiring wit, courage, the overcoming of magic arts, or what not, the loss of your head is the penalty of failure. (See the preface to the following ballad.) Apollonius of Tyre, of Greek original, but first found in a Latin form, is perhaps the oldest riddle-story of this description. Though its age has not been determined, the tale has been carried back even to the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century, was a great favorite with the Middle Ages, and is kept only too familiar by the play of Pericles.

\* The difficulty here is the want of a πεῦ στῶ, from which to climb the tree.

† These number-riddles or songs are known to every nation of Europe. E. g., Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 44, ed. 1870, from Buchan's MSS, 1, 280:

O what will be our aye, boys?  
O what will be our aye, boys?  
My only aye, she walks alone,  
And evermair has dune, boys, etc.

See Köhler in Orient u. Occident, II, 558-9. A dragon, in Hahn's Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen, II, 210, gives Penteclimas ten of these number-riddles: if he answers them he is to have a fine castle; if not, he is to be eaten. An old woman answers for him: "One is God, two are the righteous, etc.; ten is your own word, and now burst, dragon!" The dragon bursts, and Penteclimas inherits his possessions.

More deserving of perpetuation is the charming Persian story of Prince Calaf, in Pétis de La Croix's 1001 Days (45<sup>e</sup>–82<sup>e</sup> jour), upon which Carlo Gozzi founded his play of "La Turandot," now best known through Schiller's translation. Tourandocte's riddles are such as we should call legitimate, and are three in number. "What is the being that is found in every land, is dear to all the world, and cannot endure a fellow?" Calaf answers, The sun. "What mother swallows the children she has given birth to, as soon as they have attained their growth?" The sea, says Calaf, for the rivers that flow into it all came from it. "What is the tree that has all its leaves white on one side and black on the other?" This tree, Calaf answers, is the year, which is made up of days and nights.\*

A third example of this hazardous wooing is the story of The Fair One of the Castle, the fourth in the Persian poem of The Seven Figures (or Beauties), by Nisami of Gendsch († 1180). A Russian princess is shut up in a castle made inaccessible by a talisman, and every suitor must satisfy four conditions: he must be a man of honor, vanquish the enchanted guards, take away the talisman, and obtain the consent of her father. Many had essayed their fortune, and their heads were now arrayed on the pinnacles of the castle.† A young prince had fulfilled the first three conditions, but the father would not approve his suit until he had solved the princess's riddles. These are expressed symbolically, and answered in the same way. The princess sends the prince two pearls from her earring: he at once takes her meaning,—life is like two drops of water,—and returns the pearls with three diamonds, to signify that joy—faith, hope, and love—can prolong life. The princess now sends him three jewels in a box, with sugar. The prince seizes the idea,—life

is blended with sensuous desire,—and pours milk on the sugar, to intimate that as milk dissolves sugar, so sensuous desire is quenched by true love. After four such interchanges, the princess seals her consent with a device not less elegant than the others.‡

A popular tale of this class is current in Russia, with this variation: that the hard-hearted princess requires her lovers to give her riddles, and those who cannot pose her lose their heads. Foolish Iván, the youngest of three brothers, adventures after many have failed. On his way to the trial he sees a horse in a cornfield and drives it out with a whip, and further on kills a snake with a lance, saying in each case, Here's a riddle! Confronted with the princess, he says to her, As I came to you, I saw by the roadside what was good; and in the good was good; so I set to work, and with what was good I drove the good from the good. The good fled from the good out of the good. The princess pleads a headache, and puts off her answer till the next day, when Iván gives her his second enigma: As I came to you, I saw on the way what was bad, and I struck the bad with a bad thing, and of what was bad the bad died. The princess, unable to solve these puzzles, is obliged to accept foolish Iván. (Afanasief, Skazki, II, 225 ff., No 20, in Ralston's Songs of the Russian People, p. 354 f.) Closely related to this tale, and still nearer to one another, are the Grimms' No 22, 'Das Rätsel' (see, also, the note in their third volume), and the West Highland story, 'The Ridere (Knight) of Riddles,' Campbell, No 22, II, 27. In the former, as in the Russian tale, it is the princess that must be puzzled before she will yield her hand; in the latter, an unmatchable beauty is to be had by no man who does not put a question which her father cannot solve.

\* Gozzi retains the first and third riddles, Schiller only the third. By a happy idea, new riddles were introduced at the successive performances of Schiller's play. Turandot appears as a traditional tale in Schneller's Märchen u. Sagen aus Wüslchirol, No 49, p. 132, "I tre Indovinelli."

† The castle with walls and gate thus equipped, or a paradise of stakes each crowned with a head, is all but a commonplace in such adventures. This grim stroke of fancy is

best in 'La mule sanz frain,' where there are four hundred stakes, *all but one* surmounted with a bloody head: Méon, Nouveau Recueil, I, 15, vv 429–37. For these parlous princesses of all sorts, see Grundtvig, 'Den farlige Jomfrn,' IV, 43 ff., No 184.

‡ Von Hammer, Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens, p. 116, previously cited by von der Hagen, Gesammtabenteuer, III, lxii.

Here may be put three drolleries, all clearly of the same origin, in which a fool wins a princess by nonplussing her: 'The Three Questions,' Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 32; a "schwank" of the fourteenth century, by Heinz der Kellner, von der Hagen's Gesammtabentener, No 63, III, 179 (there very improperly called Turandot); 'Spurningen,' Ashbjornson og Moe, Norske Folkeeventyr, No 4, Dasent, Popular Tales from the Norse, p. 148. According to the first of these, the king of the East Angles promises his clever daughter to any one who can answer three of her questions (in the other versions, more correctly, *silence* her). Three brothers, one of them a natural, set out for the court, and, on the way, Jack finds successively an egg, a crooked hazel-stick, and a nut, and each time explodes with laughter. When they are ushered into the presence, Jack bawls out, What a troop of fair ladies! "Yes," says the princess, "we are fair ladies, for we carry fire in our bosoms." "Then roast me an egg," says Jack, pulling out the egg from his pocket. "How will you get it out again?" asks the princess? "With a crooked stick," says Jack, producing the same. "Where did that come from?" says the princess. "From a nut," answers Jack, pulling out the nut. And so, as the princess is silenced, the fool gets her in marriage.\*

Even nowadays riddles play a noteworthy part in the marriages of Russian peasants. In the government Pskof, as we are informed by Khudyakof, the bridegroom's party is not admitted into the bride's house until all the riddles given by the party of the bride have been answered; whence the saying or proverb, to the behoof of bridegrooms, Choose comrades that can guess riddles. In the village of Davshina, in the Yaroslav government, the bridegroom's best man presents himself at the bride's house on the wedding-day, and finding a man, called the bride-seller, sitting by the bride, asks him to surrender the bride and va-

cate his place. "Fair and softly," answers the seller; "you will not get the bride for nothing; make us a bid, if you will. And how will you trade? will you pay in riddles or in gold?" If the best man is prepared for the emergency, as we must suppose he always would be, he answers, I will pay in riddles. Half a dozen or more riddles are now put by the seller, of which these are favorable specimens: Give me the sea, full to the brim, and with a bottom of silver. The best man makes no answer in words, but fills a bowl with beer and lays a coin at the bottom. Tell me the thing, naked itself, which has a shift over its bosom. The best man hands the seller a candle. Finally the seller says, Give me something which the master of this house lacks. The best man then brings in the bridegroom. The seller gives up his seat, and hands the best man a plate, saying, Put in this what all pretty girls like. The best man puts in what money he thinks proper, the bridesmaids take it and quit the house, and the bridegroom's friends carry off the bride.

So, apparently in some ballad, a maid gives riddles, and will marry only the man who will guess them.

By day like a hoop,  
By night like a snake;  
Who reads my riddle,  
I take him for mate. (A belt.)  
No 1103 of Khudyakof.†

In Radloff's Songs and Tales of the Turkish tribes in East Siberia, I, 60, a father, wanting a wife for his son, applies to another man, who has a marriageable daughter. The latter will not make a match unless the young man's father will come to him with pelt and sans pelt, by the road and not by the road, on a horse and yet not on a horse: see 8 ff. of this volume. The young man gives his father proper instructions, and wins his wife.

A Lithuanian mother sends her daughter to the wood to fetch "winter May and sum-

\* The German schwank affixes the forfeit of the head to failure. In the Norwegian the unsuccessful brothers get off with a thrashing. The fire in the English, found also in the German, recalls the third task in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

† Khudyakof, in the Ethnographical Collection of the Russian Geographical Society, Etnograficheskiy Sbornik, etc., VI, 9, 10, 8. Ralston, The Songs of the Russian People, p. 353.

mer snow." She meets a herdsman, and asks where she can find these. The herdsman offers to teach her these riddles in return for her love, and she complying with these terms, gives her the answers: The evergreen tree is winter May, and sea-foam is summer snow. Beiträge zur Kunde Preussens, I, 515 (Rhesa), and Ausland, 1839, p. 1230.

The European tales, excepting the three drolleries (and even they are perhaps to be regarded only as parodies of the others), must be of Oriental derivation; but the far north presents us with a similar story in the lay of Alvíss, in the elder Edda. The dwarf Alvíss comes to claim Freya for his bride by virtue of a promise from the gods. Thor\* says that the bride is in his charge, and that he was

from home when the promise was made: at any rate, Alvíss shall not have the maid unless he can answer all the questions that shall be put him. Thor then requires Alvíss to give him the names of earth, heaven, moon, sun, etc., ending with barley and the poor creature small beer, in all the worlds; that is, in the dialect of the gods, of mankind, giants, elves, dwarfs, etc. Alvíss does this with such completeness as to extort Thor's admiration, but is craftily detained in so doing till after sunrise, when Thor cries, You are taken in! Above ground at dawn! and the dwarf turns to stone.

Translated, in part, after Aytonn, by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 107.

## A

a. Herd's MS., I, 161. b. The same, II, 100.

1 THE laird of Bristol's daughter was in the woods walking.

And by came Captain Wetherbourn, a servant to the king;  
And he said to his livery man, Wer't not against the law,  
I would tak her to mine ain bed, and lay her neist the wa.

2 'I'm into my father's woods, amongst my father's trees,  
O kind sir, let mee walk alane, O kind sir, if you please;  
The butler's bell it will be rung, and I'll be mist awa;  
I'll lye into mine ain bed, neither at stock nor wa.'

3 'O my bonny lady, the bed it's not be mine,  
For I'll command my servants for to call it thine;  
The hangings are silk satin, the sheets are holland sma,  
And we's baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye neist the wa.

4 'And so, my bonny lady, — I do not know your name, —

But my name's Captain Wetherburn, and I'm a man of fame:  
Tho' your father and a' his men were here, I would na stand in awe  
To tak you to mine ain bed, and lay you neist the wa.

5 'Oh my bonny, bonny lady, if you'll gie me your hand,

You shall hae drums and trumpets to sound at your command;  
Wi' fifty men to guard you, sae weel their swords can dra,  
And wee's baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye neist the wa.'

6 He's mounted her upon a steid, behind his gentleman,

And he himself did walk afoot, to had his lady on,  
With his hand about her middle sae jimp, for fear that she should fa;  
She man lye in his bed, but she'll not lye neist the wa.

\* Vigfusson objects to Thor being the interlocutor, though that is the name in the MS., because cunning does not suit Thor's blunt character, and proposes Odin instead. "May

be the dwarf first met Thor (Wingthor), whereupon Woden (Wingi) came up." Corpus Poeticum Boreale, I, 81.

7 He's taen her into Edinburgh, his landlady  
cam ben:  
'And monny bonny ladys in Edinburgh hae I  
seen,  
But the like of this fine creature my eyes they  
never sa;'  
'O dame bring ben a down-bed, for she's lye  
neist the wa.'

8 'Hold your tongne, young man,' she said, 'and  
dinna trouble me,  
Unless you get to my supper, and that is dishes  
three;  
Dishes three to my supper, tho I eat name  
at a',  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist  
the wa.'

9 'Yon man get to my supper a cherry but a  
stane,  
And you man get to my supper a capon but a  
bane,  
And you man get a gentle bird that flies wanting  
the ga,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist  
the wa.'

10 'A cherry whan in blossom is a cherry but a  
stane;  
A capon when he's in the egg eanna hae a  
bane;  
The dow it is a gentle bird that flies wanting  
the ga;  
And ye man lye in my bed, between me and  
the wa.'

11 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, 'and  
dinna me perplex,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that is ques-  
tions six;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is  
twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist  
the wa.'

12 'What is greener than the grass, what's higher  
than the tree?  
What's war than a woman's wiss, what's deeper  
than the sea?  
What bird sings first, and whereupon the dew  
down first does fa?  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist  
the wa.'

13 'Virgns is greener than the grass, heaven's  
higher than the tree;  
The devil's war than a woman's wish, hell's  
deeper than the sea;  
The cock sings first, on the Sugar Loaf the dew  
down first does fa;  
And ye man lye in my bed, between me and  
the wa.'

14 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, 'I  
pray you give it oer,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that is ques-  
tions four;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is  
twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist  
the wa.'

15 'You man get to me a plumb that does in win-  
ter grow;  
And likewise a silk mantle that never waft  
gaed thro;  
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this night  
to join us twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist  
the wa.'

16 'There is a plumb in my father's yeard that  
does in winter grow;  
Likewise he has a silk mantle that never waft  
gaed thro;  
A sparrow's horn, it may be found, there's ane  
in every tae,  
There's ane upo the mouth of him, perhaps  
there may be twa.'

17 'The priest is standing at the door, just ready  
to come in;  
Nae man could sae that he was born, to lie it  
is a sin;  
For a wild boar bored his mother's side, he out  
of it did fa;  
And you man lye in my bed, between me and  
the wa.'

18 Little kent Grizey Sinclair, that morning when  
she raise,  
'T was to be the hindermost of a' her single  
days;  
For now she's Captain Wetherburn's wife, a  
man she never saw,  
And she man lye in his bed, but she'll not lye  
neist the wa.'

## B

a. Kinloch MSS., I, 83, from Mary Barr's recitation.  
 b. Lord Roslin's Daughter's Garland. c. Buchan's MSS., II, 34. d. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 159. e. Harris MS., fol. 19 b, No. 14, from Mrs Harris's recitation. f. Notes and Queries, 2d S., IV, 170, "as sung among the peasantry of the Mearns," 1857.

1 THE Lord of Rosslyn's daughter gaed through  
 the wud her lane,  
 And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a ser-  
 vant to the king.  
 He said unto his livery-man, Were't na agen  
 the law,  
 I wad tak her to my ain bed, and lay her at  
 the wa.

2 'I'm walking here my lane,' she says, 'amang  
 my father's trees :  
 And ye may lat me walk my lane, kind sir, now  
 gin ye please.  
 The supper-bell it will be rung, and I'll be  
 miss'd awa' ;  
 Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock  
 nor wa.'

3 He said, My pretty lady, I pray lend me your  
 hand.  
 And ye'll hae drums and trumpets always at  
 your command ;  
 And fifty men to guard ye wi, that weel their  
 swords can draw :  
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll lie at  
 the wa.

4 'Haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray let go my  
 hand ;  
 The supper-bell it will be rung, nae langer  
 man I stand.  
 My father he'll na supper tak, gif I be miss'd  
 awa' ;  
 Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock  
 nor wa.'

5 'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name  
 I'll neer deny,  
 And I command ten thousand men, upo yon  
 mountains high.  
 Tho' your father and his men were here, of  
 them I'd stand na awe,  
 But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye  
 neist the wa.'

6 Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set  
 the lady on,  
 And a' the way he walk'd on foot, he held her  
 by the hand ;  
 He held her by the middle jump, for fear that  
 she should fa ;  
 Saying, I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee  
 at the wa.

7 He took her to his quartering-house, his land-  
 lady looked ben,  
 Saying, Monie a pretty ladie in Edinbruch  
 I've seen :  
 But sie 'na pretty ladie is not into it a' :  
 Gae, mak for her a fine down-bed, and lay her  
 at the wa.

8 'O hand awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye lat  
 me be,  
 For I'll na lie in your bed till I get dishes  
 three ;  
 Dishes three maun be dress'd for me, gif I  
 should eat them a',  
 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or  
 wa.'

9 'Tis I maun hae to my supper a chicken  
 without a bane :  
 And I maun hae to my supper a cherry with-  
 out a stane ;  
 And I maun hae to my supper a bird without  
 a gaw,  
 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or  
 wa.'

10 'Whan the chicken's in the shell, I am sure it  
 has na bane ;  
 And whan the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it  
 has na stane ;  
 The dove she is a genty bird, she flees without  
 a gaw ;  
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll be at  
 the wa.'

11 'O hand awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye give  
 me owre,  
 For I'll na lie in your bed, till I get presents  
 four ;  
 Presents four ye maun gie me, and that is twa  
 and twa,  
 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or  
 wa.'

12 'Tis I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew;  
And I maun hae a silk mantil that waft gaed never through;  
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this nicht to join us twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

13 'My father has some winter fruit that in December grew;  
My mither has a silk mantil the waft gaed never through;  
A sparrow's horn ye soon may find, there's ane on evry claw,  
And twa upo the gab o' it, and ye shall get them a'.

14 'The priest he stands without the yett, just ready to come in;  
Nae man can say he eer was born, nae man without he sin;  
He was haitt ent frae his mither's side, and frae the same let fa;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at the wa.'

15 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray don't me perplex,  
For I'll na lie in your bed till ye answer questions six :

## C

Sheldon's Minstrelsy of the English Border, p. 232, as recited "by a lady of Berwick on Tweed, who used to sing it in her childhood, and had learnt it from her nurse."

1 The laird of Roslin's daughter walked thro the wood her lane,  
And by came Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the Queen;  
He said unto his serving man, Wer't not agaynst the law,  
I would tak her to my ain house as lady o' my ha.

2 He said, My pretty ladye, I pray give me your hand;  
You shall have drums and trumpets always at your command;  
With fifty men to guard you, that well their swords can draw,  
And I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay you next the wa.

Questions six ye mann answer me, and that is four and twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

16 'O what is greener than the gress, what's higher than thae trees?  
O what is worse than women's wish, what's deeper than the seas?  
What bird craws first, what tree buds first, what first does on them fa?  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

17 'Death is greener than the gress, heaven higher than thae trees;  
The devil's waner than women's wish, hell's deeper than the seas;  
The cock craws first, the cedar buds first, dew first on them does fa;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at the wa.'

18 Little did this lady think, that morning when she raise,  
That this was for to be the last o' her maiden days.  
But there's na into the king's realm to be found a blither twa.  
And now she's Mrs. Wedderburn, and she lies at the wa.

---

3 'I'm walking in my feyther's shaws : ' quo he,  
My charming maid,  
I am much better than I look, so be you not afraid;  
For I serve the queen of a' Scotland, and a gentil dame is she;  
So we'se be married ere the morn, gin ye can fancy me.

4 . . . . .  
'The sparrow shall toot on his horn, gif naething us befa,  
And I'll mak you up a down-bed, and lay you next the wa.

5 'Now hold away from me, kind sir, I pray you let me be;  
I wont be lady of your ha till you answer questions three;

Questions three you must answer me, and that  
is one and twa,

Before I gae to Woodland's house, and be lady  
o' your ha.

6 You must get me to my supper a chicken  
without a bone;

You must get me to my supper a cherry without  
a stone;

You must get me to my supper a bird without  
a ga.

Before I go to Woodland's house and be lady  
o' your ha.'

7 When the cherry is in the bloom, I'm sure it  
has no stone;

When the chicken's in the shell, I'm sure it  
has nae bone;

The dove she is a gentil bird, and flies without  
a ga;

So I've answered you your questions three,  
and you're lady of my ha.'

\* \* \* \* \*

8 Questions three you must answer me: What's  
higher than the trees?

And what is worse than woman's voice? What's  
deeper than the seas?

9 He answered then so readily: Heaven's higher  
than the trees;

The devil's worse than woman's voice; hell's  
deeper than the seas;

10 One question still you must answer me, or you  
I laugh to scorn:

Go seek me out an English priest, of woman  
never born;

11 Oh then, quo he, my young brother from  
mother's side was torn,

And he's a gentil English priest, of woman  
never born;

12 Little did his lady think, that morning when  
she raise,

It was to be the very last of all her mayden  
days;

A. a. 2<sup>4</sup>. I lye. 4<sup>3,4</sup> and 5<sup>3,4</sup> have been interchanged. 5<sup>4</sup>, lye you. b. lay. 7<sup>1</sup>, teen. 17<sup>1</sup>, priest was. 17<sup>2</sup>, it was. 17<sup>3</sup>, boned (?) b has bored.

b is a copy of a, but with the longlines broken up into two, and some slight variations.

b. 3<sup>4</sup>. And we'll.  
5<sup>1</sup>. Omits if. 6<sup>7</sup>. Omits sae jimp.  
11<sup>2</sup>, and they are questions. 12<sup>2</sup>, wish.  
13<sup>3</sup>, betwixt.

B. In stanzas of four short lines.

a. 16<sup>2</sup>, 17<sup>2</sup>. Var. women's vice. 17<sup>1</sup>. Var. Poi-  
son is greener.

17<sup>2</sup>. Var. There's nathing waur.

b. Lord Roslin's Daughter's Garland. Con-  
taining three excellent new songs.

I. The Drunkard Reformed.  
II. The Devil and the Grinder.

III. Lord Roslin's Daughter.

Licensed and entered according to order.

1<sup>1</sup>, walks throw. 1<sup>2</sup>, And by came.  
1<sup>3</sup>, servant man. 1<sup>4</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>, 6<sup>4</sup>, 7<sup>4</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>, 14<sup>4</sup>,  
18<sup>4</sup>, next the wa. 17<sup>4</sup>, neist.  
2<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>3</sup>, missd you know. 3<sup>4</sup>, And we'll  
... and thou's ly next.  
4<sup>2</sup>, will I. 4<sup>1</sup>, So I not.

5<sup>1,2</sup>. Then said the pretty lady, I pray tell  
me your name.  
My name is Captain Wedderburn, a  
servant to the king.

5<sup>3</sup>, of him I'd not stand in aw.  
6<sup>1</sup>, He lighted off.  
6<sup>2</sup>, And held her by the milk-white hand  
even as they rode along.  
6<sup>3</sup>, so jimp. 6<sup>4</sup>, So I'll take. 7<sup>1</sup>, lodg-  
ing house.  
7<sup>2</sup>, But such a pretty face as thine in it  
I never saw.  
7<sup>4</sup>, make her up a down-bed.

8<sup>2</sup>. will not go to your bed till you dress  
me.

8<sup>3</sup>. three you must do to me.

9<sup>1</sup>. O I must have . . . a cherry without  
a stone.

9<sup>2</sup>. a chiicken without a bone.

10<sup>1, 2</sup>. When the cherry is into the bloom I  
am sure it hath no stone.  
And when the chicken's in the shell  
I'm sure it hath no bone.

10<sup>3</sup>. it is a gentle.

11<sup>2</sup>. I will not go till . . . till you answer  
me questions.

11<sup>3</sup>. Questions four you must tell me.

12<sup>1</sup>. You must get to me. 12<sup>2</sup>. That the  
wraft was neer ea'd.

12<sup>3, 4</sup> and 16<sup>3, 4</sup> (and consequently 13<sup>3, 4</sup>,  
17<sup>3, 4</sup>) are wrongly interchanged in  
b, mixing up ferlies and questions.

a 12<sup>3, 4</sup>, 13<sup>3, 4</sup>, 14, 15, 16<sup>3, 2</sup>, 16<sup>3, 4</sup>, 17<sup>1, 2</sup>,  
17<sup>3, 4</sup> = b 15<sup>3, 4</sup>, 16<sup>3, 4</sup>, 17, 14, 15<sup>1, 2</sup>,  
12<sup>3, 4</sup>, 16<sup>1, 2</sup>, 13<sup>3, 4</sup>.

13<sup>2</sup>. the wraft was neer ea'd throw.

13<sup>3, 4</sup>. A sparrow's horn you well may get,  
there's one on ilk pa.

14<sup>1</sup>. standing at the door.

14<sup>3</sup>. A hole cut in his mother's side, he  
from the same did fa.

16<sup>2</sup>. And what . . . women's voice.

16<sup>3</sup>. What bird sings best, and wood buds  
first, that dew does on them fa.

17<sup>1</sup>. sky is higher. 17<sup>2</sup>. worse than wo-  
men's voice.

17<sup>3</sup>. the dew does on them fa.

18<sup>2</sup>. the last night. 18<sup>3</sup>. now they both lie  
in one bed.

c closely resembling b, the variations from  
b are given.

c. 1. came omitted, v. 2; unto, v. 3.  
2. into your bed, v. 4.  
3. guard you . . . who well, v. 3; into  
. . . thou 'lt, v. 4.  
5<sup>1, 2</sup>. Then says, v. 1.  
6. lighted from . . . this lady, v. 1; mid-  
dle jimp, v. 3.  
7. pretty fair, v. 2; as this, v. 3.  
8. dress me, v. 3.  
9. unto, vv 1, 2; O I must, v. 2.  
10. in the bloom, v. 1; we both shall ly in,  
v. 4.  
11. will give oer, v. 1; to your . . . you  
tell me, v. 2.

12. You must get to me . . . that waft, v.  
2; bird sings first . . . on them  
does, v. 3.

13. sings first, v. 3.

14. in your . . . you tell me, v. 2; I'll ly  
in, v. 4.

15. What is . . . woman's, v. 2; I'll ly in,  
v. 4.

16. Death's greener than the grass, hell's  
deeper than the seas,  
The devil's worse than woman's voiee,  
sky's higher than the trees, vv 1, 2;  
every paw, v. 3; thou shalt, v. 4.

18. the lady . . . rose, v. 1; It was to be  
the very last, v. 2; they ly in ae, v. 4.

d. Follows the broadside (b, c) through the  
first nine stanzas, with changes from  
Janieson's "own recollection," or inven-  
tion, and one from A. 10 has certainly  
arbitrary alterations. The remaining  
eight stanzas are the corresponding ones  
of A treated freely. The comparison  
here is with b, readings from A in 11-18  
not being noticed.

1<sup>3</sup>. serving men.

2<sup>3</sup>. mist awa, from A; so in 4<sup>3</sup>, a stanza  
not in A.

5<sup>3</sup>. I'd have nae awe.

6<sup>1</sup>. He lighted aff . . . this lady. 6<sup>2</sup>.  
middle jimp. 6<sup>4</sup>. To tak her to his  
ain.

7<sup>3</sup>. sie a lovely face as thine. 7<sup>4</sup>. Gae  
mak her down.

8<sup>3</sup>. maun dress to me.

9<sup>1</sup>. It's ye maun get. 9<sup>2, 3</sup>. And ye maun  
get.

10<sup>1</sup>. It's whan the cherry is in the flirry.  
10<sup>2</sup>. in the egg.

10<sup>3</sup>. And sin the flood o Noah the dow she  
had nae ga.

A, B d, 11, 12<sup>1, 2</sup>, 13<sup>1, 2</sup>, 14, 15<sup>1, 2</sup>, 16<sup>1, 2</sup> =  
B b, c, 14, 15<sup>1, 2</sup>, 16<sup>1, 2</sup>, 11, 12<sup>1, 2</sup>, 13<sup>1, 2</sup>.

11<sup>1</sup>. and gie your fleechin oer.

11<sup>2</sup>. Unless you'll find me ferlies, and that  
is ferlies four.

11<sup>3</sup>. Ferlies four ye maun find me.

11<sup>4</sup>. Or I'll never lie.

12<sup>2</sup>. And get to me. 12<sup>3</sup>. doth first down.

12<sup>4</sup>. Ye sal tell afore I lay me down be-  
tween you and the wa.

13<sup>2</sup>. has an Indian gown that waft.

13<sup>3</sup>. on cedar top the dew.

14<sup>2</sup>. that gait me perplex. 14<sup>3</sup>. three times  
twa.

15<sup>1</sup>. the greenest grass. 15<sup>2</sup>. war nor an ill woman's wish.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. horn is quickly found . . . on every claw.  
 16<sup>4</sup>. There's ane upon the neb of him.  
 17<sup>5</sup>. A wild bore tore his mither's side.  
 18<sup>6</sup>. now there's nae within the realm, I think.  
**e** has stanzas 1, 5 (?), 9, 12, 10, 13, 14<sup>7</sup> of a, the first two imperfect. The last line of each stanza is changed, no doubt for delicacy's sake, to I will tak you wi me, I tell you, aye or na, or the like.

1. The Earl o' Roslin's dochter gaed out to tak the air;  
 She met a gallant gentleman, as hame she did repair;  
 . . . .  
 I will tak you wi me, I tell you, aye or no.

5(?). I am Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king.

I will tak you wi me, I tell you, aye or no.

9<sup>1</sup>. I maun hae to my supper a bird without a bone.

9<sup>2</sup>. An I maun hae a gentle bird that flies.

9<sup>3</sup>. Before that I gae with you, I tell you, aye or na.

10<sup>1</sup>. When the bird is in the egg. 10<sup>2</sup>. in the bud . . . I'm sure.

10<sup>3</sup>. it is a gentle bird.

12<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. a gey mantle . . . neer ea'd.

13<sup>3</sup>. sune soll get.

14<sup>1</sup>. is standing at. 14<sup>2</sup>. say that he was . . . a sin.

**f.** Stanzas 9, 10 only.

9<sup>1</sup>. 'T is I maun hae to my supper a bird without a bone.

9<sup>2</sup>. withouten stone. 9<sup>3</sup>. withouten ga.

10<sup>1</sup>. When the bird is in the shell, I'm sure. 10<sup>2</sup>. I'm sure.

10<sup>3</sup>. a gentle . . . withouten ga.

**C.** Printed in stanzas of four short lines.

## 47

### PROUD LADY MARGARET

**A.** 'Proud Lady Margaret,' Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 275, ed. 1803.

**B.** **a.** 'The Courteous Knight,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 91; Motherwell's MS., p. 591. **b.** Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Introduction, p. lxxxi.

**C.** 'The Jolly Hind Squire,' Buchan's MSS., II, 95.

**D.** 'The Knicht o' Archerdale,' Harris MS., fol. 7, No 3.

**E.** 'Fair Margret,' A. Laing, Ancient Ballads and Songs, MS., 1829, p. 6.

**A** WAS communicated to Scott "by Mr Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favorite." Two stanzas and one line were wanting, and were supplied by Scott "from a different ballad, having a plot somewhat similar." The stanzas were 6 and 9. **C** was printed from the MS., with a few changes, under the title of 'The Bonny Hind Squire,' by Dixon, in Scottish Tradition-

al Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 42, and from Dixon in Bell's Early Ballads, p. 183. Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 28, says the ballad was called 'Jolly Janet' by the old people in Aberdeenshire.

**A-D** are plainly compounded of two ballads, the conclusion being derived from **E**. The lady's looking o'er her castle wa, her putting riddles, and her having gard so many die,

make the supposition far from incredible that the Proud Lady Margaret of the first part of the ballad may originally have been one of the cruel princesses spoken of in the preface to 'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship,' p. 417. But the corrupt condition of the texts of A-D forbids any confident opinion.

A dead mistress similarly admonishes her lover, in a ballad from Brittany, given in Ampère, *Instructions relatives aux Poésies populaires de la France*, p. 36.

"Non, je ne dors ni ne soumelle,  
Je sis dans l'enfer à brûler."

"Auprès de moi reste une plaece,  
C'est pour vous, Piar', qu'on l'a gardée."

"Ha! dites-moi plutot, ma Jeanne,  
Comment fair' pour n'y point aller?"

"Il faut aller à la grand-messe,  
Et aux vêpres, sans y manquer."

"Faut point aller aux fileries,  
Comm' vous aviez d'accoutumé."

"Ne fuit point embrasser les filles  
Sur l' bout du coffre au pied du lect."

So Beaurepaire, *Étude*, p. 53; Puymaigre, 'La Damnée,' *Chants populaires*, I, 115; V. Smith, *Chants du Velay et du Forez*, Romania, IV, 449 f., 'La Concubine'; and Luzel, "Celui qui alla voir sa maîtresse en enfer," I, 44, 45. In this last, a lover, whose mistress has died, goes into a monastery, where he prays continually that he may see her again. The devil presents himself in the likeness of a young man, and on condition of being something gently considered takes him to hell. He sees his mistress sitting in a fiery chair (cf. B, 30, 31), devoured by serpents night and day, and is informed that fasts and masses on his part will only make things worse. Like Dives, she sends word to her sister not to do as she has done. Some of these traits are found also in one or another of the French versions.

Translated by Doenniges, p. 6, after Scott, and by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 1, after Aytoun, II, 62.

## A

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 275, ed. 1803. Communicated "by Mr Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favorite."

1 'T WAS on a night, an evening bright,  
When the dew began to fa,  
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,  
Looking o'er her castle wa.

2 She looked east and she looked west,  
To see what she could spy,  
When a gallant knight came in her sight,  
And to the gate drew nigh.

3 'You seem to be no gentleman,  
You wear your boots so wide;  
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,  
You wear the horn so syde.'

4 'I am no cunning hunter,' he said,  
'Nor neer intend to be;

But I am come to this castle  
To seek the love of thee.  
And if you do not grant me love,  
This night for thee I'll die.'

5 'If you should die for me, sir knight,  
There's few for you will meane;  
For mony a better has died for me,  
Whose graves are growing green.'

6 ['But ye maun read my riddle,' she said,  
'And answer my questions three;  
And but ye read them right,' she said,  
'Gae stretch ye out and die.]

7 'Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,  
Springs either on moor or dale?  
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,  
Sings on the evening gale?'

8 'The primrose is the ae first flower  
Springs either on moor or dale,

And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird  
Sings on the evening gale.'

9 ['But what's the little cooin,' she said,  
'Wald buy my castle bound?  
And what's the little boat,' she said,  
'Can sail the world all round?']

10 'O hey, how mony small pennies  
Make thrice three thousand pound?  
Or hey, how mony salt fishes  
Swim a' the salt sea round?'

11 'I think you mann be my match,' she said,  
'My match and something mair;  
You are the first eer got the grant  
Of love frae my father's heir.'

12 'My father was lord of nine castles,  
My mother lady of three;  
My father was lord of nine castles,  
And there's name to heir but me.'

13 'And round about a' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
And on the fifteenth day of May  
The meadows they will maw.'

14 'O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'For loud I hear you lie:

## B

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 91; Motherwell's MS., p. 591. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Introduction, p. lxxxi.

1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,  
Appeard in a lady's hall,  
As she was walking up and down,  
Looking oer her castle wall.

2 'God make you safe and free, fair maid,  
God make you safe and free!  
O sae fa you, ye courteous knight,  
What are your wills wi me?'

3 'My wills wi you are not sma, lady,  
My wills wi you nae sma,  
And since there's name your bower within,  
Ye 'se hae my secrets a'.

Your father was lord of nine castles,  
Your mother was lady of three;  
Your father was lord of nine castles,  
But ye fa heir to but three.'

15 'And round about a' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
But on the fifteenth day of May  
The meadows will not maw.'

16 'I am your brother Willie,' he said,  
'I trow ye ken na me;  
I came to humble your haughty heart,  
Has gard sae mony die.'

17 'If ye be my brother Willie,' she said,  
'As I trow weel ye be,  
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,  
But gae alang wi thee.'

18 'O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'Again I hear you lie;  
For ye've unwashen hands and ye've un-  
washen feet,  
To gae to clay wi me.'

19 'For the wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And cauld clay is my sheets,  
And when the stormy winds do blow,  
My body lies and sleeps.'

4 'For here am I a courtier,  
A courtier come to thee,  
And if ye winna grant your love,  
All for your sake I'll dee.'

5 'If that ye dee for me, sir knight,  
Few for you will make meen;  
For mony gude lord's done the same,  
Their graves are growing green.'

6 'O winna ye pity me, fair maid,  
O winna ye pity me?  
O winna ye pity a courteous knight,  
Whose love is laid on thee?'

7 'Ye say ye are a courteous knight,  
But I think ye are name;  
I think ye're but a millar bred,  
By the colour o your claiting.'

8 ' You seem to be some false young man,  
    You wear your hat sae wide ;  
You seem to be some false young man,  
    You wear your boots sae side.'

9 ' Indeed I am a courteous knight,  
    And of great pedigree ;  
Nae knight did mair for a lady bright  
    Than I will do for thee.'

10 ' O I'll put smiths in your smithy,  
    To shoe for you a steed,  
And I'll put tailors in your bower,  
    To make for you a weed.'

11 ' I will put cooks in your kitchen,  
    And butlers in your ha,  
And on the tap o your father's castle  
    I'll big guude corn and saw.'

12 ' If ye be a courteous knight,  
    As I trust not ye be,  
Ye'll answer some o the sma' questions  
    That I will ask at thee.'

13 ' What is the fairest flower, tell me,  
    That grows in mire or dale ?  
Likewise, which is the sweetest bird  
    Sings next the nightingale ?  
Or what's the finest thing,' she says.  
    'That king or queen can wile ?'

14 ' The primrose is the fairest flower  
    That grows in mire or dale ;  
The mavis is the sweetest bird  
    Next to the nightingale ;  
And yellow gowd's the finest thing  
    That king or queen can wale.

15 ' Ye hae asked many questions, lady,  
    I've you as many told ;'  
' But how many pennies round  
    Make a hundred pounds in gold ?'

16 ' How many of the small fishes  
    Do swim the salt seas round ?  
Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see  
    Into a May morning ?'

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

17 ' Berry-brown ale and a birken speal,  
    And wine in a horn green ;

18 ' Mony's the questions I've ask'd at thee,  
    And ye've answer'd them a' ;  
Ye are mine, and I am thine,  
    Amo the sheets sae sma.'

19 ' You may be my match, kind sir,  
    You may be my match and more ;  
There ne'er was ane came sic a length  
    Wi my father's heir before.'

20 ' My father's lord o nine castles,  
    My mother she's lady ower three,  
And there is name to heir them all,  
    No never a ane but me ;  
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,  
    But he's far ayont the sea.'

21 ' If your father's laird o nine castles,  
    Your mother lady ower three,  
I am Willie your ae brother,  
    Was far beyond the sea.'

22 ' If ye be Willie, my ae brother,  
    As I doubt sair ye be,  
But if it's true ye tell me now,  
    This night I'll gang wi thee.'

23 ' Ye've ower ill washen feet, Janet,  
    And ower ill washen hands,  
And ower coarse robes on your body,  
    Alang wi me to gang.

24 ' The worms they are my bed-fellows,  
    And the cauld clay my sheet,  
And the higher that the wind does blaw,  
    The sounder I do sleep.

25 ' My body's buried in Dumfermline,  
    And far beyond the sea,  
But day nor night nae rest could get,  
    All for the pride o thee.

26 ' Leave aff your pride, jelly Janet,' he says,  
    ' Use it not ony mair ;  
Or when ye come where I hae been  
    You will repent it sair.

27 ' Cast aff, cast aff, sister,' he says,  
    ' The gowd lace frae your crown ;  
For if ye gang where I hae been,  
    Ye'll wear it higher down.

28 · When ye're in the gude church set,  
The gowd pins in your hair,  
Ye take mair delight in your feckless dress  
Than ye do in your morning prayer.

29 · And when ye walk in the church-yard,  
And in your dress are seen,  
There is nae lady that sees your faee  
But wishes your grave were green.

30 · You're straight and tall, handsome withall,  
But your pride overgoes your wit,

**C**

Buchan's MSS, II, 95.

1 ONCE there was a jolly hind squire  
Appeard in a lady's ha,  
And aye she walked up and down,  
Looking oer her castle wa.

2 · What is your wills wi me, kind sir?  
What is your wills wi me?  
‘My wills are [not] sma wi thee, lady,  
My wills are [not] sma wi thee.

3 · For here I stand a courtier,  
And a courtier come to thee,  
And if ye will not grant me your love,  
For your sake I will die.’

4 · If you die for my sake,’ she says,  
‘Few for you will make moan;  
Many better’s died for my sake,  
Their graves are growing green.

5 · You appear to be some false young man,  
You wear your hat so wide;  
You appear to be some false young man,  
You wear your boots so side.

6 · An asking, asking, sir,’ she said,  
‘An asking ye’ll grant me;’  
· Ask on, ask on, lady,’ he said,  
‘What may your asking be?’

7 · What’s the first thing in flower,’ she said,  
‘That springs in mire or dale?  
What’s the next bird that sings,’ she says,  
‘Unto the nightingale?  
Or what is the finest thing,’ she says,  
‘That king or queen can wile?’

8 · The primrose is the first in flower  
That springs in mire or dale;  
The thistle-throat is the next that sings  
Unto the nightingale;  
And yellow gold is the finest thing  
That king or queen can wile.

9 · You have asked many questions, lady,  
I’ve you as many told;  
‘But how many pennies round  
Make a hundred pounds in gold?

10 · How many small fishes  
Do swim the salt seas round?  
Or what’s the seemliest sight you’ll see  
Into a May morning?

\* \* \* \* \*

11 · There’s ale into the birken seale,  
Wine in the horn green;  
There’s gold in the king’s banner  
When he is fighting keen.’

12 · You may be my match, kind sir,’ she said,  
‘You may be my match and more;  
There neer was one eame such a length  
With my father’s heir before.

13 · My father’s lord of nine castles,  
No body heir but me.’  
· Your father’s lord of nine castles,  
Your mother’s lady of three;

14 · Your father’s heir of nine castles,  
And you are heir to three;  
For I am Willium, thy ae brother,  
That died beyond the sea.’

15 'If ye be William, my ae brother,  
This night, O well is me!  
If ye be William, my ae brother,  
This night I'll go with thee.'

16 'For no, for no, jelly Janet,' he says,  
'For no, that cannot be;  
You've o'er foul feet and ill washen hands  
To be in my company.'

17 'For the wee wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And the cold clay is my sheet,  
And the higher that the winds do blow,  
The sounder I do sleep.'

18 'Leave off your pride, jelly Janet,' he says,  
'Use it not any more;

Or when you come where I have been  
You will repent it sore.

19 'When you go in at yon church door,  
The red gold on your hair,  
More will look at your yellow looks  
Than look on the Lord's prayer.'

20 'When you go in at yon church door,  
The red gold on your crown;  
When you come where I have been,  
You'll wear it haigher down.'

21 The jolly hind squire, he went away  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
Left the lady sorrowful behind,  
With many bitter cry.

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## D

Harris's MS., fol. 7, No 3. From Mrs Harris's recitation.

1 THERE cam a knicht to Archerdale,  
His steed was winder sma,  
An there he spied a lady bricht,  
Luikin owre her castle wa.

2 'Ye dinna seem a gentle knicht,  
Though on horseback ye do ride;  
Ye seem to be some sutor's son,  
Your butes they are sae wide.'

3 'Ye dinna seem a lady gay,  
Though ye be bound wi pride;  
Else I'd game bye your father's gate  
But either taunt or gibe.'

4 He turned about his hie horse head,  
An awa he was boun to ride,  
But neatly wi her mouth she spak:  
Oh bide, fine squire, oh bide.

5 'Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,  
Tell me mair o your tale;  
Tell me some o that wondrous lied  
Ye've learnt in Archerdale.'

6 'What gaes in a speal?' she said,  
'What in a horn green?  
An what gaes on a lady's head,  
Whan it is washen clean?'

7 'Ale gaes in a speal,' he said,  
'Wine in a horn green;  
An silk gaes on a lady's head,  
Whan it is washen clean.'

8 Aboot he turned his hie horse head,  
An awa he was boun to ride,  
When neatly wi her mouth she spak:  
Oh bide, fine squire, oh bide.

9 'Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,  
Tell me mair o your tale;  
Tell me some o that unco lied  
You've learnt in Archerdale.'

10 'Ye are as like my ae brither  
As ever I did see;  
But he's been buried in yon kirkyaird  
It's mair than years is three.'

11 'I am as like your ae brither  
As ever ye did see;  
But I canna get peace into my grave,  
A' for the pride o thee.'

12 'Leave pride, Janet, leave pride. Janet,  
Leave pride an vanitie;  
If ye come the roads that I hae come,  
Sair warned will ye be.'

13 'Ye come in by yonder kirk  
Wi the goud preens in your sleeve;

When you're bracht hame to yon kirkyaird,  
You'll gie them a' thier leave.

14 'Ye come in to yonder kirk  
Wi the goud plaits in your hair;  
When you're bracht hame to yon kirkyaird,  
You will them a' forbear.'

15 He got her in her mither's baur.  
Puttin gond plaits in her hair;  
He left her in her father's gairden,  
Mournin her sins sae sair.

## E

Alex. Laing, Ancient Ballads and Songs, etc., etc., from the recitation of old people. Never published. 1829. P. 6.

1 FAIR MARGRET was a young ladye,  
An come of high degree;  
Fair Margret was a young ladye,  
An proud as proud cound be.

2 Fair Margret was a rich ladye,  
The king's cousin was she;  
Fair Margret was a rich ladye,  
An vain as vain cound be.

3 She war'd her wealth on the gay cleedin  
That comes frae yont the sea,  
She spent her time frae morning till night  
Adorning her fair bodye.

4 Ae night she sate in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
When in there cunn like a gentle knight,  
An a white scarf he did wear.

5 'O what's your will wi me, sir knight,  
O what's your will wi me?  
You're the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I did see.'

6 'You're the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I hae seen,

But he's buried in Dunfermline kirk,  
A month an mair bygane.'

7 'I'm the likest to your ae brother  
That ever ye did see,  
But I canna get rest into my grave,  
A' for the pride of thee.'

8 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.'

9 'O ye come in at the kirk-door  
Wi the gowd plaits in your hair;  
But wud ye see what I hae seen,  
Ye maun them a' forbear.'

10 'O ye come in at the kirk-door  
Wi the gowd prins i your sleeve;  
But wad ye see what I hae seen,  
Ye maun gie them a' their leave.'

11 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.'

12 He got her in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
He left her on her sick sick bed,  
Sleding the saut saut tear.

B 15<sup>8</sup>, 16<sup>1, 2</sup>, C 9<sup>8</sup>, 10<sup>1, 2</sup> are rightly answers, not questions: cf. A 9, 10. D 6 furnishes the question answered in B 17.

B. b. Motherwell begins at st. 25.

27<sup>2</sup>, gowd band.

28<sup>1</sup>, 29<sup>1</sup>, kirk. 30<sup>2</sup>, overgangs.

32<sup>2</sup>. In the. 32<sup>2</sup>. And naething.  
C. Kind Squire in the title, and kind in 1<sup>1</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>; I suppose by mistake of my copyist.

16<sup>2</sup>. You're (?).

17<sup>2</sup>. the clay cold.

E. 8<sup>3</sup>, 11<sup>3</sup>. E'er.

## 48

## YOUNG ANDREW

Percy MS., p. 292. Hales and Furnivall, II, 328.

'YOUNG ANDREW' is known only from the Percy manuscript. The story recalls both 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight,' No 4, and 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' No 9. The lady, Helen, 25<sup>3</sup>, is bidden to take, and does take, gold with her in stanzas 5-7, as in No 4, English E 2, 3, D 7, Danish A 12, E 7, 9, I 5, L 5, 6, and nearly all the Polish copies, and again in No 9, A 14. She is stripped of her clothes and head-gear in 8-17, as in No 4, English C-E, German G, H, and many of the Polish versions. These are destined by Young Andrew for his lady ("that dwells so far in a strange country") in 10, 12, 14, as by Ulinger for his sister, and by Adelger for his mother, in German G 18, H 15. In 15 the lady entreats Young Andrew to leave her her smock; so in No 4, Polish L 8, "You brought me from home in a green gown; take me back in a shift of tow," and R 13, "You took me away in red satin; let me go back at least in a

smock." 18 has the choice between dying and going home again which is presented in 'Lady Isabel,' Polish AA 4, H 10, R 11, and implied in 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' D 2-5; in A 25 of this last the choice is between dying and being a paramour. In 20, 21, the lady says, "If my father ever catches you, you're sure to flower a gallows-tree," etc.; in No 4, Polish J 5, "If God would grant me to reach the other bank, you know, wretch, what death you would die." The father is unrelenting in this ballad, v. 26, and receives his daughter with severity in 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' B 13, C 13. The conclusion of 'Young Andrew' is mutilated and hard to make out. He seems to have been pursued and caught, as John is in the Polish ballads, O, P, T, etc., of No 4. Why he was not promptly disposed of, and how the wolf comes into the story, will probably never be known.

1 As I was east in my first sleepe,  
A dreadfull draught in my mind I drew,  
Ffor I was dreamed of a yong man,  
Some men called him yonge Andrew.

2 The moone shone bright, and itt cast a ffayre  
light,  
Says shee, Welcome, my honey, my hart,  
and my sweete!  
For I haue loued thee this seuen long yeere,  
And our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete.

3 Then he tooke her in his armes two,  
And kissed her both cheeke and chin,  
And twise or thrise he pleased this may  
Before they tow did part in twinn.

4 Saines, Now, good sir, you haue had your  
will,  
You can demand no more of mee;  
Good sir, remember what you said before,  
And goe to the church and marry mee.

5 Ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;  
Goe home and fett thy fathers redd gold,  
And I'le goe to the church and marry  
thee.

6 This ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,  
And well she knew where his red gold lay,  
And counted fforth five hundred pound,  
Besides all other iuell and chaines:

7 And brought it all to younge Andrew,  
It was well counted vpon his knee :  
Then he tooke her by the lillye white hand.  
And led her vp to an hill soe hye.

8 Shee had vpon a gowne of blaekе veluett,  
(A pittyfull sight after yee shall see :)  
‘Put thy clothes, bonny wenche,’ he sayes,  
‘For noe floote further thoust gang with  
mee.’

9 But then shee put of her gowne of veluett,  
With many a salt teare from her eye,  
And in a kirtle of fine breden silke  
Shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.

10 Saies, O put off thy kirtle of silke,  
Ffor some and all shall goe with mee ;  
And to my owne lady I must itt beare,  
Who I must needs loue better then thee.

11 Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,  
With many a salt teare still ffrom her  
eye;  
In a petieoate of scarlett redd  
Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.

12 Saies, O put of thy petieoate,  
For some and all of itt shall goe with mee ;  
And to my owne lady I will itt beare,  
Whiche dwells soe ffarr in a strange coun-  
trye.

13 But then shee put of her petieoate,  
With many a salt teare still from her eye,  
And in a smoeke of brane white silke  
Shee stood before young Andrews eye.

14 Saies, O put of thy smoeke of silke,  
For some and all shall goe with mee ;  
Vnto my owne ladye I will itt beare,  
That dwells soe ffarr in a strange coun-  
trye.

15 Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,  
Once of a woman you were borne ;  
And ffor that birth that Marye bore,  
I pray you let my smoeke be vpon !

16 ‘Yes, ffayre ladye, I know itt well,  
Once of a woman I was borne ;  
Yett ffor noe birth that Marye bore,  
Thy smoeke shall not be left here vpon.’

17 But then shee put of her head-geere flñe ;  
Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound ;  
The hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench  
head  
Covered her bodye downe to the ground.

18 Then he pulled forth a Scottish brand,  
And held itt there in his owne right hand ;  
Saies, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords  
point, ladye,  
Or thow wilt goe naked home againe ?

19 ‘Liffe is sweet,’ then, ‘sir,’ said shee,  
‘Therfore I pray you leane mee with mine ;  
Before I wold dye on *your* swords point,  
I had rather goe naked home againe.

20 ‘My ffather,’ shee sayes, ‘is a right good  
erle  
As any remaines in his countrye ;  
If ever he doe *your* body take,  
*You*’r sure to flower a gallow tree.

21 ‘And I haue seuen brethren,’ shee sayes,  
‘And they are all hardy men and bold :  
Giff ever the doe *your* body take,  
You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.’

22 ‘If *your* ffather be a right good erle  
As any remaines in his owne countrye,  
Tush ! he shall neuer my body take,  
Ile gang soe ffast ouer the sea.

23 ‘If you haue seuen brethren,’ he sayes,  
‘If they be neuer soe hardy or bold,  
Tush ! they shall neuer my body take,  
Ile gang soe ffast into the Scottish mold.’

24 Now this ladye is gone to her fathers hall,  
When every body their rest did take ;  
But the Erle which was her ffather  
Lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

25 ‘But who is *that*,’ her ffather can say,  
‘*That* soe priuilye knowes the pinn ?’  
‘It’s Hellen, *your* owne deere daughter, ffath-  
er,  
I pray you rise and lett me in.’

26 . . . . .  
‘Noe, by my hood !’ quoth her ffather then,  
‘My [house] thoust neuer come within,  
W/without I had my red gold againe.’

27 'Nay, your gold is gone, father !' said shee,  
     Then naked thou came into this world,  
     And naked thou shalt returme againe.'

28 'Nay ! God fforgane his death, father,' shee  
     sayes,  
     'And soe I hope you will doe mee :'  
     Away, away, thou cursed woman,  
     I pray God an ill death thou may dye !'

29 Shee stood soe long quacking on the ground  
     Till her hart itt burst in three ;  
     And then shee ffell dead downe in a swoond,  
     And this was the end of this bonny ladye.

30 Ithe morning, when her ffather gott vpp,  
     A pittyfull sight there he might see ;  
     His owne deere daughter was dead, without  
     clothes,  
     The teares they trickled fast ffrom his eye.

31 . . . . .  
     Sais, Fye of gold, and fyfe of ffee !  
     For I sett soe much by my red gold  
     That now itt hath lost both my daughter  
     and mee !'

32 . . . . .  
     But after this time he neere dought good  
     day,

But as flowers doth fade in the frost,  
     Soe he did wast and weare away.

33 But let vs leaue talking of this ladye.  
     And talke some more of young Andrew ;  
     For ffalshe he was to this bonny ladye,  
     More pitty that he had not beeene true.

34 He was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,  
     Or halfe a mile into the hart of Wales,  
     But there they caught him by such a braue  
     wyle  
     That hee must come to tell noe more tales.

\* \* \* \* \*

35 . . . . .  
     Ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell,  
     And shee came roaring like a beare,  
     And gaping like a feend of hell.

36 Soe they ffought together like two lyons,  
     And fire betweene them two glashet out ;  
     The caught eche other such a great rappe,  
     That there young Andrew was slaine, well I  
     wott.

37 But now young Andrew he is dead,  
     But he was never buryed vnder mold,  
     For ther as the Wolfe devoured him,  
     There lies all this great erles gold.

1<sup>3</sup>. of one. 3<sup>8</sup>. 2<sup>9</sup>, 3<sup>9</sup>.

7<sup>4</sup>. to one. 17<sup>2</sup>. 100<sup>11</sup>.

19<sup>1</sup>. My liffe.

25<sup>2</sup>. that pinn.

30<sup>6</sup>. any follows without, but is crossed out.

30<sup>4</sup>. they teares. 33<sup>4</sup>. itt had.

Arabic numbers are in several cases expressed in letters.

## 49

## THE TWA BROTHERS

**A.** Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 56, No 19.

**B.** 'The Cruel Brother.' Motherwell's MS., p. 259. From the recitation of Mrs McCormick.

**C.** 'The Twa Brithers,' Motherwell's MS., p. 649. From the recitation of Mrs Cunningham.

**D.** 'The Twa Brothers, or, The Wood o' Warslin,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 59. From the recitation of Mrs Arrott.

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**E.** 'The Twa Brothers,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 60.

**F.** 'The Two Brothers,' Buchan's MSS, I, 57; Motherwell's MS., p. 662.

**G. a.** 'John and William,' taken down from the singing of little girls in South Boston. **b.** From a child in New York. Both communicated by Mr W. W. Newell.

ALL the Scottish versions were obtained within the first third of this century, and since then no others have been heard of. It is interesting to find the ballad still in the mouths of children in American cities,—in the mouths of the poorest, whose heritage these old things are.\* The American versions, though greatly damaged, preserve the names John and William, which all the other copies have.

**B** and **C** are considerably corrupted. It need hardly be mentioned that the age of the boys in the first two stanzas of **B** does not suit the story. According to **C** 8, 15, the mother had cursed John, before he left home, with a wish that he might never return; and in **C** 9, John sends word to his true-love that he is in his grave for her dear sake alone. These points seem to have been taken from some copy of 'Willie and May Margaret,' or 'The Drowned Lovers.' The conclusion of both **B** and **C** belongs to 'Sweet William's Ghost.' **C** 18 may be corrected by **B** 10, though there is an absurd jumble of pipes and harp in the latter. The harp, in a deft hand, effects like wonders in many a ballad: e. g., 'Harpens Kraft,' Grundtvig, II, 65, No 49; even a pipe in **C** 14–16 of the same.

\* Mr Newell says: "I have heard it sung at a picnic, by a whole carful of little girls. The melody is pretty. These children were of the poorest class."

**D, E, F, G** supplement the story with more or less of the ballad of 'Edward': see p. 168.

Jamieson inquires for this ballad in the Scots Magazine for October, 1803, p. 701, at which time he had only the first stanza and the first half of the third. He fills out the imperfect stanza nearly as in the copy which he afterwards printed:

But out an Willie 's taen his knife,  
And did his brother slay.

Of the five other Scottish versions, all except **B** make the deadly wound to be the result of accident, and this is, in Motherwell's view, a point essential. The other reading, he says, is at variance with the rest of the story, and "sweeps away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings: for it is almost unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow and unrelentless remorse of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death, and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses, even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor." But the generosity of the dying man is plainly greater if his brother has killed him in an outburst of passion; and what is gained this way

will fully offset the loss, if any, which comes from the fratricide having cause for “cureless remorse” as well as boundless sorrow. Motherwell’s criticism, in fact, is not quite intelligible. (*Minstrelsy*, p. 61.)

The variation in the story is the same as that between the English ‘Cruel Brother’ and the German ‘Graf Friedrich’: in the former the bride is killed by her offended brother; in the latter it is the bridegroom’s sword slipping from its sheath that inflicts the mortal hurt.

Motherwell was inclined to believe, and Kirkpatrick Sharpe was convinced, that this ballad was founded upon an event that happened near Edinburgh as late as 1589, that of one of the Somervilles having been killed by his brother’s pistol accidentally going off. Sharpe afterward found a case of a boy of thirteen killing a young brother in anger at having his hair pulled. This most melancholy story, the particulars of which are given in the last edition of the Ballad Book, p. 130, note xix, dates nearly a hundred years later, 1682. Only the briefest mention need be made of these unusually gratuitous surmises.

Kirkland, in D, was probably suggested by the kirkyard of other versions, assisted, possibly, by a reminiscence of the Kirkley in ‘Robin Hood’s Death and Burial;’ for it will be observed that stanzas 8, 9 of D come pretty near to those in which Robin Hood gives direction for his grave; F 9, 10, B 5, 6 less near.\*

Cunningham has entitled a romance of his, upon the theme of ‘The Two Brothers’ (which, once more, he ventures to print nearly in the state in which he once had the pleasure of hearing it sung), ‘Fair Annie of Kirkland:’ Songs of Scotland, II, 16.

The very pathetic passage in which the dying youth directs that father, mother, and sister shall be kept in ignorance of his death, and then, feeling how vain the attempt to conceal the fact from his true-love will be, bids that she be informed that he is in his grave and will never come back, is too truly

\* “The house of Inchmurry, formerly called Kirkland, was built of old by the abbot of Holyrood-house for his accommodation when he came to that country, and was for-

a touch of nature to be found only here. Something similar occurs in ‘Mary Hamilton,’ where, however, the circumstances are very different:

‘ And here’s to the jolly sailor lad  
That sails upon the faeme!  
And let not my father nor mother get wit  
But that I shall come again.’

‘ And here’s to the jolly sailor lad  
That sails upon the sea!  
But let not my father nor mother get wit  
O the death that I maun dee.’

In a fine Norse ballad (see ‘Brown Robyn’s Confession,’ further on) a man who is to be thrown overboard to save a ship takes his leave of the world with these words:

‘ If any of you should get back to land,  
And my foster-mother ask for me,  
Tell her I’m serving in the king’s court,  
And living right merrily.’

‘ If any of you should get back to land,  
And my true-love ask for me,  
Bid her to marry another man,  
For I am under the sea.’

A baron, who has been mortally wounded in a duel, gives this charge to his servant:

‘ Faites mes compliments à ma femme,  
Mais ne lui dites pas que j’ai été tué;  
Mais dites lui que je serai allé à Paris.  
Pour saluer le roi Louis.’

‘ Dites que je serai allé à Paris,  
Pour saluer le roi Louis,  
Et que j’ai acheté un nouveau cheval,  
Le petit cœur de mon cheval était trop gai.’  
(Le Seigneur de Rosmadee. Luzel, I, 368, 374.)

In like manner a dying klept: “If our comrades ask about me, tell them not that I have died: say only that I have married in strange lands; have taken the flat stone for mother-in-law, the black earth for my wife, the black worms for brothers-in-law.” Zam-

merly the minister’s manse.” Statistical Account of Scotland, XII, 506, cited by Jamieson, I, 62. There are still three or four Kirklands in Scotland and the north of England.

belios, p. 606, No 11, Fauriel, I, 51, Passow, p. 118, No 152; and again, Zambelios, p. 672, No 94, Passow, p. 113, No 146. In the Danish 'Elveskud,' Grundtvig, II, 115, No 47, B 18, Ole would simply have the tragic truth kept from his bride :

'Hearken, Sir Ole, of nickle pride,  
How shall I answer thy young bride?'

'You must say I am gone to the wood,  
To prove horse and hounds, if they be good.'

Such questions and answers as we have in D 20, E 17, F 24, are of the commonest occurrence in popular poetry, and not unknown to the poetry of art. Ballads of the 'Edward' class end generally or always in this way : see p. 168. We have again the particular question and answer which occur here in 'Lizie Wan' and in one version of 'The Trooper and Fair Maid,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 158. The question may be : When will you come back ? When shall you cease to love me ? When shall we be married ? etc.; and the answer : When apple-trees grow in the seas ; when fishes fly and seas gang dry ; when all streams run together ; when all swift streams are still ; when it snows roses and rains wine ; when all grass is rne ; when the nightingale sings on the sea and the cuckoo is heard in winter ; when poplars bear cherries and oaks roses ; when feathers sink and stones swim ; when sand sown on a stone germinates, etc., etc. See Virgil, Eel. i, 59-63 ; Ovid, Met. xiii, 324-27 ; Wolf, Ueber die Lais, p. 433 ; 'Svend Vonved,' Grundtvig, I, 240, No 18, A. D ; Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, 'Lord Jannie Douglas,' I, 232 f, Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. vii, Kinloch, Finlay, etc. ; Pills to Purge Melancholy, V, 37 : 'Der verwundete Knabe,' 'Die verwundete Dame,' Mittler, Nos 49-53, Erk's Liederhort, pp 111-115, Wunderhorn, IV, 358-63, Longard, p. 39, No 18, Pröhle, Welt. u. geist. Volkslieder, p. 12, No 6 ; Meinhert, pp 28, 60, 73 ; Uhland, p. 127, No 65 ; Wun-

derhorn (1857), II, 223, Reifferscheid, p. 23, Liederhort, p. 345. Erk, Nene Sammlung, ii, 39, Kretzschmer, I, 143 ; Zuccalmaglio, pp 103, 153, 595 ; Peter, Volksthümliches aus Öst.-schlesien, I, 274 ; Ditfurth, II, 9, No 10 ; Fiedler, p. 187 ; Des Tureken Vassnachtspiel, Tieck's Deutsches Theater, I, 8 ; Uhland, Zur Geschichte der Dichtung, III, 216 ff ; Tigri, Canti popolari toscani (1860), pp 230-242, Nos 820, 822, 823, 832, 836-40, 857, 858, 862, 868 ; Visconti, Saggio dei Canti p. della Provincia di Marritima e Campagna, p. 21, No 18 : Nino, Saggio di Canti p. sabinesi, p. 28 f, p. 30 f ; Pitre, Saggi di Critica letteraria, p. 25 ; Braga, Cantos p. do Archipelago açoriano, p. 220 ; Möckesch, Romänische Dichtungen, p. 6 f, No 2 ; Passow, p. 273 f, Nos 387, 388 ; B. Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, etc. p. 154, No 10, and note, p. 253 ; Morosi, Studi sui Dialetti greci della Terra d'Otranto, p. 30, lxxv, p. 32, lxxix ; Pellegrini, Canti p. dei Greci di Cargese, p. 21 ; De Rada, Rapsodie d'un Poema albanese, p. 29 ; Haupt u. Schmäler, Volkslieder der Wenden, I, 76, No 47, I, 182, No 158, I, 299, No 300 ; Altmann, Balalaika, Russische Volkslieder, p. 233, No 184 ; Golovatsky, Narodnyya Piesni galitzkoy i ugorskoy Rusi, II, 555, No 18, III, i, 12, No 9 ; Maximovitch, Sbornik ukrainskikh Pyesen, p. 7, No 1, p. 107, No 30 ; Dozon, Chansons p. bulgares, p. 283, No 57 ; Bodenstedt, Die poetische Ukraine, p. 46, No 14 ; Jordan, Ueber kleinrussische Volkspoesie, Blätter für lit. Unterhaltung, 1840, No 252, p. 1014 (Uhland) ; Rhesa, Ueber lithauische Volkspoesie, in Beiträge zur Kunnde Preussens, I, 523 ; Aigner, Ungarische Volksdichtungen, pp 147, 149 : etc.

A is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 168 ; Afzelius, III, 7 ; Grimm, Drei altschottische Lieder, p. 5 ; Talvi, Charakteristik, p. 507 ; Rosa Warrens, Schottische V. L. der Vorzeit, p. 91. Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 4, translates Ayton, I, 193.

**A**

Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 56, No 19.

1 THERE were twa brethren in the north,  
They went to the school thegither;  
The one unto the other said,  
Will you try a warse afore?

2 They warsled up, they walsled down.  
Till Sir John fell to the ground,  
And there was a knife in Sir Willie's pouch,  
Gied him a deadlie wound.

3 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
Carry me to yon burn clear,  
And wash the blood from off my wound,  
And it will bleed nae mair.'

4 He took him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon burn clear,  
And wash'd the blood from off his wound,  
But aye it bled the mair.

5 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
Carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And lay my body there.'

**B**

Motherwell's MS., p. 259. From Widow McCormick,  
January 19, 1825.

1 THERE was two little boys going to the school,  
And twa little boys they be,  
They met three brothers playing at the ba,  
And ladies dansing hey.

2 'It's whether will ye play at the ba, brither,  
Or else throw at the stone?'  
'I am too little, I am too young,  
O brother let me alone.'

3 He pulled out a little penknife,  
That was baith sharp and sma,  
He gave his brother a deadly wound  
That was deep, long and sair.

4 He took the holland sark off his back,  
He tore it frae breast to gare,  
He laid it to the bloody wound,  
That still bled mair and mair.

6 He's taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon kirk-yard,  
And dug a grave baith deep and wide,  
And laid his body there.

7 'But what will I say to my father dear,  
Gin he chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy him a cask of wine.'

8 'And what will I say to my mother dear,  
Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy her a new silk gown.'

9 'And what will I say to my sister dear,  
Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy her a wedding ring.'

10 'But what will I say to her you loe dear,  
Gin she cry, Why tarries my John?'  
'Oh tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,  
And home again will never come.'

5 'It's take me on your back, brother,' he says,  
'And carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And make me there a very fine grave,  
That will be long and large.'

6 'Lay my bible at my head,' he says,  
'My chaunter at my feet,  
My bow and arrows by my side,  
And soundly I will sleep.'

7 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'My father will ask for me;  
You may tell him I am in Saussif town,  
Learning my lesson free.'

8 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'My mother will ask for me;  
You may tell her I am in Sausaf town,  
And I'll come home merrily.'

9 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'Lady Margaret will ask for me;  
You may tell her I'm dead and in grave laid,  
And buried in Sausaff toun.'

10 She put the small pipes to her mouth,  
And she harped both far and near,  
Till she harped the small birds off the briars,  
And her true love out of the grave.

11 'What's this? what's this, lady Margaret?' he says,  
'What's this you want of me?'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 649. From the recitation of Mrs Cunningham, Ayr.

1 THERE were twa brithers at ae senle;  
As they were coming hame,  
Then said the ane until the other  
'John, will ye throw the stane?'

2 'I will not throw the stane, brither,  
I will not play at the ba;  
But gin ye come to yonder wood  
I'll warlsey you a fa.'

3 The firsten fa young Johnie got,  
It brought him to the ground:  
The wee pen-knife in Willie's pocket  
Gied him a deadly wound.

4 'Tak aff, tak aff my holland sark,  
And rive it frae gore to gore,  
And stapt it in my bleeding wounds,  
They'll aiblins bleed noe more.'

5 He ponit aff his holland sark,  
And rave it frae gore to gore,  
And stapt it in his bleeding wounds,  
But ay they bled the more.

6 'O brither, tak me on your back,  
And bear me hence away,  
And carry me to Chester kirk,  
And lay me in the clay.'

7 'What will I say to your father,  
This night when I return?  
'Tell him I'm gane to Chester seule,  
And tell him no to murn.'

8 'What will I say to your mother,  
This nicht whan I gae hame?  
'She wishd afore I cam awa  
That I might neer gae hame.'

'One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,  
That's all I want of thee.'

12 'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
'My breath it is so strong,  
If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
Your days will not be long.'

9 'What will I say to your true-love,  
This nicht when I gae hame?  
'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,  
For her dear sake alone.'

10 He took him upon his back  
And bore him hence away,  
And carried him to Chester kirk,  
And laid him in the clay.

11 He laid him in the cauld cauld clay,  
And he cuirt him wi a stane,  
And he's awa to his fathers ha,  
Sae dowlie alone.

12 'You're welcome, dear son,' he said,  
'You're welcome hame to me;  
But what's come o your brither John,  
That gade awa wi thee?'

13 'Oh he's awa to Chester seule,  
A scholar he'll return;  
He bade me tell his father dear  
About him no to murn.'

14 'You're weleome hame, dear son,' she said,  
'You're welcome hame to me;  
But what's come o your brither John,  
That gade awa wi thee?'

15 'He bade me tell his mother dear,  
This nicht when I cam hame,  
Ye wisht before he gade awa,  
That he might neer return.'

16 Then next came up his true-love dear,  
And heavy was her moan;  
'You're weleome hame, dear Will,' she said,  
'But whare's your brither John?'

17 'O lady, cease your trouble now,  
O cease your heavy moan;  
He's dead and in the cauld cauld clay,  
For your dear sake alone.'

18 She ran distraught, she wept, she sieht,  
She wept the sma boids frae the tree,  
She wept the starns adoun frae the lift,  
She wept the fish out o the sea.

19 'O cease your weeping, my ain true-love,  
Ye but disturb my rest ;'

## D

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 59. From the recitation  
of Mrs W. Arrott, of Aberbrothick.

1 'O WILL ye gae to the school, brother?  
Or will ye gae to the ba ?  
Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,  
To see whilk o 's maun fa ?'

2 'It 's I winna gae to the school, brother,  
Nor will I gae to the ba ;  
But I will gae to the wood a-warslin,  
And it is you maun fa.'

3 They warstled up, they warstled down,  
The lee-lang simmer's day :

4 'O lift me up upon your back,  
Tak me to you wall fair ;  
You 'll wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
And syn they 'll bleed nae mair.'

5 'And ye 'll tak aff my hollin sark,  
And riv 't frae gair to gair ;  
Ye 'll stappit it in my bluidy wounds,  
And syn they 'll bleed nae mair.'

6 He 's liftit his brother upon his back,  
Taen him to you wall fair ;  
He 's washed his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
But ay they bled mair and mair.

7 And he 's taen aff his hollin sark,  
And riven 't frae gair to gair ;  
He 's stappit it in his bluidy wounds,  
But ay they bled mair and mair.

8 'Ye 'll lift me up upon your back,  
Tak me to Kirkland fair ;  
Ye 'll mak my great baidh braid and lang,  
And lay my body there.'

' Is that my ain true lover John,  
The man that I loe best ? '

20 'T is naething but my ghaist,' he said,  
'That 's sent to comfort thee ;  
O cease your weeping, my true-love,  
And 't will gie peace to me.'

9 'Ye 'll lay my arrows at my head,  
My bent bow at my feet,  
My sword and buckler at my side,  
As I was wont to sleep.'

10 'Whan ye gae hame to your father,  
He 'll speir for his son John :  
Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,  
Learning the school alone.'

11 'When ye gae hame to my sister,  
She 'll speir for her brother John :  
Ye 'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
The green grass growin aboon.'

12 'Whan ye gae hame to my true-love,  
She 'll speir for her lord John :  
Ye 'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
But hame ye fear he 'll never come.'

13 He 's gane hame to his father ;  
He speered for his son John :  
' It 's I left him into Kirkland fair,  
Learning the school alone.'

14 And whan he gaed hame to his sister,  
She speered for her brother John :  
' It 's I left him into Kirkland fair,  
The green grass growin aboon.'

15 And whan he gaed home to his true-love,  
She speerd for her lord John :  
' It 's I left him into Kirkland fair,  
And hame I fear he 'll never come.'

16 'But whaten bluid 's that on your sword, Wil-  
lie ?  
Sweet Willie, tell to me ;'  
' O it is the bluid o my grey hounds,  
They wadna rin for me.'

17 'It 's nae the bluid o your hounds, Willie,  
Their bluid was never so red ;'

But it is the bluid o my true-love,  
That ye hae slain indeed.'

18 That fair may wept, that fair may mournd,  
That fair may mournd and pin'd :  
'When every lady looks for her love,  
I neer need look for mine.'

19 'O whaten a death will ye die, Willie ?  
Now, Willie, tell to me :'

## E

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 60.

1 THERE were twa brothers at the seule,  
And when they got awa,  
'It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,  
Or will ye play at the ba,  
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,  
And there we'll warsel a fa ?'

2 'I winna play at the stane-chucking,  
Nor will I play at the ba ;  
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,  
And there we'll warsel a fa.'

3 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
Till John fell to the ground ;  
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,  
And gave John a deadly wound.

4 'O lift me upon your back,  
Take me to yon well fair,  
And wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
And they'll neer bleed nae mair.'

5 He's lifted his brother upon his back,  
Taen him to yon well fair ;  
He's wash'd his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

6 'Tak ye aff my holland sark,  
And rive it ga'ry ga'ry,  
And row it in my bluidy wounds,  
And they'll neer bleed nae mair.'

7 He's taken aff his holland sark,  
And torn it ga'ry ga'ry ;  
He's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,  
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

'Ye'll put me in a bottomless boat,  
And I'll gae sail the sea.'

20 'Whan will ye come hame again, Willie ?  
Now, Willie, tell to me ;'  
'Whan the sun and moon dances on the green,  
And that will never be.'

8 'Tak now aff my green cleidng,  
And row me safty in,  
And tak me up to yon kirk-style,  
Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

9 He's taken aff the green eleidng,  
And rowed him safty in ;  
He's laid him down by yon kirk-style,  
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

10 'What will ye say to your father dear,  
When ye gae hame at een ?'  
'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk-style,  
Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

11 'O no, O no, my brother dear,  
O you must not say so ;  
But say that I'm gone to a foreign land,  
Whare nae man does me know.'

12 When he sat in his father's chair,  
He grew baith pale and wan :  
'O what blude's that upon your brow ?  
O dear son, tell to me ;'  
'It is the blude o my gude gray steed,  
He wadna ride wi me.'

13 'O thy steed's blude was neer sae red,  
Nor eer sae dear to me :  
O what blude's this upon your cheek ?  
O dear son, tell to me ;'  
'It is the blude of my greyhound,  
He wadna hunt for me.'

14 'O thy hound's blude was neer sae red,  
Nor eer sae dear to me :  
O what blude's this upon your hand ?  
O dear son, tell to me ;'  
'It is the blude of my gay goss-hawk,  
He wadna flee for me.'

15 'O thy hawk's blude was neer sae red,  
Nor eer sae dear to me :  
O what blude 's this upon your dirk ?  
Dear Willie, tell to me ;'  
'It is the blude of my ae brother,  
O dule and wae is me !'

16 'O what will ye say to your father ?  
Dear Willie, tell to me ?'  
'I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,  
To dwell in some far countrie.'

**F**

Buchan's MSS., I, 57; Motherwell's MS., p. 662.

1 THERE were twa brothers in the east,  
Went to the school o Ayr ;  
The one unto the other did say,  
Come let us wrestle here.

2 They wrestled up and wrestled down,  
Till John fell to the ground ;  
There being a knife in Willie's pocket,  
Gae John his deadly wound.

3 'O is it for my gold, brother ?  
Or for my white monie ?  
Or is it for my lands sae braid,  
That ye hae killed me ?'

4 'It is not for your gold,' he said,  
'Nor for your white monie ;  
It is by the hand o accident  
That I hae killed thee.'

5 'Ye'll take the shirt that 's on my back,  
Rive it frae gair to gair,  
And try to stop my bloody wounds,  
For they bleed wonderous sair.'

6 He's taen the shirt was on his back,  
Reave it frae gare to gare,  
And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,  
But still they bled the mair.

7 'Ye'll take me up upon your back,  
Carry me to yon water clear,  
And try to stop my bloody wounds,  
For they run wonderous sair.'

8 He's taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon water clear,

17 'O when will ye come hame again ?  
Dear Willie, tell to me ;'  
'When sun and mune leap on yon hill,  
And that will never be.'

18 She turnd hersel right round about,  
And her heart burst into three :  
'My ae best son is deid and gane,  
And my tother ane I'll neer see.'

And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,  
But still they bled the mair.

9 'Ye'll take me up upon your back,  
Carry me to yon church-yard ;  
Ye'll dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And then ye'll lay me there.'

10 'Ye'll put a head-stane at my head,  
Another at my feet,  
Likewise a sod on my breast-bane,  
The souner I may sleep.'

11 'Whenever my father asks of thee,  
Saying, What 's become of John ?  
Ye'll tell frae me, I 'm ower the sea,  
For a cargo of good wine.'

12 'And when my sweetheart asks of thee,  
Saying, What 's become of John ?  
Ye'll tell frae me, I 'm ower the sea,  
To buy a wedding gown.'

13 'And when my sister asks of thee,  
Saying, William, where is John ?  
Ye'll tell frae me, I 'm ower the sea,  
To learn some merry sang.'

14 'And when my mother asks of thee,  
Saying, William, where is John ?  
Tell her I 'm buried in green Fordland,  
The grass growing over my tomb.'

15 He's taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon church-yard,  
And dug a grave baith wide and deep,  
And he was buried there.

16 He laid a head-stane at his head,  
Another at his feet,

And laid a green sod on his breast,  
The souner he might sleep.

17 His father asked when he came hame,  
Saying, ' William, where is John ? '  
Then John said, ' He is ower the sea,  
To bring you haume some wine.'

18 ' What blood is this upon you, William,  
And looks sae red on thee ? '  
' It is the blood o my grey-hound,  
He woudna run for me.'

19 ' O that 's nae like your grey-hound's blude,  
William, that I do see ;  
I fear it is your own brother's blood  
That looks sae red on thee.'

20 ' That is not my own brother's blude,  
Father, that ye do see ;  
It is the blood o my good grey steed,  
He woudna carry me.'

21 ' O that is nae your grey steed's blude,  
William, that I do see ;

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## G

a. Taken down lately from the singing of little girls in South Boston. b. Two stanzas, from a child in New York, 1880. Communicated by Mr W. W. Newell.

1 As John and William were coming home one day,  
One Saturday afternoon,  
Says John to William, Come and try a fight,  
Or will you throw a stone ?  
Or will you come down to yonder, yonder town,  
Where the maids are all playing ball, ball,  
Where the maids are all playing ball ?

2 Says William to John, I will not try a fight,  
Nor will I throw a stone,  
Nor will I come down to yonder town,  
Where the maids are all playing ball.

3 So John took out of his poeket  
A knife both long and sharp,  
And stuck it through his brother's heart,  
And the blood came pouring down.

It is the blood o your brother John,  
That looks sae red on thee.'

22 ' It 's nae the blood o my brother John,  
Father, that ye do see ;  
It is the blude o my good grey hawk,  
Because he woudna flee.'

23 ' O that is nae your grey hawk's blood,  
William, that I do see : '  
' Well, it 's the blude o my brother,  
This country I maun flee.'

24 ' O when will ye come back again,  
My dear son, tell to me ? '  
' When sun and moon gae three times round,  
And this will never be.'

25 ' Ohon, alas ! now William, my son,  
This is bad news to me ;  
Your brother's death I 'll aye bewail,  
And the absence o thee.'

4 Says John to William, Take off thy shirt,  
And tear it from gore to gore,  
And wrap it round your bleeding heart,  
And the blood will pour no more.'

5 So John took off his shirt,  
And tore it from gore to gore,  
And wrapped it round his bleeding heart,  
And the blood came pouring more.

6 ' What shall I tell your dear father,  
When I go home to-night ? '  
' You 'll tell him I 'm dead and in my grave,  
For the truth must be told.'

7 ' What shall I tell your dear mother,  
When I go home to-night ? '  
' You 'll tell her I 'm dead and in my grave,  
For the truth must be told.'

8 ' How came this blood upon your knife ?  
My son, come tell to me ; '  
' It is the blood of a rabbit I have killed,  
O mother, pardon me.'

9. 'The blood of a rabbit couldnt be so pure,  
My son, come tell to me :'  
• It is the blood of a squirrel I have killed.  
O mother, pardon me.'

10. 'The blood of a squirrel couldnt be so pure,  
My son, come tell to me :'  
• It is the blood of a brother I have killed,  
O mother, pardon me.'

A. 1<sup>2</sup>. *Var.* to the chase.

10<sup>3</sup>. "As to Kirk-land, my copy has only kirk-  
yard, till the last verse, where land  
has been added from conjecture."  
*Sharpe's Ballad-Book*, p. 56.

D. 1<sup>3</sup>, 2<sup>3</sup>. o Warslin.

F. 13<sup>4</sup>. tell me free.  
*Motherwell* has *Scotticised* the spelling.  
9<sup>4</sup>. *Motherwell* has leave.  
11<sup>1</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. *Motherwell*, speirs at thee.  
23<sup>3</sup>. *Motherwell* has my ae brother.

G. b. 1. Jack and William was gone to school,  
One fine afternoon;  
Jack says to William, Will you try a  
fight?  
Do not throw no stones.

2. Jack took out his little penknife,  
The end of it was sharp,  
He stuck it through his brother's heart,  
And the blood was teeming down.

## 50

### THE BONNY HIND

'The Bonny Hyn,' Herd's MSS, I, 221; II, fol. 65, fol. 83.

THIS piece is transcribed three times in Herd's manuscripts, with a note prefixed in each instance that it was copied from the mouth of a milkmaid in 1771. An endorsement to the same effect on the last transcript gives the date as 1787, no doubt by mistake. Scott had only MS. I in his hands, which accidentally omits two stanzas (13, 14), and he printed this defective copy with the omission of still another (4): *Minstrelsy*, II, 298, ed. 1802; III, 309, ed. 1833. Motherwell supplies these omitted stanzas, almost in Herd's very words, in the Introduction to his collection, p. lxxxiv, note 99. He remarks, p. 189, that tales of this kind abound in the traditional poetry of Scotland. The two ballads which follow, Nos 51, 52, are of the same general description.

In the first half of the story 'The Bonny Hind' comes very near to the fine Scandina-

vian ballad of ' Margaret,' as yet known to be preserved only in Färöe and Icelandie. The conclusions differ altogether. Margaret in the Färöe ballad, ' Margretu kvaði,' Færöske Kvaðer, Hammershaimb, No 18, is the only daughter of the Norwegian king Magnus, and has been put in a convent. After two or three months she longs to see her father's house again. On her way thither she is assaulted by a young noble with extreme violence: to whom she says,

Now you have torn off all my clothes, and done  
me sin and shame,  
I beg you, before God most high, tell me what is  
your name.

Magnus, he answers, is his father, and Gertrude his mother, and he himself is Olaf, and was brought up in the woods. By this she recognizes that he is her own brother. Olaf

begs her to go back to the convent, and say nothing, bearing her sorrow as she may. This she does. But every autumn the king makes a feast, and invites to it all the nuns in the cloister. Margaret is missed, and asked for. Is she sick or dead? Why does she not come to the feast, like other merry dames? The wicked abbess answers, Your daughter is neither sick nor dead; she goes with child, like other merry dames. The king rides off to the cloister, encounters his daughter, and demands who is the father of her child. She replies that she will sooner die than tell. The king leaves her in wrath, but returns presently, resolved to burn the convent, and Margaret in it. Olaf comes from the wood, tired and weary, sees the cloister burning, and quenches the flames with his heart's blood.

The Icelandic ballad, 'Margrétar kvæði,' Íslensk Fornkvæði, Grundtvig and Sigrðsson, No 14, has the same story. It is, however, the man who brings on the discovery by asking the woman's parentage. The editors inform us that the same subject is treated in an unprinted Icelandic ballad, less popular as to style and stanza, in the Arne Magnussen collection, 154.

The story of Kullervo, incorporated in what is called the national epic of the Finns, the Kalevala, has striking resemblances with the ballads of the Bonny Hind class. While returning home in his sledge from a somewhat distant errand, Kullervo met three times a girl who was travelling on snow-shoes, and invited her to get in with him. She rejected his invitation with fierceness, and the third time he pulled her into the sledge by force. She angrily bade him let her go, or she would dash the sledge to pieces; but he won her over by showing her rich things. The next morning she asked what was his race and family: for it seemed to her that he must come of a great line. "No," he said, "neither of great nor small. I am Kalervo's unhappy son. Tell me of what stock art thou." "Of neither great nor small," she answered. "I am Kalervo's unhappy daughter." She was, in fact, a long-lost sister of Kullervo's, who, when a child, had gone to the wood for berries, and

had never found her way home. She had wept the first day and the second; the third and fourth, the fifth and sixth, she had tried every way to kill herself. She broke out in heart-piercing lamentations:

'O that I had died then, wretched!  
O that I had perished, weak one!  
Had not lived to hear these horrors,  
Had not lived this shame to suffer!'

So saying she sprang from the sledge into the river, and found relief under the waters.

Kullervo, mad with anguish, went home to his mother, and told her what had happened. He asked only how he might die,—by wolf or bear, by whale or sea-pike. His mother vainly sought to soothe him. He consented to live only till the wrongs of his parents had been revenged. His mother tried to dissuade him even from seeking a hero's death in fight.

'If thou die in battle, tell me,  
What protection shall remain then  
For the old age of thy father?'  
'Let him die in any alley,  
Lay his life down in the house-yard.'  
'What protection shall remain then  
For the old age of thy mother?'  
'Let her die on any straw-truss:  
Let her stile in the stable.'  
'Who shall then be left thy brother,  
Who stand by him in mischances?'  
'Let him pine away in the forest,  
Let him drop down on the common.'  
'Who shall then be left thy sister,  
Who stand by her in mischances?'  
'When she goes to the well for water,  
Or to the washing, let her stumble.'

Kullervo had his fill of revenge. Meanwhile father, brother, sister, and mother died, and he came back to his home to find it empty and cold. A voice from his mother's grave seemed to direct him to go to the wood for food: obeying it, he came again to the polluted spot, where grass or flowers would not grow any more. He asked his sword would it like to feed on guilty flesh and drink wicked blood. The sword said, Why should I not like to feed on guilty flesh and drink wicked blood, I that feed on the flesh of the good

and drink the blood of the sinless? Kullervo set the sword hilt in the earth, and threw himself on the point. (*Kalevala, übertragen von Schiefner, runen 35, 36.*)

The dialogue between Kullervo and his mother is very like a passage in another Finnish rune, ‘Werinen Pojka,’ ‘The Bloody Son,’ *Schröter, Finnische Runen*, 124, ed. 1819; 150, ed. 1834. This last is a form of the ballad known in Scottish as ‘Edward,’ No 13, or of ‘The Twa Brothers,’ No 49. Something similar is found in ‘Lizie Wan,’ No 51.

The passage 5–7 is a commonplace that may be expected to reur under the same or analogous circumstances, as it does in ‘Tam Lin,’ D, ‘The Knight and Shepherd’s Daughter,’ ‘The Maid and the Magpie,’ and in one version of ‘The Broom of Cowdenknows.’ These are much less serious ballads, and the tone

of stanza 5, which so ill befits the distressful situation, is perhaps owing to that stanza’s having been transferred from some copy of one of these. It might well change places with this, from ‘The Knight and Shepherd’s Daughter,’ A :

Sith you have had your will of me,  
And put me to open shame,  
Now, if you are a courteous knight,  
Tell me what is your name.

Much better with the solemn adjuration in the Färöe ‘Margaret,’ or even this in ‘Ebbe Galt,’ *Danske Viser*, No 63, 8:

Now you have had your will of me,  
To both of us small gain,  
By the God that is above all things,  
I beg you tell your name.

Herd’s MSS, II, fol. 65. “Copied from the mouth of a milkmaid, by W. L., in 1771.”

- 1 O MAY she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon gardens green,  
And there she spied a gallant squire  
As squire had ever been.
- 2 And may she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon hollin tree,  
And there she spied a brisk young squire,  
And a brisk young squire was he.
- 3 ‘Give me your green manteel, fair maid,  
Give me your maidenhead ;  
Gif ye winna gie me your green manteel,  
Gi me your maidenhead.’
- 4 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And softly laid her down,  
And when he’s lifted her up again  
Given her a silver kain.
- 5 ‘Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,  
Perhaps there may be nae;  
But if you be a courtier,  
You’ll tell to me your name.’
- 6 ‘I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But new come frae the sea ;

I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But when I court ‘ith thee.

- 7 ‘They call me Jack when I’m abroad,  
Sometimes they call me John ;  
But when I’m in my father’s bower  
Jock Randal is my name.’
- 8 ‘Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,  
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee !  
For I’m Lord Randal’s yae daughter,  
He has nae mair nor me.’
- 9 ‘Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may,  
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee !  
For I’m Lord Randal’s yae yae son,  
Just now come oer the sea.’
- 10 She’s putten her hand down by her spare,  
And out she’s taen a knife,  
And she has putn’t in her heart’s bluid,  
And taen away her life.
- 11 And he’s taen up his bonny sister,  
With the big tear in his een,  
And he has buried his bonny sister  
Amang the hollins green.
- 12 And syn he’s hyed him oer the dale,  
His father dear to see :

'Sing O and O for my bonny hind,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

13 'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you needna care;  
There's aught score hyns in yonder park,  
And five score hyns to spare.'

14 'Four score of them are siller-shod,  
Of thae ye may get three;  
But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

15 'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you need na eare;

---

'The Bonny Heyn,' I, 224.

3<sup>2</sup>. *Should be* It's not for you a weed. *Motherwell.*

4<sup>3</sup>. *The third copy omits* when.

4<sup>3,4</sup>. he lifted. He gae her. *Motherwell.*

5<sup>1,2</sup>. *The second copy has* they.

6<sup>4</sup>. All have courteth. *Scott prints* wi' thee, with thee.

Take you the best, gi me the warst,  
Since plenty is to spare.'

16 'I care na for your hyns, my lord,  
I care na for your fee;  
But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath the hollin tree!'

17 'O were ye at your sister's bower,  
Your sister fair to see,  
Ye'll think na mair o your bonny hyn  
Beneath the hollin tree.'

\* \* \* \*

7<sup>3</sup>. *The third copy has* tower.

10<sup>3,4</sup>. She's soakt it in her red heart's blood,  
And twin'd herself of life. *Motherwell.*

13, 14. *The first copy omits these stanzas.*

## 51

## LIZIE WAN

A. a. 'Lizie Wan,' Herd's MSS., I, 151; II, 78. b. E. 'Rosie Ann,' Motherwell's MS., p. 398.  
Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 91.

**A**, FIRST printed in Herd's Scottish Songs, ed. 1776, is here given from his manuscript copy. **B** is now printed for the first time.

**A** is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og Skotske Folkeviser. No 50, who subjoins a Danish ballad, 'Liden Ellen og hendes Broder,' of similar character. Of this the editor had three versions, differing but little, and all of slight poetical value, and he prints one which was committed to writing some sixty or seventy years ago, with some readings from the others. Liden Jensen, having killed Liden Ellen in a wood, pretends to his mother that

she has gone off with some knights. He is betrayed by blood on his clothes, confesses the truth, and is condemned to be burned. 'Herr Axel,' Arwidsson's Swedish collection, No 46, I, 308, under similar circumstances, kills Stolts Kirstin's two children, is asked by his mother why his hands are bloody, pretends to have slain a hind in the wood, and has his head struck off by order of his father.

'Herr Peder og hans Søster,' an unpublished Danish ballad, of which Grundtvig obtained a single traditional version, has also a slight resemblance to 'Lizie Wan.' Kirsten invites

Sir Peter to her bed. He declines for various reasons, which she refutes. She discovers him to be her brother by her needle-work in his shirt. He draws his knife and stabs her. "This was also a pitiful sight, the twin chil-

dren playing in the mother's bosom." Compare Kristensen, II, No 74 A, D, E, at the end.

The conclusion, A 11-12, B 10-17, resembles that of 'The Twa Brothers,' No. 49, but is poetically much inferior.

## A

Herd's MSS, I, 151; stanzas 1-6, II, p. 78. Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 91.

1 LIZIE WAN sits at her father's bower-door,

Weeping and making a mane,  
And by there cam' her father dear:  
  'What ails thee, Lizie Wan?'

2 'I ail, and I ail, dear father,' she said,

'And I'll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child between my twa sides,  
  Between my dear billy and I.'

3 Now Lizie Wan sits at her father's bower-door,

Sighing and making a mane,  
And by there came her brother dear:  
  'What ails thee, Lizie Wan?'

4 'I ail, I ail, dear brither,' she said,

'And I'll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child between my twa sides,  
  Between you, dear billy, and I.'

5 'And hast thou tald father and mother o that?

  And hast thou tald sae o me?'  
And he has drawn his gude braid sword,  
  That hang down by his knee.

6 And he has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,

  And her fair body in three,  
And he's awa to his mothers bower,  
  And sair aghast was he.

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 398. From the recitation of Mrs Storie, Lochwinnoch.

1 ROSIE she sat in her summer bower,  
Greitin and making grit mane,  
When down by cam her father, saying,  
  What ails thee Rosie Ann?

7 'What ails thee, what ails thee, Geordy Wan?  
  What ails thee sae fast to rin?  
For I see by thy ill colour  
  Some fallow's deed thou hast done.'

8 'Some fallow's deed I have done, mother,  
  And I pray you pardon me;  
For I've cutted aff my greyhound's head;  
  He wadna rin for me.'

9 'Thy greyhound's bluid was never sae red,  
  O my son Geordy Wan!  
For I see by thy ill colour  
  Some fallow's deed thou hast done.'

10 'Some fallow's deed I hae done, mother,  
  And I pray you pardon me;  
For I hae cutted aff Lizie Wan's head  
  And her fair body in three.'

11 'O what wilt thou do when thy father comes  
  hame,  
  O my son Geordy Wan?'  
'I'll set my foot in a bottomless boat,  
  And swim to the sea-ground.'

12 'And when will thou come hame again,  
  O my son Geordy Wan?'

'The sun and the moon shall dance on the  
  green  
  That night when I come hame.'

2 'A deal, a deal, dear father,' she said,  
  'Great reason hae I to mane,  
For there lies a little babe in my side,  
  Between me and my brither John.'

3 Rosie she sat in her summer bower,  
Weeping and making great mane,  
And wha cam down but her mither dear,  
  Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

4 'A deal, a deal, dear mither,' she said,  
   'Great reason hae I to mane,  
   For there lies a little babe in my side,  
   Between me and my brither John.'

5 Rosie she sat in her simmer bower,  
   Greiting and making great mane,  
   And wha came down but her sister dear,  
   Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

6 'A deal, a deal, dear sister,' she said,  
   'Great reason hae I to mane,  
   For there lies a little babe in my side,  
   Between me and my brither John.'

7 Rosie she sat in her simmer bower,  
   Weeping and making great mane,  
   And wha cam down but her fause, fause  
     brither,  
   Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

8 'A deal, a deal, dear brither,' she said,  
   'Great reason hae I to cry,  
   For there lies a little babe in my side,  
   Between yourself and I.'

9 'Weel ye hae tauld father, and ye hae tauld  
     mither,  
   And ye hae tauld sister, a' three ;'  
   Synce he pulled out his wee penknife,  
   And he cut her fair bodie in three.

10 'O what blude is that on the point o' your  
 knife,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'It is my horse's, that I did kill,  
   Dear mother and fair ladie.'

11 'The blude o' your horse was neer sae red,  
   Dear son, come tell to me :'  
   'It is my grandfather's, that I hae killed,  
   Dear mother and fair ladie.'

12 'The blude o' your grandfather was neer sae  
   fresh,  
   Dear son, come tell to me :'  
   'It is my sister's, that I did kill,  
   Dear mother and fair ladie.'

13 'What will ye do when your father comes  
   hame,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'I'll set my foot on yon shipboard,  
   And I hope she'll sail wi me.'

14 'What will ye do wi your bonny bonny young  
   wife,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'I'll set her foot on some other ship,  
   And I hope she'll follow me.'

15 'And what will ye do wi your wee son,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'I'll leave him wi you, my dear mother,  
   To keep in remembrance of me.'

16 'What will ye do wi your houses and lands,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'I'll leave them wi you, my dear mother,  
   To keep my own babie.'

17 'And whan will you return again,  
   Dear son, come tell to me ?'  
   'When the sun and the mune meet on yon  
     hill,  
   And I hope that'll neer be.'



B. *Written without division into stanzas.*

## 52

## THE KING'S DOCHTER LADY JEAN

**A.** **a.** 'The King's Dochter Lady Jean,' Motherwell's MS., p. 657. **b.** 'Lady Jean,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxi.

**B.** Motherwell's MS., p. 275; the first six lines in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 189 f.

**C.** 'Castle Ha's Daughter,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 24I.

**D.** 'Bold Burnet's Daughter.' **a.** Buchan's MSS., I, 120. **b.** The same, II, 141.

**B** IS the ballad referred to, and partly cited, in Motherwell's preface to 'The Broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,' Minstrelsy, p. 189. This copy has been extremely injured by tradition: so much so as not to be intelligible in places except by comparison with **A**. The act described in stanza 9 should be done by

the king's daughter's own hand; stanza 12 should be addressed by her to her sister; stanza 13 is composed of fragments of two. **C** and **D** have suffered worse, for they have been corrupted and vulgarized.

At the beginning there is resemblance to 'Tam Lin' and to 'Hind Etiu.'

## A

**a.** Motherwell's MS., p. 657. From the recitation of Mrs Storie, Lochwinnoch. **b.** Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxi, No XXIII, one stanza.

1 THE king's young dochter was sitting in her window,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She lookt out o the bow-window,  
And she saw the leaves growing green, my lve,  
And she saw the leaves growing green.

2 She stuck her needle into her sleeve,  
Her seam down by her tae,  
And she is awa to the merrie green-wood,  
To pu the nit and slae.

3 She hadna pu't a nit at a',  
A nit but scarcely three,  
Till out and spak a braw young man,  
Saying, How daur ye bow the tree?

4 'It's I will pu the nit,' she said,  
'And I will bow the tree,  
And I will come to the merrie green wud,  
And na ux leive o thee.'

5 He took her by the middle sac sma,  
And laid her on the gerss sac green,  
And he has taen his will o her,  
And he loot her up agen.

6 'Now syn ye hae got your will o me,  
Pray tell to me your name;  
For I am the king's young dochter,' she said,  
'And this nicht I daurna gang hame.'

7 'Gif ye be the king's young dochter,' he said,  
'I am his auldest son;  
I wish I had died on some frem isle,  
And never had come hame !'

8 'The first time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was na here nor born;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had been forlorn !'

9 'The neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was sittin on the nouree knee;  
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had never seen thee !'

10 'And the neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
I met thee here alone ;

I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had neer come hame !'

11 She put her hand down by her side,  
And doon into her spare,  
And she pou't out a wee pen-knife,  
And she wounded hersell fu sair.

12 Hooly, hooly rase she up,  
And hooley she gade hame,  
Until she came to her father's parlour,  
And there she did sick and mane.

13 'O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
O the clean sheets and strae,  
O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
Down in the parlour below.'

14 Her father he came tripping down the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow ;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' he said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'

15 'O late yestreen, as I came hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my brest did fa !'

— — —

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 275; the first six lines in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 189. From Margery Johnston.

1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bow-window,  
Sewing her silken seam ;  
• . . . .

2 She's dрапt the thimble at her tae,  
And her scissars at her heel,  
And she's awa to the merry green-wood,  
To see the leaves grow green.

3 She had searsely bowed a branch,  
Or plucked a nut frae the tree,  
Till up and starts a fair young man,  
And a fair young man was he.

4 'How dare ye shake the leaves?' he said,  
'How dare ye break the tree?  
How dare ye pluck the nuts?' he said.  
'Without the leave of me?'

16 Her mother she came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow ;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'

17 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa !'

18 Her sister came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow ;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'

18 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa !'

19 Her brither he cam trippin doun the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow ;  
He sank into his sister's arms,  
And they died as white as snaw.

5 . . . .

'Oh I know the merry green wood's my ain,  
And I'll ask the leave of nane.'

6 He gript her by the middle sae sma,  
He gently sat her down,  
While the grass grew up on every side,  
And the apple trees hang down.

7 She says, Young man, what is your name ?  
For ye've brought me to meikle shame ;  
For I am the king's youngest daughter,  
And how shall I gae hame ?

8 'If you're the king's youngest daughter,  
It's I'm his auldest son,  
And heavy heavy is the deed, sister,  
That you and I have done.'

9 He had a penknife in his hand,  
Hang low down by his gair.

And between the long rib and the short one  
He woundit her deep and sair.

10 . . . . .

And fast and fast her ruddy bright blood  
Fell drapping on the ground.

11 She took the glove off her right hand,  
And slowly slipt it in the wound,  
And slowly has she risen up,  
And slowly slipped home.

\* \* \* \*

12 'O sister dear, when thou gaes hame  
Unto thy father's ha,  
It's make my bed baith braid and lang,  
Wi the sheets as white as snow.'

\* \* \* \*

13 'When I came by the high church-yard  
Heavy was the stain that bruised my heel,  
. . . . . that bruised my heart,  
I'm afraid it shall neer heal.'

\* \* \* \*

## C

Buchan's Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, I,  
241.

1 As Annie sat into her bower,  
A thought came in her head,  
That she would gang to gude greenwood,  
Across the flowery mead.

2 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,  
Nor broken a branch but twa,  
Till by it came a gentle squire,  
Says, Lady, come awa.

3 There's nane that comes to gude greenwood  
But pays to me a tein,  
And I maun hae your maidenhead,  
Or than your mantle green.

4 'My mantle's o the finest silk,  
Anither I can spin ;  
But gin you take my maidenhead,  
The like I'll never fin.'

5 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
There laid her low in gude greenwood,  
And at her spierd nae leave.

6 When he had got his wills o her,  
His wills as he had taen,  
She said, If you rightly knew my birth,  
Ye'd better letten alone.

7 'Is your father a lord o might?  
Or baron o high degree ?

Or what race are ye sprung frae,  
That I should lat ye be ?'

8 'O I am Castle Ha's daughter,  
O birth and high degree,  
And if he knows what ye hae done,  
He'll hang you on a tree.'

9 'If ye be Castle Ha's daughter,  
This day I am undone ;  
If ye be Castle Ha's daughter,  
I am his only son.'

10 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye jelly hind squire,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie,  
Castle Ha, he has but ae dear son,  
And he is far beyond the sea.'

11 'O I am Castle Ha's dear son,  
A word I dinna lie ;  
Yes, I am Castle Ha's dear son,  
And new come oer the sea.'

12 'T was yesterday, that fatal day,  
That I did cross the faem ;  
I wish my bonny ship had sunk,  
And I had neer come hame.'

13 Then dowie, dowie, raise she up,  
And dowie came she hame,  
And stripped aff her silk mantle,  
And then to bed she's gane.

14 Then in it came her mother dear,  
And she steps in the fleer :

'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
What makes your lying here?'

15 'This morning fair, as I went out,  
Near by yon castle wa,  
Great and heavy was the stane  
That on my foot did fa.'

16 'Hae I nae ha's, hae I nae bowers,  
Towers, or mony a town?  
Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
Gar you gae hale and soun?'

17 'Ye hae ha's, and ye hae bowers,  
And towers, and mony a town,  
But nought will cure my bonny foot,  
Gar me gang hale and soun.'

18 Then in it came her father dear,  
And he trips in the fleer :  
'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
What makes your lying here?'

19 'This morning fair, as I went out,  
Near by yon castle wa,  
Great and heavy was the stane  
That on my foot did fa.'

—

20 'Hae I nae ha's, hae I nae bowers,  
And towers, and mony a town?  
Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
Gar you gang hale and soun?'

21 'O ye hae ha's, and ye hae bowers,  
And towers, and mony a town,  
But nought will cure my bonny foot,  
Gar me gang hale and soun.'

22 Then in it came her sister Grace ;  
As she steps in the fleer,  
'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
What makes your lying here?'

23 'Win up, and see your ae brother,  
That's new come ower the sea ;'  
'Ohon, alas !' says fair Annie,  
'He spake ower soon wi me.'

24 To her room her brother's gane,  
Stroked back her yellow hair,  
To her lips his ain did press,  
But words spake never mair.

## D

a. Buchan's MSS, I, 120. b. The same, II, 141.

1 The lady's taen her mantle her middle about,  
Into the woods she's gane,  
• . . . .

2 She hadna pond a flower o gude green-wood,  
O never a flower but aye,  
Till by he comes, an by he gangs,  
Says, Lady, lat alone.

3 For I am forester o this wood,  
And I hae power to pine  
Your mantle or your maidenhead,  
Whieh o the twa ye'll twine.

4 'My mantle is o gude green silk,  
Another I can card an spin ;  
But gin ye tak my maidenhead,  
The like I'll never fin.'

5 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her low at the foot o a tree,  
At her high kin spierd nae leave.

6 'I am bold Burnet's ae daughter,  
You might hae lat me be :'  
'And I'm bold Burnet's ae dear son,  
Then dear ! how can this dee ?'

7 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye jolly hind squire,  
So loud's I hear you lie !  
Bold Burnet has but ae dear son,  
He's sailing on the sea.'

8 'Yesterday, about this same time,  
My bonny ship came to land ;  
I wish she'd sunken in the sea,  
And never seen the strand !'

9 'Heal well this deed on me, lady,  
Heal well this deed on me !'  
'Although I would heal it neer sae well,  
Our God above does see.'

10 She's taen her mantle her middle about,  
And mourning went she hame,  
And a' the way she sightd full sair,  
Crying, Am I to blame!

11 Ben it came her father dear,  
Stout stepping on the flear:

'Win up, win up, my daughter Janet,  
And welcome your brother here.'

12 Up she's taen her milk-white hand,  
Streak'd by his yellow hair.  
Then turnd about her bonny face,  
And word spake never mair.

A. b. 1<sup>2</sup>. fine silken.

1<sup>3</sup>. She luikit out at her braw bower window.

B. 1<sup>1,2</sup> and 2 are joined in the MS.

5<sup>1,4</sup> joined with 4. 5<sup>4</sup>. no leave of thee, *an emendation by Motherwell, for rhyme.*

9<sup>4</sup>. He struck: *an emendation.*

10<sup>2,4</sup> are joined with 9.

13<sup>4</sup>. That bruised by heart.

*After 13 is written A stanza wanting.*

D. *The first three stanzas are not properly divided in a, and in b the first fourteen lines not divided at all.*

a. 11<sup>2</sup>. An stepping. 7<sup>1</sup>. kind squire in both copies.

b. 5<sup>4</sup>. kin's.

9<sup>4</sup>. Heal well, heal well on me, Lady Janet.

11<sup>2</sup>. Stout stepping.

12<sup>3</sup>. She turned.

## 53

### YOUNG BEICHAN

A. 'Young Bicham,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 13, c. 1783.

B. 'Young Breehin,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 80, 1791.

C. 'Young Bekie.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 11, c. 1783. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 127.

D. 'Young Beachen,' Skene MSS, p. 70, 1802-1803.

E. 'Young Beichan and Susie Pye,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 117.

F. 'Susan Pye and Lord Beichan,' Pitcairn's MSS, III, 159.

G. Communicated by Mr Alex. Laing, of Newburgh-on-Tay.

H. 'Lord Beichan and Susie Pye,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 260.

I. Communicated by Mr David Loudon, Morham, Haddington.

J. Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, 'Adversaria,' p. 85.

K. Communicated by Mr David Loudon.

L. The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, 1839.

M. 'Young Bondwell,' Buchan's MSS, I, 18. J. H. Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 1.

N. 'Susan Py, or Young Bichen's Garland.' a. Falkirk, printed by T. Johnston, 1815. b. Stirling, M. Randall.

A, B, D, F, and the fragment G now appear for the first time in print, and the same is true of I, J, K, which are of less account.

C a is here given according to the manuscript, without Jamieson's "collations." Of E and C b Jamieson says: This ballad and that

which succeeds it are given from copies taken from Mrs Brown's recitation,\* collated with two other copies procured from Scotland; one in MS.; another, very good, one printed for the stalls; a third, in the possession of the late Reverend Jonathan Boucher, of Epsom, taken from recitation in the north of England; and a fourth, about one third as long as the others, which the editor picked off an old wall in Piccadilly. **L**, the only English copy, was derived from the singing of a London vagrant. It is, says Dixon, the common English broadsheet "turned into the dialect of Cockaigne." † **M** was probably a broadside or stall copy, and is certainly of that quality, but preserves a very ancient traditional feature.

**D** and **M**, besides the name Linne, have in common a repetition of the song, a trait which we also find in one version of "The Heir of Linne"; ‡ see Dixon's *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 30, stanzas 2-6, *Percy Society*, vol. xvii.

In Bell's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 68, it is remarked that **L**, "the only ancient form in which the ballad has existed in print," is one of the publications mentioned in one of Thackeray's catalogues of broadsides. The "Bateman," in Thackeray's list, is the title of an entirely different ballad, "A Warning for Maidens, or Young Bateman," reprinted from the Roxburghe collection by W. Chappell, III, 193.

"Young Beichan" is a favorite ballad, and most deservedly. There are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations, and it has secondary affinities with the

extensive cycle of "Hind Horn," the parts of the principal actors in the one being inverted in the other.

The hero's name is mostly Beichan, with slight modifications like Bekie, **C**, Bicham, **A**, Brechin, **B**; in **L**, Bateman; in **M**, Bondwell. The heroine is Susan Pye in ten of the fourteen versions: Isbel in **C**: Essels, evidently a variety of Isbel, in **M**, which has peculiar relations with **C**; Sophia in **K**, **L**.

Beichan is London born in **A**, **D**, [E], **H**, **I**, **N**, English born in **B**; London city is his own, **A** 6, **B** 7, **F** 7, or he has a hall there. **I** 7, **N** 27 f.; half Northumberland belongs to him, **L**; he is lord of the towers of Line, **D** 9, **C** 5, **M** 5, which are in London, **D** 15 f., but are transferred by reciters to the water of Tay, **M** 29, and to Glasgow, or the vicinity, **H** 20. **H**, though it starts with calling him London born, speaks of him thereafter as a Scottish lord, 12, 18, 31, §

Beichan has an Englishman's desire strange countries for to see, **A**, **D**, [E], **I**, **L**, **N**. In **C**, **M** he goes abroad, Quentin Durward fashion, not to gratify his taste for travel, but to serve for meat and fee. **F** makes him go to the Holy Land, without specifying his motive, but we may fairly suppose it religious. **C** sends him no further than France, and **M** to an unnamed foreign land. He becomes the slave of a Moor or Turk, **A**, **B**, **D**, **H**, **I**, **L**, **N**, or a "Prudent," **F**, who treats him cruelly. They bore his shoulders and put in a "tree," and make him draw carts, like horse or ox, **A**, **B**, **D**, [E], **H**; draw plough and harrow, **F**, plough and cart, **N**; or tread the wine-press, **I**. This is because he is a stanch Christian,

\* Mr Macmath has ascertained that Mrs Brown was born in 1747. She learned most of her ballads before she was twelve years old, or before 1759. 1783, or a little earlier, is the date when these copies were taken down from her singing or recitation.

† The Borderer's Table Book, VII. 21. Dixon says, a little before, that the Stirling broadside of "Lord Bateman" varies but slightly from the English printed by Hoggott, Durham, and Pitts, Catnach, and others, London. This is not true of the Stirling broadside of "Young Beichen;" see **N** b. I did not notice, until too late, that I had not furnished myself with the broadside "Lord Bateman," and have been obliged to turn back the Cruikshank copy into ordinary orthography.

‡ We have this repetition in two other ballads of the Skene MSS besides **D**; see p. 316 of this volume, sts 1-9; also in "The Lord of Learne," *Percy MS.*, Hales and Furnivall, I, 192 f, vv 269-304.

§ "An old woman who died in Errol, Carse of Gowrie, about twenty years ago, aged nearly ninety years, was wont invariably to sing this ballad: 'Young Lundie was in Brechin born.' Lundie is an estate now belonging to the Earl of Camperdown, north from Dundee." A. Laing, note to **G**. That is to say, the old woman's world was Forfarshire.

Mr Logan had heard in Scotland a version in which the hero was called Lord Bangol: A Pedlar's Pack, p. 15.

and would never bend a knee to Mahound or Termagant, E, or onie of their stocks, H, or gods, I. They cast him into a dungeon, where he can neither hear nor see, and he is nigh perishing with hunger. This, also, is done in H 5, on account of his perseverance in Christianity; but in C, M he is imprisoned for falling in love with the king's daughter, or other lovely may.

From his prison Beichan makes his moan (not to a stock or a stone, but to the Queen of Heaven, D 4). His hounds go masterless, his hawks flee from tree to tree, his younger brother will heir his lands, and he shall never see home again, E, H. If a lady [earl] would borrow him, he would run at her stirrup [foot, bridle]; if a widow [auld wife] would borrow him, he would become her son; and if a maid would borrow him, he would wed her with a ring, C, D, M, B.\* The only daughter of the Moor, Turk, or king (of a 'Savoyen,' B 5, perhaps a corruption of Saracen), already interested in the captive, or immediately becoming so upon hearing Beichan's song, asks him if he has lands and means at home to maintain a lady that should set him free, and is told that he has ample estates, all of which he would bestow on such a lady, A, B, E, F, H, L, N. She steals the keys and delivers the prisoner, C, D, E, I, J, L, M, N; refreshes him with bread and wine [wine], A, D, E, F, J 4, K 3, B, H, L; supplies him with money, C 9, H 15, M 12, N 14, and with a ship, F 9, H 18, L 9; to which C, M add a horse and hounds [and hawks, M]. She bids him mind on the lady's love that freed him out of pine, A 8, D 12, [E 13], M 14, N 15, and in E 16 breaks a ring from her finger, and gives half of it to Beichan to assist his memory. There is a solemn vow, or at least a clear understanding, that they are to marry within seven years, A 9, B 9, E 12 f., H 17, 19, L 8, N 11 [three years, C 11].

When seven years are at an end, or even before, Susan Pye feels a longing, or a mis-

giving, which impels her to go in search of the object of her affections, and she sets her foot on good shipboard, and turns her back on her own country, A 10, B 10, D 15, L 10, N 23.† C and M preserve here a highly important feature which is wanting in the other versions. Isbel, or Essels, is roused from her sleep by the Billy Blin, C 14, by a woman in green, a fairy, M 15, who makes known to her that that very day, or the morn, is Bekie's [Bondwell's] wedding day. She is directed to attire herself and her maids very splendidly, and go to the strand; a vessel will come sailing to her, and they are to go on board. The Billy Blin will row her over the sea, C 19; she will stroke the ship with a wand, and take God to be her pilot, M 19. Thus, by miraculous intervention, she arrives at the nick of time.

Beichan's fickleness is not accounted for in most of the versions. He soon forgot his deliverer and courted another, he was young, and thought not upon Susan Pye, say H, N. C, on the contrary, tells us that Beichan had not been a twelvemonth in his own country, when he was forced to marry a duke's daughter or lose all his land. E and K intimate that he acts under constraint; the wedding has lasted three and thirty days, and he will not bed with his bride for love of one beyond the sea, E 21, K 1.‡

On landing, Susan Pye falls in with a shepherd feeding his flock, E, K [a boy watering his steeds, M]. She asks, Whose are these sheep, these kye, these castles? and is told they are Lord Beichan's, G. She asks the news, and is informed that there is a wedding in yonder hall that has lasted thirty days and three, E, K, or that there is to be a wedding on the morn, M; it seems to be a matter generally known, N. In other versions she comes directly to Young Beichan's hall, and is first informed by the porter, A, B, F, H, L, or the fact is confirmed by the porter, E, M, N; she hears the music within, and divines, C. She bribes the porter to bid the bridegroom come

\* Cf. 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' B 2, E 2, pp 115 f.

† She does not get away without exciting the solicitude

or wrath of her father, F, M, J, N, and in the first two has to use artifice.

‡ A point borrowed, it well may be, from 'Hind Horn,' E 5 f., A 10.

and speak to her, **A**, **B**, **C**, **D**, **J**, **N**; send her down bread and wine, and not forget the lady who brought him out of prison, **B**, **F**, **H**, **J**, **K**, **L**. In **E** 26 she sends up her half ring to the bridegroom [a ring in **N** 40, but not till Beichan has declined to come down].

The porter falls on his knee and informs his master that the fairest and richest lady that eyes ever saw is at the gate [ladies, **C**, **M**]. The bride, or the bride's mother more commonly, reproves the porter for his graceless speech; he might have excepted the bride, or her mother, or both: "Gin she be braw without, we's be as braw within." But the porter is compelled by truth to persist in his allegation; fair as they may be, they were never to compare with you lady, **B**, **D**, **E**, **H**, **M**. Beichan takes the table with his foot and makes the cups and cans to flee, **B** 18, **D** 23, **F** 28, **G** 3, **H** 47, **J** 5, **N** 42; \* he exclaims that it can be none but Susie Pye, **A**, **B**, **D**, **G**, **H**, **I** [Burd Isbel, **C**], and clears the stair, fifteen steps, thirty steps, in three bounds, **A** 19, **D** 24, **N** 43. His old love reproaches him for his forgetfulness, **A**, **C**, **D**, **M**, **N**; † she asks back her faith and troth, **B** 21. Beichan bids the forenoon bride's mother take back her daughter: he will double her dowry, **A** 22, **D** 27, **E** 39; she came on horseback, she shall go back in chariots, coaches, three, **B** 22, **D** 27‡ [**H** 49, in chariot free]. He

marries Susie Pye, having her baptized by the name of Lady Jean, **A**, **B**, **D**, [E], **F**, **I**, **J**§

This story of Beichan, or Bekie, agrees in the general outline, and also in some details, with a well-known legend about Gilbert Becket, father of St Thomas. The earlier and more authentic biographies lack this particular bit of romance, but the legend nevertheless goes back to a date not much later than a century after the death of the saint, being found in a poetical narrative preserved in a manuscript of about 1300.||

We learn from this legend that Gilbert Becket, in his youth, assumed the cross and went to the Holy Land, accompanied only by one Richard, his servant. They "did their pilgrimage" in holy places, and at last, with other Christians, were made captive by the Saracens and put in strong prison. They suffered great hardship and ignominy in the service of the Saracen prince Admiraud. But Gilbert found more grace than the rest; he was promoted to serve the prince at meat (in his chains), and the prince often would ask him about England and the English faith. Admiraud's only daughter fell in love with Gilbert, and when she saw her time, in turn asked him the like questions. Gilbert told her that he was born in London; told her of the belief of Christians, and of the endless bliss that should be their meed. The maid asked him if he was ready

\* So Torello's wife upsets the table, in Boccaccio's story: see p. 198. One of her Slavic kinswomen jumps over four tables and lights on a fifth.

† In **C** 34, **M** 49, she is recognized by one of the hounds which she had given him. So Bos, seigneur de Beinac, who breaks a ring with his wife, goes to the East, and is prisoner among the Saracens seven years, on coming back is recognized only by his greyhound: Magasin Pittoresque, VI, 56 b. It is scarcely necessary to scent the *Odyssey* here.

‡ Ridiculously changed in **J** 6, **K** 6, **L** 20, to a coach and three, reminding us of that master-stroke in Thackeray's ballad of "Little Billee," "a captain of seventy-three." "Little Billee," by the way, is really like an old ballad, fallen on evil days and evil tongues; whereas the serious imitations of traditional ballads are not the least like, and yet, in their way, are often not less ludicrous.

§ In **M**, to make everything pleasant, Bondwell offers the bride five hundred pounds to marry his cousin John. She says, Keep your money; John was my first love. So Bondwell is married at early morn, and John in the afternoon.

|| Harleian MS. 2277, from which the life of Becket, in long couplets, was printed by Mr W. H. Black for the Percy Society, in 1845. The story of Gilbert Becket is con-

tained in the first 150 vv. The style of this composition entirely resembles that of Robert of Gloucester, and portions of the life of Becket are identical with the Chronicle; whence Mr Black plausibly argues that both are by the same hand. The account of Becket's parentage is interpolated into Edward Grim's Life, in Cotton MS. Vitellius, C, xxi, from which it is printed by Robertson, Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, II, 453 ff. It is found in Bromton's Chronicle, Twysden, Scriptores X, columns 1052-55, and in the First Quadrilogus, Paris, 1495, from which it is reprinted by Migne, Patrologia Cursus Completa, CXC, cols 346 ff. The tale has been accepted by many writers who would have been better historians for a little reading of romances. Augustin Thierry sees in Thomas Becket a Saxon contending in high place, for the interests and with the natural hatred of his race, against Norman Henry, just as he finds in the yeoman Robin Hood a leader of Saxon serfs engaged in irregular war with Norman Richard. But both of St Thomas's parents were Norman; the father of Rouen, the mother of Caen. The legend was introduced by Lawrence Wade, following John of Exeter, into a metrical life of Becket of about the year 1500; see the poem in *Englische Studien*, III, 417, edited by Horstmann.

to die for his Lord's love, and Gilbert declared that he would, joyfully. When the maid saw that he was so steadfast, she stood long in thought, and then said, I will quit all for love of thee, and become Christian, if thou wilt marry me. Gilbert feared that this might be a wile; he replied that he was at her disposition, but he must bethink himself. She went on loving him, the longer the more. After this Gilbert and the rest broke prison and made their way to the Christians. The prince's daughter, reduced to desperation by love and grief, left her heritage and her kin, sparing for no sorrow, peril, or contempt that might come to her, not knowing whither to go or whether he would marry her when found, and went in quest of Gilbert. She asked the way to England, and when she had come there had no word but London to assist her further. She roamed through the streets, followed by a noisy and jeering crowd of wild boys and what not, until one day by chance she stopped by the house in which Gilbert lived. The man Richard, hearing a tumult, came out to see what was the matter, recognized the princess, and ran to tell his master.\* Gilbert bade Richard take the lady to the house of a respectable woman near by, and presently went to see her. She swooned when she saw him. Gilbert was nothing if not discreet: he "held him still," as if he had nothing in mind. But there was a conference of six bishops just then at St. Paul's, and he went and told them his story and asked advice. One of the six prophetically saw a divine indication that the two

were meant to be married, and all finally recommended this if the lady would become Christian. Brought before the bishops, she said, Most gladly, if he will espouse me; else I had not left my kin. She was baptized † with great ceremony, and the marriage followed.

The very day after the wedding Gilbert was seized with such an overwhelming desire to go back to the Holy Land that he wist not what to do. But his wife was thoroughly converted, and after a struggle with herself she consented, on condition that Beket should leave with her the man Richard, who knew her language. Gilbert was gone three years and a half, and when he came back Thomas was a fine boy.

That our ballad has been *affected* by the legend of Gilbert Beket is altogether likely. The name Bekie is very close to Beket, and several versions, A, D, H, I, N, set out rather formally with the announcement that Bekie was London born, like the Latin biographies and the versified one of Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence. Our ballad, also, in some versions, has the Moor's daughter baptized, a point which of course could not fail in the legend. More important still is it that the hero of the English ballad goes home and forgets the woman he has left in a foreign land, instead of going away from home and forgetting the love he has left there. But the ballad, for all that, is not derived from the legend. Stories and ballads of the general cast of 'Young Beichan' are extremely frequent.‡ The leg-

\* Richard, the proud porter of the ballads, is perhaps most like himself in M 32 ff.

† Neither her old name nor her Christian name is told us in this legend. Gilbert Beket's wife was Matilda, according to most authorities, but Roësa according to one: see Robertson, as above, IV, 81; Migne, cols. 278 f. Fox has made Roësa into Rose, Acts and Monuments, I, 267, ed. 1641.

Gilbert and Rose (but Roësa is not Rose) recall to Hippocrate, Vie de St. Thomas par Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence, p. xxiii, Elié de Saint Gilles and Rosamonde, whose adventures have thus much resemblance with those of Beket and of Bekie. Elié de Saint Gilles, after performing astounding feats of valor in fight with a horde of Saracens who have made a descent on Brittany, is carried off to their land. The amiral Macabré requires Elié to adore Mahomet; Elié refuses in the most insolent terms, and is condemned to the gallows. He effects his escape, and finds himself before

Macabré's castle. Here, in another fight, he is desperately wounded, but is restored by the skill of Rosamonde, the amiral's daughter, who is Christian at heart, and loves the Frank. To save her from being forced to marry the king of Bagdad, Elié fights as her champion. In the end she is baptized, as a preparation for her union with Elié, but he, having been present at the ceremony, is adjudged by the archbishop to be gossip to her, and Elié and Rosamonde are otherwise disposed of. So the French romance, but in the Norse, which, as Kölbing maintains, is likely to preserve the original story here, there is no such splitting of eumin, and hero and heroine are united.

‡ There is one in the Gesta Romanorum, cap. 5, Osterley, p. 278, of about the same age as the Beket legend. It is not particularly important. A young man is captured by a pirate, and his father will not send his ransom. The pirate's daughter often visits the captive, who appeals to her to exert

end lacks some of the main points of these stories, and the ballad, in one version or another, has them, as will be seen by referring to what has been said under 'Hind Horn,' pp 194 ff. Bekie and Beket go to the East, like Henry and Reinfrit of Brunswick, the Noble Moringer, the good Gerhard, Messer Torello, the Sire de Créqui, Alexander of Metz, and others. Like the larger part of these, they are made prisoners by the Saracens. He will not bow the knee to Mahound; neither will the Sire de Créqui, though he die for it.\* Beichan is made to draw cart, plough, harrow, like a beast. So Henry of Brunswick in a Swedish and a Danish ballad,† and Alexander von Metz, or the Graf von Rom, in his most beautiful and touching story.‡ Henry of Brunswick is set free by a "heathen" lady in the Danish ballad. In one version of Beichan, E, the lady on parting with her love breaks her ring and gives him one half, as Henry, or his wife, Reinfrit, Gerhard, Créqui, and others do. At this point in the story the woman pursues the man, and parts are inverted. Susan Pye is warned that Beichan is to be married the next day, in C by a Billy-Blin, in M by a woman in green, or fairy, and is conveyed to Beichan's castle or hall with miraculous despatch, just as Henry and others are warned, and are transported to their homes by devil, angel, or necromancer. In E and N the old love is identified by a half ring or ring, as in so many of the stories of the class of Henry the Lion.

Norse, Spanish, and Italian ballads preserve a story essentially the same as that of 'Young Beichan.'

#### Scandinavian.

Danish. 'Stolt Ellensborg.' Grundtvig, IV,

herself for his liberation. She promises to effect his freedom if he will marry her. This he agrees to. She releases him from his chains without her father's knowledge, and flies with him to his native land.

\* Nor Guarinos in the Spanish ballad, Duran, No 402, I, 265; Wolf and Hofmann, Primavera, II, 321. Guarinos is very cruelly treated, but it is his horse, not he, that has to draw carts. For the Sire de Créqui see also Dinaux, Trouvères, III, 161 ff (Köhler).

† And in 'Der Herr von Falkenstein,' a variety of the story, Meier, Deutsche Sagen aus Schwaben, p. 319, No 362. A Christian undergoes the same hardship in Schöppner, Sagenbuch, III, 127, No 1076. For other cases of the won-

238, No 218, nine versions, A-G, from manuscripts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. H, I, from recent tradition. B is previously printed (with alterations) in Levninger, 'Jomfrue Ellensborg' I, 66, No 12, Danske Viser, III, 268, No 213; I, 'Stolt Ellen henter sin Fæstemand' is in Kristensen, I, 89, No 36. Of the older texts, A, B, C are absolutely pure and true to tradition, D-G retouched or made over.

Icelandic, of the seventeenth century, Grundtvig, as above, p. 259, M.

Swedish, from Cavallius and Stephens' collection, Grundtvig, p. 255, K.

Färöe, taken down in 1827, Grundtvig, p. 256, L.

Norwegian, 'Herre Per i Riki,' Landstad, p. 596, No 76, N.

The variations of these twelve versions are insignificant. The names Herr Peder den Rige and Ellensborg [Ellen] are found in nearly all. It comes into Sir Peter's mind that he ought to go to Jerusalem to expiate his sins, and he asks his betrothed, Ellensborg, how long she will wait for him. She will wait eight years, and marry no other, though the king should woo her [seven, L; nine, M, "If I do not come then, break the engagement;" eight, and not more, N]. The time passes and Peter does not come back. Ellensborg goes to the strand. Traders come steering in, and she is asked to buy of their ware, — sandal, linen, and silk green as leek. She cares not for these things: have they not seen her sister's son [brother], for whom she is grieving to death? They know nothing of her sister's son, but well they know Sir Peter the rich: he has betrothed a lady in the Øs-

derful deliverance of captive knights, not previously mentioned by me, see Hoeker, in Wolf's Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie, I, 306.

‡ A meisterlied of Alexander von Metz, of the second half of the fifteenth century, Körner, Historische Volkslieder, p. 49; the ballad 'Der Graf von Rom,' or 'Der Graf im Pflege,' Uhland, p. 784, No 299, printed as early as 1493; De Historie van Florentina, Huysvrouwe van Alexander van Metz, 1621, van den Bergh, De nederlandsche Volksromans, p. 52. And see Goedeke, Deutsche Dichtung im Mittelalter, pp 569, 574; Uhland, Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung, IV, 297-309; Danske Viser, V, 67.

ter-king's realm; \* a heathen woman, "and you never came into his mind," E 13; he is to be married to-morrow, K 6. A wee swain tells her, M 14, 16, that he sits in Austurríki drinking the ale of forgetfulness, and will never come home; he shall not drink long, says she. Ellensborg asks her brother to undertake a voyage for her; he will go with her if she will wait till summer; rather than wait till summer she will go alone, A, D, G. She asks fraternal advice about going in search of her lover, A, E, the advice of her uncles, I; asks the loan of a ship, B, C, F, H, N. She is told that such a thing would be a shame; she had better take another lover; the object is not worth the trouble; the voyage is bad for a man and worse for a woman. Her maids give her advice that is more to her mind, E, but are as prudent as the rest in the later I. She attires herself like a knight, elips her maids' hair, B, H, I, L, M, and puts them into men's clothes, D, L; sets herself to steer and the maids to row, A-G, L.†

The voyage is less than two months, B, C, E; less than three months, I; quite three months, L. It is the first day of the bridal when she lands, B 22, E 24, N 14; in B Ellensborg learns this from a boy who is walking on the sand. Sword at side, she enters the hall where Peter is drinking his bridal. Peter, can in hand, rises and says, Bless your eyes, my sister's son; welcome to this strange land. In B he asks, How are my father and mother? and she tells him that his father lies dead on his bier, his mother in sick-bed. In L, waiting for no greeting, she says, Well you sit at the board with your wife! Are all lords wont thus to keep their faith? The bride's mother, D, G, the heathen bride, E, an unnamed person, probably the bride, A, B, F, N, says, That is not your sister's son, but much more like a woman; her hair is like spun gold, and braided up under a silk cap.

A tells us, and so F, G, that it was two

months before Ellensborg could speak to Peter privately. Then, on a Yule day, when he was going to church, she said, It does not occur to you that you gave me your troth. Sir Peter stood as if women had shorn his hair, and recollects all as if it had been yesterday. In B-E, H, I, L, M, N, this incident has, perhaps, dropped out. In these immediately, as in A, F, G, after this interview, Sir Peter, recalled to his senses or to his fidelity, conceives the purpose of flying with Ellensborg. Good people, he says, knights and swains, ladies and maids, follow my bride to bed, while I take my sister's son over the meads, through the wood, B-E, H, I, N. In A, F, Sir Peter asks the bride how long she will bide while he takes his nephew across the kingdom; in G begs the boon that, since his sister's son is going, he may ride with him, just accompany him to the strand and take leave of him; in L, M, hopes she will not be angry if he conveys his nephew three days on his way. (It is at this point in C, H, I, L, that the bride says it is no sister's son, but a woman.) The bride remarks that there are knights and swains now to escort his sister's son, and that he might more fitly stay where he is, but Sir Peter persists that he will see his nephew off in person.

Sir Peter and Ellensborg go aboard the ship, he crying, You will see me no more! When they are at sea Ellensborg lets out her hair, A, B, C, H; she wishes that the abandoned bride may now feel the grief which she herself had borne for years. The proceeding is less covert in I, L, M than in the other versions.

As Ellensborg and Peter are making for the ship in D 30, 31 (and G 36, 37, borrowed from D), she says, Tell me, Sir Peter, why would you deceive me so? Sir Peter answers that he never meant to deceive her; it was the lady of Österland that did it; she had changed his mind. A magical change is meant. This

\* Öster-kongens rige, Österige, Österland, Amstríki, understood by Gründtvig as Gardaríki, the Scandinavian-Russian kingdom of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Austriki is used vaguely, but especially of the east of Europe, Russia, Austria, sometimes including Turkey (Vigfusson).

† In Swedish K, as she pushes off from land, she exclaims:

"God Fader i Himmelens rike  
Skall vara min styresman!"

Cf. M 28:

And she's taen God her pilot to be.

agrees with what is said in **A**, 24, 25 (also **F**, **G**), that when Ellensborg got Peter alone to herself, and said, You do not remember that you plighted your troth to me, everything came back to him as if it had happened yesterday. And again in the Färöe copy, L 49, Ellensborg, from the prow, cries to Ingilbjörn on the strand, Farewell to thee with thy *elf-ways*, við títt elvargangi! I have taken to myself my true love that I lent thee so long; implying that Sir Peter had been detained by Circcean arts, by a sleepy drench of óminnis öl, or ale of forgetfulness. Icelandic **M** 14, which, in the light of the other ballads, is to be understood literally, and not figuratively. The feature of a man being made, by magical or other means, to forget a first love who had done and suffered much for him, and being suddenly restored to consciousness and his original predilection, is of the commonest occurrence in traditional tales.\*

Our English ballad affords no other positive trace of external interference with the hero's will than the far-fetched allegation in **C** that the choice before him was to accept a duke's daughter or forfeit his lands. The explanation of his inconstancy in **H**, **N**, that young men ever were fickle found, is vulgar, and also insufficient, for Beichan returns to his old love *per saltum*, like one from whose eyes scales have fallen and from whose back a weight has been taken, not tamely, like a facile youth that has swerved. **E** and **K**, as already said, distinctly recognize that Beichan was not acting with free mind, and, for myself, I have little doubt that, if we could go back far enough, we should find that he had all along been faithful at heart.

**Spanish.** **A.** 'El Conde Sol.' Duran, Ro-

manceero, I, 180, No 327, from tradition in Andalusia, by the editor; Wolf and Hofmann, Primavera, II, 48, No 135. In this most beautiful romance the County Sol, named general in great wars between Spain and Portugal, and leaving a young wife dissolved in tears, tells her that she is free to marry if he does not come back in six years. Six pass, and eight, and more than ten, yet the county does not return, nor does there come news of him. His wife implores and obtains leave of her father to go in search of her husband. She traverses France and Italy, land and sea, and is on the point of giving up hope, when one day she sees a herdsman pasturing cows. Whose are these cows? she asks. The County Sol's, is the answer. And whose these wheat-fields, these ewes, these gardens, and that palace? whose the horses I hear neigh? The County Sol's, is the answer in each case.† And who that lady that a man folds in his arms? The lady is betrothed to him and the county is to marry her. The countess changes her silken robe for the herdsman's sackcloth, and goes to ask an alms at the county's gate. Beyond all hope, the county comes out himself to bring it. "Whence comest thou, pilgrim?" he asks. She was born in Spain. "How didst thou make thy way hither?" She came to seek her husband, footing the thorns by land, risking the perils of the sea; and when she found him he was about to marry, he had forgotten his faithful wife. "Pilgrim, thou art surely the devil, come to try me." "No devil," she said, "but thy wife indeed, and therefore come to seek thee." Upon this, without a moment's tarrying, the county ordered his horse, took up his wife, and made his best speed to his native castle.

II, 52, that 'El Conde Sol' shows distinct traits of 'Le Chat Botté.' Similar questions are asked in English **G**, the other Spanish versions, and the Italian, and in nearly all the Greek ballads referred to on pp 199, 200; always under the same circumstances, and to bring about the discovery which gives the turn to the story. The questions in 'Le Chat Botté' are introduced for an entirely different purpose, and cannot rationally suggest a borrowing on either side. The hasty note would certainly have been erased by the very distinguished editors upon a moment's consideration.

\* See 'The Red Bull of Norrway,' Chambers, Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1870, p. 99; 'Mesterme,' Asbjørnsen og Moe, No 46; 'Hass-Fru,' Cavallius och Stephens, No 14; Powell, Icelandic Legends, Second Series, p. 377; the Grimms, Nos 56, 113, 186, 193; Pentamerone, II, 7, 111, 9; Gonzenbach, Nos 14, 54, 55, and Köhler's note; Hahn, Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen, No 54; Carleton, Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, 10th ed., I, 23; Campbell, West Highland Tales, I, 25, No 2, and Kohler's notes in Orient u. Occident, II, 103-114, etc., etc.

† This passage leads the editors of Primavera to remark,

The bride he would have taken remained unmarried, for those that put on others' robes are sure to be stripped naked.

B. 'Gerineldo,' taken down in Asturias by Amador de los Ríos, *Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Literatur*, III, 290, 1861, and the same year (Nigra) in *Revista Iberica*, I, 51; a version far inferior to A, and differing in no important respect as to the story.

C. 'La boda interrumpida,' Milá, *Romancero Catalán*, p. 221, No 244, seven copies, A-G, none good. A, which is about one third Castilian, relates that war is declared between France and Portugal, and the son of Conde Burgos made general. The countess his wife does nothing but weep. The husband tells her to marry again if he does not come back in seven years. More than seven years are gone, and the lady's father asks why she does not marry. "How can I," she replies, "if the count is living? Give me your blessing, and let me go in search of him." She goes a hundred leagues on foot, in the disguise of a pilgrim. Arrived at a palace she sees pages pass, and asks them for whom a horse is intended. It is for Count Burgos's son, who marries that night. She asks to be directed to the young count, is told that she will find him in the hall, enters, and begs an alms, as coming from Italy and without a penny. The young man says, If you come from Italy, what is the news? Is Conde Bueso's wife living? The pilgrim desires some description of the lady. It seems that she wore a very costly petticoat on her wedding-day. The pilgrim takes off her glove and shows her ring; she also takes off and shows the expensive petticoat. There is great weeping in that palace, for first wives never can be forgotten. Don Bueso and the pilgrim clap hands and go home.

Italian: Piedmontese. A. 'Moran d'Inghilterra,' communicated to *Rivista Contemporanea*, XXXI, 3, 1862, by Nigra, who gives the variations of four other versions. The daughter of the sultan is so handsome that they know not whom to give her to, but decide upon Moran of England. The first day of his marriage he did nothing but kiss her, the second he wished to leave her, and the

third he went off to the war. "When shall you return?" asked his wife. "If not in seven years, marry." She waited seven years, but Moran did not come. His wife went all over England on horseback, and came upon a cowherd. "Whose cows are these?" she asked. They were Moran's. "Has Moran a wife?" This is the day when he is to marry, and if she makes haste she will be in time for the wedding. She spurs her horse, and arrives in season. They offer her to drink in a gold cup. She will drink from no cup that is not her own; she will not drink while another woman is there; she will not drink till she is mistress. Moran throws his arms round her neck, saying, Mistress you ever have been and still shall be.

B. 'Morando,' Ferraro, *Canti popolari monferrini*, p. 42, No 32, from Alessandria. Murando d'Inghilterra, of the king's household, fell in love with the princess, for which the king sent him off. The lady knocked at his door, and asked when he would come back. In seven years, was the answer, and if not she was to marry. The princess stole a hundred scudi from her father, frizzled her hair French fashion, bought a fashionable suit, and rode three days and nights without touching ground, eating, or drinking. She came upon a laundryman, and asked who was in command there. Murando. She knocked at the door, and Murando asked, Have you come to our wedding? She would come to the dance. At the dance she was recognized by the servants. Murando asked, How came you here? "I rode three days and three nights without touching ground, eating, or drinking." This is my wife, said Murando; and the other lady he bade return to her father.

It is possible that this ballad may formerly have been known in France. Nothing is left and known that shows this conclusively, but there is an approach to the Norse form in a fragment which occurs in several widely separated localities. A lover goes off in November, promising his love to return in December, but does not. A messenger comes to bid the lady, in his name, seek another lover, for he has another love. "Is she fairer than I, or

more powerful?" She is not fairer, but more powerful: she makes rosemary flower on the edge of her sleeve, changes the sea into wine and fish into flesh. Brjeand, I, 203. In 'La Femme Abandonnée,' Puymaigre, I, 72, the lover is married to a Fleming:

Elle fait venir le soleil  
A minuit dans sa chambre.  
Elle fait bouillir la marmite  
Sans feu et sans rente.

In a Canadian version, 'Entre Paris et Saint-Denis,' Gagnon, p. 303, the deserted woman is a king's daughter, and the new love,

Ell' fait neiger, ell' fait gréler,  
Ell' fait le vent qui vente.  
Ell' fait reluire le soleil  
A minuit dans sa chambre.  
Ell' fait pousser le romarin  
Sur le bord de la manche.

Puymaigre notes that there is a version very near to the Canadian in the sixth volume of Poésies populaires de la France, cinquième réédition, Ardennes, No. 2.\*

A broadside ballad, 'The Turkish Lady,' 'The Turkish Lady and the English Slave,' printed in Logan's Pedlar's Pack, p. 16, Christie, I, 247, from singing, and preserved also in the Kinloch MSS. V, 53, I, 263, from Elizabeth Beattie's recitation, simply relates how a Turkish pirate's daughter fell in love with an Englishman, her slave, offered to release him if he would turn Turk, but chose the better part of flying with him to Bristol, and becoming herself a Christian brave.

Sir William Stanley, passing through Constantinople, is condemned to die for his religion. A lady, walking under the prison walls, hears his lament, and begs his life of the Turk. She would make him her husband, and bring him to adore Mahomet. She offers to set the prisoner free if he will marry her, but he has a wife and children on English ground. The lady is sorry, but generously gives Stanley five hundred pounds to carry him to his own country. Sir William Stanley's Garland, Halliwell's Palatine Anthology, pp. 277 f.

Two Magyars have been shut up in a dungeon by the sultan, and have not seen sun, moon, or stars for seven years. The sultan's daughter hears their moan, and offers to free them if they will take her to Hungary. This they promise to do. She gets the keys, takes money, opens the doors, and the three make off. They are followed; one of the Magyars kills all the pursuers but one, who is left to carry back the news. It is now proposed that there shall be a duel to determine who shall have the lady. She begs them rather to cut off her head than to fight about her. Szilágyi Niklas says he has a love at home, and leaves the sultan's daughter to his comrade, Hangymási László. Aigner, Ungarische Volksdichtungen, p. 93: see p. 107 of this volume.

C b is translated by Loëve-Veimars, p. 330; E by Cesare Cantù, Documenti alla Storia Universale, Torino, 1858, Tomo V<sup>o</sup>, Parte III<sup>a</sup>, p. 790; E, as retouched by Allingham, by Knortz, L. n. R. Alt-Englands, p. 18.

## A

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 13.

- 1 In London city was Bieham born,  
He longd strange countries for to see,  
But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
Who handld him right cruelly.
- 2 For thro his shoulder he put a bore,  
An thro the bore has pitten a tree.

\* Puymaigre finds also some resemblance in his 'Petite Rosalie,' I, 74: see his note.

An he's gard him draw the carts o wine,  
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

- 3 He's easten [him] in a dungeon deep,  
Where he cond' neither hear nor see;  
He's shut him up in a prison strong,  
An he's handld him right cruelly.
- 4 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,  
I wot her name was Shusy Pye:  
She's doen her to the prison-house,  
And she's calld Young Bieham one word by.

5 'O ha'e ye ony lands or rents,  
   Or citys in your ain country,  
   Coud free you out o prison strong,  
   An coud mantain a lady free ?'

6 'O London city is my own,  
   An other citys twa or three,  
   Coud loose me out o prison strong,  
   An coud mantain a lady free.'

7 O she has bribed her father's men  
   Wi meikle goud and white money,  
   She's gotten the key o the prison doors,  
   An she has set Young Bieham free.

8 She's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,  
   But an a flask o Spanish wine,  
   An she had him mind on the ladie's love  
   That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

9 'Go set your foot on good ship-board,  
   An haste you back to your ain country,  
   An before that seven years has an end,  
   Come back again, love, and marry me.'

10 It was long or seven years had an end  
   She longd fu sair her love to see;  
   She's set her foot on good ship-board,  
   An turnd her back on her ain country.

11 She's saild up, so has she down,  
   Till she came to the other side ;  
   She's landed at Young Bieham's gates,  
   An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

12 'Is this Young Bieham's gates ?' says she,  
   'Or is that noble prince within ?'  
   'He's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,  
   An monny a lord and lady wi him.'

13 'O has he taen a bonny bride,  
   An has he clean forgotten me !'  
   An sighing said that gay lady,  
   I wish I were in my ain country !

14 But she's pitten her han in her pocket,  
   An gin the porter guineas three ;

Says, Take ye that, ye proud porter,  
   An bid the bridegroom speak to me.

15 O whan the porter came up the stair,  
   He's fa'n low down upon his knee :  
   'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
   An what makes a' this courtesy ?'

16 'O I've been porter at your gates  
   This mair nor seven years an three,  
   But there is a lady at them now  
   The like of whom I never did see.'

17 'For on every finger she has a ring,  
   An on the mid-finger she has three,  
   An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow  
   As woud buy an earldome o lan to me.'

18 Then up it started Young Bieham,  
   An sware so loud by Our Lady,  
   'It can be name but Slusy Pye,  
   That has come oer the sea to me.'

19 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
   O fifteen steps he has made but three ;  
   He's tane his bonny love in his arms,  
   An a wot he kiss'd her tenderly.

20 'O hae you tane a bonny bride ?  
   An hae you quite forsaken me ?  
   An hae ye quite forgotten her  
   That gae you life an liberty ?'

21 She's lookit oer her left shoulder  
   To hide the tears stood in her ee ;  
   'Now fare thee well, Young Bieham,' she says,  
   'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee.'

22 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,  
   'An a double dowry I'll gi her wi ;  
   For I maun marry my first true love,  
   That's done and suffered so much for me.'

23 He's take his bonny love by the han,  
   And led her to yon fountain stane ;  
   He's changd her name frae Slusy Pye,  
   An he's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

## B

Glenriddell MSS, XI, 80.

1 In England was Young Brechin born,  
Of parents of a high degree:  
The sell'd him to the savage Moor,  
Where they abused him maist cruelie.

2 Thro evry shoulder they bord a bore,  
And thro evry bore they pat a tree:  
They made him draw the carts o wine,  
Which horse and owsn were wont to drie.

3 The pat him into prison strong,  
Where he could neither hear nor see:  
They pat him in a dark dungeon,  
Where he was sick and like to die.

4 'Is there neer an auld wife in this town  
That'll borrow me to be her son?  
Is there neer a young maid in this town  
Will take me for her chiefest one?'

5 A Savoyen has an only daughter,  
I wat she's called Young Breichen by:  
'O sleepst thou, wakest thou, Breichen?' she  
says,  
'Or who is't that does on me cry?'

6 'O hast thou any house or lands,  
Or hast thou any castles free,  
That thou wadst gi to a lady fair  
That out o prison wad bring thee?'

7 'O lady, Lundin it is mine,  
And other castles twa or three:  
These I wad gie to a lady fair  
That out of prison wad set me free.'

8 She's taen him by the milk-white hand,  
And led him to a towr sae hie,  
She's made him drink the wine sae reid,  
And sung to him like a mayosie.

9 O these two luyvers made a bond,  
For seven years, and that is lang,  
That he was to marry no other wife,  
And she's to marry no other man.

10 When seven years were past and gane,  
This young lady began to lang,  
And she's awa to Lundin game,  
To see if Brechin's got safe to land.

11 When she came to Young Brechin's yett,  
She chappit gently at the gin:  
'Is this Young Brechin's yett?' she says,  
'Or is this lusty lord within?'  
'O yes, this is Lord Brechin's yett,  
And I wat this be his bridal een.'

12 She's put her hand in her pocket,  
And thravin the porter guineas three:  
'Gang up the stair, young man,' she says,  
'And bid your master come down to me.'

13 'Bid him bring a bite o his ae best bread,  
And a bottle o his ae best wine,  
And neer forget that lady fair  
That did him out o prison bring.'

14 The porter tripped up the stair,  
And fell low down upon his knee:  
'Rise up, rise up, ye proud porter,  
What mean you by this courtesie?'

15 'O I hae been porter at your yett  
This thirty years and a' but three;  
There stands the fairest lady therat  
That ever my twa een did see.'

16 'On evry finger she has a ring,  
On her mid-finger she has three:  
She's as much gold on her horse's neck  
As wad by a earldom o land to me.'

17 'She bids you send o your ae best bread,  
And a bottle o your ae best wine,  
And neer forget the lady fair  
That out o prison did you bring.'

18 He's taen the table wi his foot,  
And made the cups and cans to flee:  
'I'll wager a' the lands I hae  
That Susan Pye's come oer the sea.'

\* \* \* \* \*

19 Then up and spak the bride's mother:  
'And O an ill deid may ye die!  
If ye didna except the bonny bride,  
Ye might hae ay excepted me.'

20 'O ye are fair, and fair, madam,  
And ay the fairer may ye be!  
But the fairest day that eer ye saw,  
Ye were neer sae fair as yon lady.'

21 O when these lovers two did meet,  
The tear it blinded baith their ee ;  
‘ Gie me my faith and troth,’ she says,  
‘ For now faim hame wad I be.’

22 ‘ Tak hame your daughter, madam,’ he says,  
‘ She’s neer a bit the war o me ;  
Except a kiss o her bonny lips,  
Of her body I am free ;

She came to me on a single horse,  
Now I’ll send her hame in chariots three.’

23 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And he’s led her to a yard o stane ;  
He’s changed her name frae Susan Pye,  
And calld her lusty Lady Jane.

## C

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 11. b. Jamieson’s Popular Ballads, II, 127.

1 Young Bekie was as brave a knight  
As ever saild the sea ;  
An he’s doon him to the court of France,  
To serve for meat and fee.

2 He had nae been i the court of France  
A twelvemonth nor sae long,  
Til he fell in love with the king’s daughter,  
An was thrown in prison strong.

3 The king he had but ae daughter,  
Burd Isbel was her name ;  
An she has to the prison-house gane,  
To hear the prisoner’s mane.

4 ‘ O gin a lady woud borrow me,  
At her stirrup-foot I woud rin ;  
Or gin a widow wad borrow me,  
I woud swear to be her son.

5 ‘ Or gin a virgin woud borrow me,  
I woud wed her wi a ring ;  
I’d gi her ha’s, I’d gie her bowers,  
The bonny towrs o Linne.’

6 O barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,  
An barefoot came she ben ;  
It was no for want o hose an shooone,  
Nor time to put them on.

7 But a’ for fear that her father dear  
Had heard her making din :  
She’s stown the keys o the prison-house dor  
An latten the prisoner gang.

8 O whan she saw him, Young Bekie,  
Her heart was wondrous sair !  
For the mice but an the bold rottens  
Had eaten his yellow hair.

9 She’s gien him a shaver for his beard,  
A comber till his hair,  
Five hunder pound in his pocket,  
To spen, an nae to spair.

10 She’s gien him a steed was good in need,  
An a saddle o royal bone,  
A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
An Hector called one.

11 Atween this twa a vow was made,  
‘ T was made full solemnly,  
That or three years was come an gane,  
Well married they shoud be.

12 He had nae been in ‘ s ain country  
A twelvemonth till an end,  
Till he’s forced to marry a duke’s daughter,  
Or than lose a’ his land.

13 ‘ Ohon, alas !’ says Young Beekie,  
‘ I know not what to dee ;  
For I canno win to Burd Isbel,  
And she kensnae to come to me.’

14 O it fell onlee upon a day  
Burd Isbel fell asleep,  
An up it starts the Belly Blin,  
An stood at her bed-feet.

15 ‘ O waken, waken, Burd Isbel,  
How [can] you sleep so soon,  
Whan this is Bekie’s wedding day,  
An the marriage gain on ?

16 'Ye do ye to your mither's bowr,  
Think neither sin nor shame;  
An ye tak twa o your mither's marys,  
To keep ye frae thinking lang.

17 'Ye dress yourself in the red scarlet,  
An your marys in dainty green,  
An ye pit girdles about your middles  
Woud buy an earldome.

18 'O ye gang down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny will the Hollans boats  
Come rowin till your han.

19 'Ye set your milk-white foot abord,  
Cry, Hail ye, Domine!  
An I shal be the steerer o't,  
To row you oer the sea.'

20 She's tane her till her mither's bowr,  
Thought neither sin nor shame,  
An she took twa o her mither's marys,  
To keep her frae thinking lang.

21 She dressd hersel i the red scarlet,  
Her marys i dainty green,  
And they pat girdles about their middles  
Woud buy an earldome.

22 An they gid down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny did the Hollan boats  
Come rowin to their han.

23 She set her milk-white foot on board,  
Cried, Hail ye, Domine!  
An the Belly Blin was the steerer o' i,  
To row her oer the sea.

24 Whan she came to Young Bekie's gate,  
She heard the music play;  
Sae well she kent frae a' she heard,  
It was his wedding day.

25 She's pitten her han in her pocket,  
Gin the porter guineas three;  
• Hae, tak ye that, ye proud porter,  
Bid the bride-groom speake to me.'

26 O whan that he cam up the stair,  
He fell low down on his knee:

He haled the king, an he haled the queen,  
An he haled him, Young Bekie.

27 'O I've been porter at your gates  
This thirty years an three;  
But there's three ladies at them now,  
Their like I never did see.'

28 'There's ane o them dressd in red scarlet,  
And twa in dainty green,  
An they hae girdles about their middles  
Woud buy an earldome.'

29 Then out it spake the bierly bride,  
Was a' goud to the chin;  
• Gin she be braw without,' she says,  
'We's be as braw within.'

30 Then up it starts him, Young Bekie,  
An the tears was in his ee:  
• I'll lay my life it's Bard Isbel,  
Come oer the sea to me.'

31 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
An whan he saw 't was shee,  
He kindly took her in his arms,  
And kissd her tenderly.

32 'O hae ye forgotten, Young Bekie,  
The vow ye made to me,  
Whan I took you out o the prison strong,  
Whan ye was condemnd to die?

33 'I gae you a steed was good in need,  
An a saddle o royal bone,  
A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
An Hector called one.'

34 It was well kent what the lady said,  
That it wasnae a lee,  
For at ilka word the lady spake,  
The hound fell at her knee.

35 'Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear,  
A blessing gae her wi.  
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,  
That's come oer the sea to me.'

36 'Is this the custom o your house,  
Or the fashion o your lan,  
To marry a maid in a May mornin,  
An send her back at even?'

## D

Skene MSS., p. 70. North of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 YOUNG BEACHEN was born in fair London,  
And foreign lands he langed to see;  
He was taen by the savage Moor,  
An the used him most cruelie.
- 2 Through his shoulder they pat a bore,  
And through the bore the pat a tree;  
They made him trail their onsen carts,  
And they used him most cruelie.
- 3 The savage Moor had ae daughter,  
I wat her name was Susan Pay :  
An she is to the prison house,  
To hear the prisoner's moan.
- 4 He made na his moan to a stoeke,  
He made na it to a stone,  
But it was to the Queen of Heaven  
That he made his moan.
- 5 'Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
I at her foot wad run ;  
An a widow wad borrow me,  
I wad become her son.
- 6 'But an a maid wad borrow me,  
I wad wed her wi a ring ;  
I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,  
An of the high towers of Line.'
- 7 'Sing o'er yer sang, Young Beachen,' she says,  
'Sing o'er yer sang to me ;'  
'I never sang that sang, lady,  
But I wad sing to thee.'
- 8 'Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
I at her foot wad run ;  
An a widow wad borrow me,  
I wad become her son.
- 9 'But an a maid wad borrow me,  
I wad wed her wi a ring ;  
I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,  
An of the high towers of Line.'
- 10 Safly, [safly] gaed she but,  
An safly gaed she ben,  
It was na for want of hose nor shoon,  
Nor time to pet them on.

## 11 . . . .

- An she has staen the keys of the prison,  
An latten Young Beachen gang.
- 12 She gae him a leaf of her white bread,  
An a bottle of her wine,  
She bad him mind on the lady's love  
That freed him out of pine.
- 13 She gae him a steed was guid in need,  
A saddle of the banc,  
Five hundred pown in his pocket,  
Bad him gae speeding hame.
- 14 An a leash of guid grayhounds,
- 15 Whan seven lang years were come and gane,  
Shusie Pay thought lang,  
An she is on to fair London,  
As fast as she could gang.
- 16 Whan she cam to Young Beachen's gate,  
'Is Young Beachen at hame,  
Or is he in this countrie ?'
- 17 'He is at hame, is hear,' they said,  
An sighan says her Susie Pay,  
Has he quite forgotten me ?
- 18 On every finger she had a ring,  
On the middle finger three ;  
She gae the porter ane of them :  
'Get a word o your lord to me.'
- 19 He gaed up the stair,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
'Win up, my proud porter,  
What is your will wi me ?'
- 20 'I hae been porter at yer gate  
This thirty year and three ;  
The fairst lady is at yer gate  
Mine eyes did ever see.'
- 21 Out spak the bride's mither,  
An a haughty woman was she :

‘If ye ha'nt nae accepted the bonny bride,  
Ye might well ha' accepted me.’

22 ‘No disparagement to you, madam,  
Nor none unto her Grace;  
The sole of your lady's foot  
Is fairer than her face.’

23 He's gaen the table wi his foot.  
And couped it wi his knee:  
I wad my head and a' my land  
‘T is Susie Pay, come o'er the sea.’

24 The stair was thirty steps.  
I wat he made them three;  
He took her in his arms twa :  
‘Susie Pay, ye'r welcome to me.’

25 ‘Gie me a shive of your white bread,  
An a bottle of your wine :  
Dinna ye mind on the lady's love  
That freed ye out of pine?’

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## E

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II. 117, compounded from **A**, a manuscript and a stall copy from Scotland, a recited copy from the north of England, and a short version picked off a wall in London. (The parts which repeat **A** are in smaller type.)

1 In London was Young Beichan born,  
He longed strange countries for to see,  
But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
Who handled him right cruelle,

2 For he viewed the fashions of that land,  
Their way of worship viewed he,  
But to Mahound or Ternagant  
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

3 So in every shoulder they've putt'n a bore,  
In every bore they've putten a tree,  
And they have made him trail the wive  
And splices on his fair bodie.

4 They've casten him in a dungeon deep,  
Where he could neither hear nor see,  
For seven years they kept him there,  
Till he for hunger's like to die.

5 This Moor he had but ae daughter,  
Her name was cauld Susie Pye,  
And every day as she took the air,  
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

6 O so it fell upon a day  
She heard Young Beichan sadly sing

26 He took her . . . . .  
Down to yon garden green,  
An changed her name fra Susie Pay,  
An called her bonny Lady Jean.

27 ‘Yer daughter came here on high horse-back,  
She sal gae hame in coaches three,  
An I sall double her tocher our,  
She's nane the war o me.’

28 ‘It's na the fashion o our countrie,  
Nor yet o yer name,  
To wed a maid in the morning,  
An send her hame at een.’

29 ‘It's na the fashion o my counrie,  
Nor is it of my name,  
But I man mind on the lady's love  
That freed me out of pine.’

‘My hounds they all go masterless,  
My hawks they flee from tree to tree,  
My younger brother will heir my land,  
Fair England again I'll never see!’

7 All night long no rest she got,  
Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;  
She's strown the keys from her father's head,  
And to the prison strong is gone.

8 And she has opend the prison doors,  
I wot she opend two or three,  
Ere she could come Young Beichan at,  
He was locked up so curioslie.

9 But when she came Young Beichan before,  
Sore wonderd he that may to see ;  
He took her for some fair captive :  
‘Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?’

10 ‘O have ye any lands,’ she said,  
‘Or castles in your own countrie,  
That ye could give to a lady fair,  
From prison strong to set you free?’

11 ‘Near London town I have a hall,  
With other castles two or three ;  
I'll give them all to the lady fair  
That out of prison will set me free.’

12 ‘Give me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of it give unto me,  
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
Unless it be along with me.’

13 'I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
   The truth of it I'll freely gie,  
   That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
   For the kindness thou dost show to me.'

14 And she has bri'b'd the proud warler  
   Wi mickle gold and white monie,  
   She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
   And she has set Young Beichan free.

15 She's gien him to eat the good spice-cake,  
   She's gien him to drink the blood-red wine,  
   She's bidden him sometimes think on her,  
   That *sae* kindly freed him out of pine.

16 She's broken a ring from her finger,  
   And to Beichan half o' it gave she;  
   'Keep it, to mind you of that love  
   The lady bore that set you free.'

17 'And set your foot on good ship-board,  
   And haste ye back to your own countrie,  
   And before that seven years have an end,  
   Come back again, love, and marry me.'

18 But long ere seven years had an end,  
   She longd full sore her love to see,  
   For ever a voice within her breast  
   Said, 'Beichan has broke his vow to thee ;'  
   So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
   And turnd her back on her own countrie.

19 She sailed east, she sailed west,  
   Till to fair England's shore she came,  
   Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
   Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

20 'What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd ?  
   What news hast thou to tell to me ?'  
   'Such news I hear, ladie,' he says,  
   'The like was never in this countrie.'

21 'There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
   Has lasted these thirty days and three ;  
   Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,  
   For love of one that's yond the sea.'

22 She's put her hand in her poeket,  
   Gien him the gold and white monie :  
   'Hae, tak ye that, my bonny boy,  
   For the good news thou tellst to me.'

23 When she came to Young Beichan's gate,  
   She tirked softly at the pin ;  
   So ready was the proud porter  
   To open and let this lady in.

24 'Is this Young Beichan's hall,' she said,  
   'Or is that noble lord within ?'  
   'Yea, he's in the hall among them all,  
   And this is the day o' his weddin.'

25 'And has he wed anither lass ?  
   And has he clean forgotten me ?'

And sighin said that gay ladie,  
   'I wish I were in my own countrie !'

26 And she has taen her gay gold ring,  
   That with her love she brake so free ;  
   Says, Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
   And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

27 When the porter came his lord before,  
   He kneeld down low on his knee :  
   'What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
   Thou art so full of courtesie ?'

28 'I've been porter at your gates,  
   It's thirty long years now and three ;  
   But there stands a lady at them now,  
   The like o' her did I never see.'

29 'For on every finger she has a ring,  
   And on her mid-finger she has three,  
   And as mickle gold aloon her brow  
   As would buy an earldom to me.'

30 It's out then spak the bride's mother,  
   Aye and an angry woman was shee :  
   'Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
   And twa or three of our companie.'

31 'O hold your tongue, thou bride's mother,  
   Of all your folly let me be ;  
   She's ten times fairer nor the bride,  
   And all that's in your companie.'

32 'She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
   But and a cup of your red wine,  
   And to remember the lady's love  
   That last reliev you ont o' pine.'

33 'O well-a-day !' said Beichan then,  
   'That I so soon have married thee !  
   For it can be none but Susie Pye,  
   That sailed the sea for love of me.'

34 And quickly hied he down the stair ;  
   Of fifteen steps he made but three ;  
   He's taen his bonny love in his arms,  
   And kist and kist her tenderlie.

35 'O hae ye taen anither bride ?  
   And hae ye quite forgotten me ?  
   And hae ye quite forgotten her  
   That gave you life and libertie ?'

36 She looked o'er her left shoulder,  
   To hide the tears stood in her ee :  
   'Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,' she says,  
   'I'll try to think no more on thee.'

37 'O never, never, Susie Pye,  
   For surely this can never be,  
   Nor ever shall I wed but her  
   That's done and dreed so much for me !'

38 Then out and spak the forenoon bride :  
 ‘ My lord, your love it changeth soon ;  
 This morning I was made your bride,  
 And another chose ere it be noon.’

39 O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride,  
 Ye’re neer a whit the worse for me,  
 And whan ye return to your own countrie,  
 A double dower I’ll send with thee.’

40 He’s taen Susie Pye by the white hand,  
 And gently led her up and down,  
 And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,  
 ‘ Ye’re welcome, jewel, to your own.’

41 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And led her to you fountain stane ;  
 He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,  
 And he’s call’d her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

## F

Pitcairn’s MSS., III, 159, 1817-25. From the recitation of  
 Widow Stevenson, aged seventy-three: “ East Country.”

1 In the lands where Lord Beichan was born,  
 Amang the stately steps of stane,  
 He wore the goud at his left shoulder,  
 But to the Holy Land he’s gane.

2 He was na lang in the Holy Land.  
 Amang the Prudents that was black,  
 He was na lang in the Holy Land,  
 Till the Prudent did Lord Beichan tak.

3 The gard him draw baith pleugh and harrow,  
 And horse and oxen twa or three ;  
 They east him in a dark dungeon,  
 Whare he eoud neither hear nor see.

4 The Prudent had a fair daughter.  
 I wot they ea’d her Susy Pye,  
 And all the keys in that city  
 Hang at that lady by and bye.

5 It once fell out upon a day  
 That into the prison she did gae,  
 And whan she cam to the prison door,  
 She kneeled low down on her knee.

6 ‘ O hae ye ony lands, Beichan,  
 Or hae ye ony castles hie,  
 Whar ye wad tak a young thing to,  
 If out of prison I wad let thee ? ’

7 ‘ Fair London’s mine, dear lady,’ he said,  
 ‘ And other places twa or three,  
 Whar I wad tak a young thing to,  
 If out of prison ye wad let me.’

8 O she has opened the prison door,  
 And other places twa or three,

And gien him bread, and wine to drink,  
 In her own chamber privately.

9 O then she built a bonny ship,  
 And she has set it on the main,  
 And she has built a bonny ship,  
 It’s for to tak Lord Beichan hame.

10 O she’s gaen murning up and down,  
 And she’s gaen murnin to the sea,  
 Then to her father she has gane in,  
 Wha spak to her right angrily.

11 ‘ O do ye mourn for the goud, daughter,  
 Or do ye mourn for the whyte monie ?  
 Or do ye mourn for the English squire ?  
 I wat I will gar hang him lie.’

12 ‘ I neither mourn for the goud, father,  
 Nor do I for the whyte monie,  
 Nor do I for the English squire ;  
 And I care na tho ye hang him hie.

13 ‘ But I hae promised an errand to go,  
 Seven lang miles ayont the sea,  
 And blythe and merry I never will be  
 Untill that errand you let me.’

14 ‘ That errand, daughter, you may gang,  
 Seven long miles beyond the sea,  
 Since blythe and merry you’ll neer be  
 Untill that errand I’ll let thee.’

15 O she has built a bonny ship,  
 And she has set it in the sea,  
 And she has built a bonny ship,  
 It’s all for to tak her a long journie.

16 And she’s sailed a’ the summer day,  
 I wat the wind blew wondrous fair ;  
 In sight of fair London she has come,  
 And till Lord Beichan’s yett she walked.

17 Whan she cam till Lord Beichan's yett,  
She rappit loudly at the pin :  
'Is Beichan lord of this bonny place ?  
I pray ye open and let me in.'

18 'And O is this Lord Beichan's yett,  
And is the noble lord within ?'  
'O yes, it is Lord Beichan's yett,  
He's wi his bride and mony aane.'

19 'If you'll gang up to Lord Beichan,  
Tell him the words that I tell thee ;  
It will put him in mind of Susy Pye,  
And the Holy Land, whareer he be.'

20 'Tell him to send one bite of bread,  
It's and a glass of his guude red wine,  
Nor to forget the lady's love  
That loosed him out of prison strong.'

\* \* \* \*

21 'I ha'e been porter at your yett,  
I'm sure this therty lang years and three,  
But the fairest lady stands therent  
That evir my twa eyes did see.'

22 'On ilk finger she has a ring,  
And on the foremost she has three ;  
As muckle goud is on her head  
As wad buy an earldom of land to thee.'

23 'She bids you send a bite of bread,  
It's and a glass of your guude red wine,  
Nor to forget the lady's love  
That let you out of prison strong.'

24 It's up and spak the bride's mother,  
A weight of goud hung at her chin :

'There is no one so fair without  
But there are, I wat, as fair within.'

25 It's up and spak the bride hersel',  
As she sat by the guude lord's knee :  
'Awa, awa, ye proud porter,  
This day ye might ha'e excepted me.'

\* \* \* \*

26 'Tak hence, tak henee your fair daughter,  
Tak hame your daughter fair frae me ;  
For saving one kiss of her bonny lips,  
I'm sure of her body I am free.'

27 'Awa, awa, ye proud mither,  
It's tak your daughter fair frae me ;  
For I brought her home with chariots six,  
And I'll send her baek wi coaches three.'

28 It's he's taen the table wi his fit,  
And sync he took it wi his knee ;  
He gard the glasses and wine so red,  
He gard them all in flinders flee.'

29 O he's gane down the steps of stairs,  
And a' the stately steps of stane,  
Until he cam to Susy Pye ;  
I wat the tears blinded baith their eyne.

30 He led her up the steps of stairs,  
And a' the stately steps of stane,  
And changed her name from Susy Pye,  
And ca'd her lusty Lady Jane.

31 'O fye, gar cooks mak ready meat,  
O fye, gar cooks the pots supply,  
That it may be talked of in fair London,  
I've been twice married in ae day.'

---

2 'They're a' Lord Beckin's sheep,  
They're a' Lord Beckin's kye ;  
They're a' Lord Beckin's castles,  
That you sae often do pass bye.'

\* \* \* \*

3 He's tane [the] table wi his feet,  
Made cups an candlesticks to flee :  
'I'll lay my life 'tis Susy Pie,  
Come owr the seas to marry me.'

G

1 'O wha's aught a' yon flock o sheep,  
An wha's aught a' yon flock o kye ?  
An wha's aught a' yon pretty castles,  
That you sae often do pass bye ?'

Communicated by Mr Alexander Laing, of Newburg-on-Tay, as derived from the recitation of Miss Walker.

\* \* \* \*

## H

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 260.

1 YOUNG BEICHAN was in London born,  
He was a man of hie degree;  
He past thro monie kingdoms great,  
Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

2 He viewd the fashions of that land,  
Their way of worship viewed he,  
But unto onie of their stocks  
He wadna sae much as bow a knee:

3 Which made him to be taken straight,  
And brought afore their hie jurie;  
The savage Moor did speak upright,  
And made him meikle ill to dree.

4 In ilka shoulder they've bord a hole,  
And in ilka hole they've put a tree;  
They've made him to draw carts and wains,  
Till he was sick and like to dee.

5 But Young Beichan was a Christian born,  
And still a Christian was he:  
Which made them put him in prison strang,  
And cauld and hunger sair to dree,  
And fed on nocht but bread and water,  
Until the day that he mot dee.

6 In this prison there grew a tree,  
And it was unco stout and strang,  
Where he was chained by the middle,  
Until his life was almaist game.

7 The savage Moor had but ae dochter,  
And her name it was Susie Pye,  
And ilka day as she took the air,  
The prison door she passed bye.

8 But it fell ance upon a day,  
As she was walking, she heard him sing;  
She listend to his tale of woe,  
A happy day for Young Beichan!

9 My hounds they all go masterless,  
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,  
My youngest brother will heir my lands,  
My native land I'll never see.'

10 'O were I but the prison-keeper,  
As I'm a ladie o hie degree,

I soon wad set this youth at large,  
And send him to his ain countrie.'

11 She went away into her chamber,  
All nicht she never clos'd her ee;  
And when the morning begoud to dawn,  
At the prison door alone was she.

12 She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,  
And monie pieces o white monie,  
To tak her thro the bolts and bars,  
The lord frae Scotland she langd to see;  
She saw young Beichan at the stake,  
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

13 'O hae ye got onie lands,' she says,  
'Or castles in your ain countrie?  
It's what wad ye gie to the ladie fair  
Wha out o prison wad set you free?'

14 'It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,  
Wi monie castles fair to see,  
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,  
Wha out o prison wad set me free.'

15 The keeper syne brak aff his chains,  
And set Lord Beichan at libertie;  
She fill'd his pockets baith wi gowd,  
To tak him till his ain countrie.

16 She took him frae her father's prison,  
And gied to him the best o wine,  
And a brave health she drank to him:  
'I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!'

17 'It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,  
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;  
If ye'll wed wi na ither woman,  
It's I will wed na man but you.'

18 She's tane him to her father's port,  
And gien to him a ship o fame:  
'Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,  
I fear I'll neer see you again.'

19 Lord Beichan turnd him round about,  
And lowly, lowly loutit he:  
'Ere seven lang years come to an end,  
I'll tak you to mine ain countrie.'



20 Then whan he cam to Glasgow town,  
A happy, happy man was he;  
The ladies a' around him thrangd,  
To see him come frae slaverie.

21 His mother she had died o sorrow,  
And a' his brothers were dead but he;  
His lands they a' were lying waste,  
In ruins were his castles free.

22 Na porter there stood at his yett,  
Na human creature he could see,  
Except the screeching owls and bats,  
Had he to bear him companie.

23 But gowd will gar the castles grow,  
And he had gowd and jewels free,  
And soon the pages around him thrangd,  
To serve him on their bended knee.

24 His hall was hung wi silk and satin,  
His table rung wi mirth and glee,  
He soon forgot the lady fair  
That lowsd him out o slaverie.

25 Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,  
To heir wi him his lands sae free,  
Neer thinking that a lady fair  
Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

26 For Susie Pye could get na rest,  
Nor day nor nicht could happy be,  
Still thinking on the Scottish lord,  
Till she was sick and like to dee.

27 But she has builded a bonnie ship,  
Weel namnd wi seamen o hie degree,  
And secretly she stept on board,  
And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

28 But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,  
The bells were ringing sae merrilie;  
It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,  
Wi a lady fair o hie degree.

29 But sic a vessel was never seen;  
The very masts were tappd wi gold,  
Her sails were made o the satin fine,  
Maist beautiful for to behold.

30 But whan the lady cam on shore,  
Attended wi her pages three,

Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,  
And she a lady of great beautie.

31 Then to the skipper she did say,  
‘Can ye this answer gie to me ?  
Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid ?  
He surely lives in this contrie.’

32 Then up bespak the skipper bold,  
For he could speak the Turkish tongue :  
‘Lord Beichan lives not far away ;  
This is the day of his wedding.’

33 ‘If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,  
I will ye well reward,’ said she :  
Then she and all her pages went,  
A very gallant companie.

34 When she cam to Lord Beichan's yetts,  
She tirl'd gently at the pin ;  
Sae ready was the proud porter  
To let the wedding guests come in.

35 ‘Is this Lord Beichan's house,’ she says,  
‘Or is that noble lord within ?’  
‘Yes, he is gane into the hall,  
With his brave bride and monie ane.’

36 ‘Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,  
Bot and a cup of his best wine ;  
And bid him mind the lady's love  
That ance did lowsd him out o pyne.’

37 Then in and cam the porter bold,  
I wat he gae three shouts and three :  
‘The fairest lady stands at your yetts  
That ever my twa een did see.’

38 Then up bespak the bride's mither,  
I wat an angry woman was she :  
‘You might hae excepted our bonnie bride,  
Tho she'd been three times as fair as she.’

39 ‘My dame, your daughter's fair enough,  
And aye the fairer mot she be !  
But the fairest time that e'er she was,  
She'll na compare wi this ladie.’

40 ‘She has a gowd ring on ilk a finger,  
And on her mid-finger she has three ;  
She has as meikle gowd upon her head  
As wad buy an earldom o land to thee.’

41 · My lord, she begs some o your bread,  
Bot and a cup o your best wine,  
And bids you mind the lady's love  
That ance did lowse ye ont o pyne.'

42 Then up and started Lord Beichan,  
I wat he made the table flee :  
· I wad gie a' my yearlie rent  
· T were Susie Pye come owre the sea.'

43 Syne up bespak the bride's mother,  
She was never heard to speak sae free :  
· Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,  
Tho Susie Pye has crossd the sea ?'

44 · Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,  
For she is neer the waur o me ;

She cam to me on horsebaek riding,  
And she sall gang hame in chariot free.'

45 He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,  
And led her thro his halls sae hic :  
· Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,  
And thrice ye're welecome unto me.'

46 Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding,  
Wi baith their hearts sae fu o glee ;  
Says, · I'll range na mair in foreign lands,  
Sin Susie Pye has crossd the sea.

47 · Fy ! gar a' our cooks mak ready,  
And fy ! gar a' our pipers play,  
And fy ! gar trumpets gae thro the toun,  
That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day !'

## I

Communicated by Mr David Londen, as recited by Mrs Dodds, Morham, Haddington, the reciter being above seventy in 1873.

1 In London was Young Bechin born,  
Foreign nations he longed to see ;  
He passed through many kingdoms great,  
At length he came unto Turkie.

2 He viewed the fashions of that land,  
The ways of worship viewed he,  
But unto any of their gods  
He would not so much as bow the knee.

3 On every shoulder they made a bore,  
In every bore they put a tree,  
Then they made him the winepress tread,  
And all in spite of his fair bodie.

4 They put him into a deep dungeon,  
Where he could neither hear nor see,  
And for seven years they kept him there,  
Till for hunger he was like to die.

5 Stephen, their king, had a daughter fair,  
Yet never a man to her came nigh ;  
And every day she took the air,  
Near to his prison she passed by.

6 One day she heard Young Bechin sing  
A song that pleased her so well,

No rest she got till she came to him,  
All in his lonely prison cell.

7 · I have a hall in London town,  
With other buildings two or three,  
And I'll give them all to the ladye fair  
That from this dungeon shall set me free.'

8 She stole the keys from her dad's head,  
And if she oped one door ay she opened  
three,  
Till she Young Bechin could find out,  
He was lock'd up so curioslie.

\* \* \* \* \*

9 · I've been a porter at your gate  
This thirty years now, ay and three ;  
There stands a ladye at your gate,  
The like of her I neer did see.

10 · On every finger she has a ring,  
On the mid-finger she has three ;  
She's as much gold about her brow  
As would an earldom buy to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

11 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He gently led her through the green ;  
He changed her name from Susie Pie,  
An he's called her lovely Ladye Jean.

## J

Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, "Adversaria," p. 85.  
From tradition.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 SHE 's taen the keys frae her faddler's coffer,  
Tho he keeps them most sacredlie,  
And she has spend the prison strong,  
And set Young Beichan at libertie.

\* \* \* \* \*

2 . . . . .  
• Gae up the countrie, my chile,' she says,  
• Till your faddler's wrath be turned from  
thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## K

Communicated by Mr David Louden, as obtained from  
Mrs Dickson, Rentonhall.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 • There is a marriage in yonder hall,  
Has lasted thirty days and three;  
The bridegroom winna bed the bride,  
For the sake of one that 's owe the sea.'

\* \* \* \* \*

2 • What news, what news, my brave young por-  
ter?  
What news, what news have ye for me?  
As beautiful a ladye stands at your gate  
As eer my two eyes yet did see.'



3 She 's put her han intill her purse,  
And gave the porter guineas three;  
Says, ' Tak ye that, ye proud porter,  
And tell your master to speak wi me.'

4 Ye 'll bid him bring a shower o his best love,  
But and a bottle o his wine,  
And do to me as I did to him in time past,  
And brought him out o muckle pine.'

5 He 's taen the table wi his foot,  
And he has keppit it wi his knee:  
• I 'll wager my life and a' my lan,  
It 's Susan Pie come ower the sea.

6 • Rise up, rise up, my bonnie bride,  
Ye 're neither better nor waur for me;  
Ye can to me on a horse and saddle,  
But ye may gang back in a coach and three.'

3 ' A slice of bread to her get ready,  
And a bottle of the best of wine;  
Not to forget that fair young ladye  
Who did release thee out of close confine.'

4 Lord Bechin in a passion flew,  
And rent himself like a sword in three,  
Saying, ' I would give all my father's riches  
If my Sophia was 'cross the sea.'

5 Up spoke the young bride's mother,  
Who never was heard to speak so free,  
Saying, ' I hope you 'll not forget my only  
daughter,  
Though your Sophia be 'cross the sea.'

6 • I own a bride I 've wed your daughter,  
She 's nothing else the worse of me;  
She came to me on a horse and saddle,  
She may go back in a coach and three.'



## L

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Illustrated by  
George Cruikshank. 1839.

1 LORD BATEMAN was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree;  
He shipped himself all aboard of a ship,  
Some foreign country for to see.

2 He sailed east, he sailed west,  
Until he came to famed Turkey,  
Where he was taken and put to prison,  
Until his life was quite weary.

3 All in this prison there grew a tree,  
O there it grew so stout and strong!  
Where he was chained all by the middle,  
Until his life was almost gone.

4 This Turk he had one only daughter.  
     The fairest my two eyes eer see :  
     She steele the keys of her father's prison,  
     And swore Lord Bateman she would let go  
         free.

5 O she took him to her father's cellar,  
     And gave to him the best of wine :  
     And every heath she drank unto him  
     Was, 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was  
         mine.'

6 'O have you got houses, have you got land,  
     And does Northumberland belong to thee ?  
     And what would you give to the fair young  
         lady  
     As out of prison would let you go free ?'

7 'O I've got houses and I've got land,  
     And half Northumberland belongs to me :  
     And I will give it all to the fair young lady  
     As out of prison would let me go free.'

8 'O in seven long years, I'll make a vow  
     For seven long years, and keep it strong,  
     That if you'll wed no other woman,  
     O I will wed no other man.'

9 O she took him to her father's harbor,  
     And gave to him a ship of fame,  
     Saying, Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,  
         man,  
     I fear I never shall see you again.

10 Now seven long years is gone and past.  
     And fourteen days, well known to me ;  
     She packed up all her gay clothing,  
     And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

11 O when she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,  
     How boldly then she rang the bell !  
     'Who's there? who's there?' cries the proud  
         young porter,  
     'Come unto me pray quickly tell.'

12 'O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,  
     And is his lordship here within ?'  
     'O yes, O yes,' cries the proud young porter,  
     'He's just now taking his young bride in.'

13 'O bid him to send me a slice of bread,  
     And a bottle of the very best wine,  
     And not forgetting the fair young lady  
         As did release him when close confine.'

14 O away and away went this proud young por-  
     ter,  
     O away and away and away went he,  
     Until he come to Lord Bateman's chamber,  
     When he went down on his bended knee.

15 'What news, what news, my proud young por-  
     ter?  
     What news, what news? Come tell to me :'  
     ' O there is the fairest young lady  
         As ever my two eyes did see.'

16 'She has got rings on every finger,  
     And on one finger she has got three :  
     With as much gay gold about her middle  
         As would buy half Northumberlee.'

17 'O she bids you to send her a slice of bread,  
     And a bottle of the very best wine,  
     And not forgetting the fair young lady  
         As did release you when close confine.'

18 Lord Bateman then in passion flew,  
     And broke his sword in splinters three,  
     Saying, I will give half of my father's land,  
         If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

19 Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,  
     Who never was heard to speak so free :  
     Saying, You'll not forget my only daughter,  
         If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

20 'O it's true I made a bride of your daughter,  
     But she's neither the better nor the worse  
         for me ;  
     She came to me with a horse and saddle,  
         But she may go home in a coach and three.'

21 Lord Bateman then prepared another mar-  
     riage,  
     With both their hearts so full of glee,  
     Saying, I will roam no more to foreign coun-  
         tries,  
     Now that Sophia has crossed the sea.

## M

Buchan's MSS., I, 18. J. H. Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 1.

1 YOUNG BONWELL was a squire's ae son,  
And a squire's ae son was he;  
He went abroad to a foreign land,  
To serve for meat and fee.

2 He hadna been in that country  
A twalmonth and a day,  
Till he was cast in prison strong,  
For the sake of a lovely may.

3 'O if my father get word of this,  
At hame in his ain country,  
He'll send red gowd for my relief,  
And a bag o white money.'

4 'O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
At his bridle I woud rin;  
Or gin a widow woud borrow me,  
I'd swear to be her son.'

5 'Or gin a may woud borrow me,  
I'd wed her wi a ring,  
Infeft her wi the ha's and bowers  
O the bonny towers o Linne.'

6 But it fell ance upon a day  
Dame Essels she thought lang,  
And she is to the jail-house door,  
To hear Young Bondwell's sang.

7 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny Bondwell,  
The song ye sang just now :'  
'I never sang the sang, lady,  
But I woud war't on you.'

8 'O gin my father get word o this,  
At hame in his ain country,  
He'll send red gowd for my relief,  
And a bag o white money.'

9 'O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
At his bridle I woud rin;  
Or gin a widow would borrow me,  
I'd swear to be her son.'

10 'Or gin a may woud borrow me,  
I woud wed her wi a ring,  
Infeft her wi the ha's and bowers  
O the bonny towers o Linne.'

11 She's stole the keys o the jail-house door,  
Where under the hed they lay ;  
She's open'd to him the jail-house door,  
And set Young Bondwell free.

12 She gae 'm a steed was swift in need,  
A saddle o royal ben,  
A hundred pund o pennies round,  
Bade him gae roay an spend,

13 A couple o hounds o ae litter,  
And Cain they ca'd the one ;  
Twa gay go-hawks she gae likeways,  
To keep him onthought lang.

14 When mony days were past and gane,  
Dame Essels thought fell lang,  
And she is to her lonely bower,  
To shorten her wi a sang.

15 The sang had such a melody,  
It hild her fast asleep ;  
Up starts a woman, clad in green,  
And stood at her bed-feet.

16 'Win up, win up, Dame Essels,' she says,  
'This day ye sleep ower lang ;  
The morn is the squire's wedding day,  
In the bonny towers o Linne.'

17 'Ye'll dress yourself in the robes o green,  
Your maids in robes sae fair,  
And ye'll put girdles about their middles,  
Sae costly, rich and rare.'

18 'Ye'll take your maries alang wi you,  
Till ye come to yon strand ;  
There ye'll see a ship, wi sails all up,  
Come sailing to dry land.'

19 'Ye'll take a wan'd into your hand,  
Ye'll stroke her round about,  
And ye'll take God your piot to be,  
To drown ye'll take nae doubt.'

20 Then up it raise her Dame Essels,  
Sought water to wash her hands,  
But aye the faster that she washed,  
The tears they trickling ran.

21 Then in it came her father dear,  
And in the floor steps he :  
'What ails Dame Essels, my daughter dear,  
Ye weep sae bitterlie ?'

22 'Want ye a small fish frae the flood,  
Or turtle frae the sea ?  
Or is there man in a' my realm  
This day has offended thee ?'

23 'I want nae small fish frae the flood,  
Nor turtle frae the sea ;'  
But Young Bondwell, your ain prisoner,  
This day has offended me.'

24 Her father turnd him round about,  
A solemn oath swar'e he :  
'If this be true ye tell me now  
High hanged he shall be.'

25 'To-morrow morning he shall be  
Hung high upon a tree ;'  
Dame Essels whisperd to herself,  
'Father, ye've made a lie.'

26 She dress'd hersel in robes o green,  
Her maids in robes sae fair,  
Wi gowden girdles round their middles,  
Sae costly, rich and rare.

27 She's taen her mantle her about,  
A maiden in every hand;  
They saw a ship, wi sails a' up,  
Come sailing to dry land.

28 She's taen a wand tillt her hand,  
And strok'd her round about,  
And she's taen God her pilot to be,  
To drown she took nae doubt.

29 So they said on, and further on,  
Till to the water o Tay;  
There they spied a bonny little boy,  
Was watering his steeds sae gay.

30 'What news, what news, my little boy,  
What news hae ye to me?  
Are there any weddings in this place,  
Or any gaun to be?'

31 'There is a wedding in this place,  
A wedding very soon;  
The morn's the young squire's wedding day,  
In the bonny towers of Linne.'

32 O then she walked alang the way  
To see what could be seen,  
And there she saw the proud porter,  
Drest in a mantle green.

33 'What news, what news, porter?' she said,  
'What news hae ye to me?  
Are there any weddings in this place,  
Or any gaun to be?'

34 'There is a wedding in this place,  
A wedding very soon;  
The morn is Young Bondwell's wedding day,  
The bonny squire o Linne.'

35 'Gae to your master, porter,' she said,  
'Gae ye right speidle;  
Bid him come and speak wi a maid  
That wishes his face to see.'

36 The porter's up to his master game,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
'Win up, win up, my porter,' he said,  
'Why bow ye low to me?'

37 'I hae been porter at your yetts  
These thirty years and three,  
But fairer maids than's at them now  
My eyes did never see.'

38 'The foremost she is drest in green,  
The rest in fine attire,  
Wi gowden girdles round their middles,  
Well worth a sheriff's hire.'

39 Then out it speaks Bondwell's own bride,  
Was a' gowd to the chin;  
'They canno be fairer thereout,' she says,  
'Than we that are therein.'

40 'There is a difference, my dame,' he said,  
'Tween that lady's colour and yours;  
As much difference as you were a stock,  
She o the lily flowers.'

41 Then out it speaks him Young Bondwell,  
An angry man was he:  
'Cast up the yetts baith wide an braid,  
These ladies I may see.'

42 Quickly up stairs Dame Essel's gane,  
Her maidens next her wi;  
Then said the bride, This lady's face  
Shows the porter's tauld nae lie.

43 The lady unto Bondwell spake,  
These words pronounced she:  
O hearken, hearken, fause Bondwell,  
These words that I tell thee.

44 Is this the way ye keep your vows  
That ye did make to me,  
When your feet were in iron fetters,  
Ae foot ye coudna flee?'

45 I stole the keys o the jail-house door  
Frae under the bed they lay,  
And open'd up the jail-house door,  
Set you at liberty.

46 Gae you a steed was swift in need,  
A saddle o royal ben,  
A hunder pund o pennies round,  
Bade you gae rove an spend.

47 A couple o hounds oae litter,  
Cain they ca'e'd the ane,  
Twa gay gos-hawks as swift's e'er flew,  
To keep you ounthought lang.

48 But since this day ye've broke your vow,  
For which ye're sair to blame,  
And since nae mair I'll get o you,  
O Cain, will ye gae hame?'

49 'O Cain! O Cain!' the lady cried,  
And Cain did her ken;  
They baith flapp'd round the lady's knee,  
Like a couple o armed men.

50 He's to his bride wi hat in hand,  
And haild her courteouslie:  
'Sit down by me, my bonny Bondwell,  
What makes this courtesie?'

51 'An asking, asking, fair lady,  
An asking ye'll grant me;'  
'Ask ou, ask on, my bonny Bondwell,  
What may your askings be?'

52 'Five hundred pounds to you I'll gie,  
Of gowd an white monie,  
If ye'll wed John, my ain cousin;  
He looks as fair as me.'

53 'Keep well your monie, Bondwell,' she said,  
'Nae monie I ask o thee;

## N

a. Falkirk, printed by T. Johnston, 1815. b. Stirling,  
M. Randall.

1 Is London was Young Bichen born,  
He longd strange lands to see;  
He set his foot on good ship-board,  
And he sailed over the sea.

2 He had not been in a foreign land  
A day but only three,  
Till he was taken by a savage Moor,  
And they used him most cruelly.

3 In every shoulder they put a pin,  
To every pin they put a tree;  
They made him draw the plow and eart,  
Like horse and oxen in his country.

4 He had not servd the savage Moor  
A week, nay scarcely but only three,  
Till he has casten him in pri-on strong,  
Till he with hunger was like to die.

5 It fell out once upon a day  
That Young Bichen he made his moan,  
As he lay bound in irons strong,  
In a dark and deep dungeon.

6 'An I were again in fair England,  
As many merry day I have been,  
Then I would curb my roving youth  
No more to see a strange land.

7 'O an I were free again now,  
And my feet well set on the sea,  
I would live in peace in my own country,  
And a foreign lund I no more would see.'

8 The savage Moor had but one daughter,  
I wot her name was Susan Py;  
She heard Young Bichen make his moan,  
At the prison-door as she past by.

9 'O have ye any lands,' she said,  
'Or have you any money free,  
Or have you any revenues,  
To maintain a lady like me?'

10 'O I have lund in fair England,  
And I have estates two or three,  
And likewise I have revenues,  
To maintain a lady like thee.'

Your cousin John was my first love,  
My husband now he's be.'

54 Bondwell was married at morning ear,  
John in the afternoon;  
Dame Essels is lady ower a' the bowers  
And the high towers o Linne.

---

11 'O will you promise, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'And keep your vow faithful to me,  
That at the end of seven years  
In fair England you'll marry me.'

12 'I'll steal the keys from my father dear,  
Tho he keeps them most secretly;  
I'll risk my life for to save thine,  
And set thee safe upon the sea.'

13 She's stolen the keys from her father,  
From under the bed where they lay;  
She opened the prison strong  
And set Young Bichen at liberty.

14 She's gone to her father's coffin,  
Where the gold was red and fair to see;  
She filled his pockets with good red gold,  
And she set him far upon the sea.

15 'O mind you well, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'The vows and oaths you made to me;  
When you are come to your native land,  
O then remember Susan Py!'

16 But when her father he came home  
He misld the keys there where they lay;  
He went into the prison strong,  
But he saw Young Bichen was away.

17 'Go bring your daughter, madam,' he says,  
'And bring her here unto me;  
Altho I have no more but her,  
Tomorrow I'll gar hang her high.'

18 The lady call'd on the maiden fair  
To come to her most speedily;  
'Go up the country, my child,' she says,  
'Stay with my brother two years or three.'

19 'I have a brother, he lives in the isles,  
He will keep thee most courteously  
And stay with him, my child,' she says,  
'Till thy father's wrath be turnd from thee.'

20 Now will we leave young Susan Py  
A while in her own country,  
And will return to Young Bichen,  
Who is safe arrived in fair England.

21 He had not been in fair England  
Above years scarcely three,  
Till he has courted another maid,  
And so forgot his Susan Py.

22 The youth being young and in his prime,  
Of Susan Py thought not upon,  
But his love was laid on another maid,  
And the marriage-day it did draw on.

23 But eer the seven years were runn,  
Susan Py she thought full long;  
She set her foot on good ship-board,  
And she has saidl for fair England.

24 On every finger she put a ring,  
On her mid-finger she put three;  
She filld her pockets with good red gold,  
And she has sailed oer the sea.

25 She had not been in fair England  
A day, a day, but only three,  
Till she heard Young Bichen was a bridegroom,  
And the morrow to be the wedding-day.

26 'Since it is so,' said young Susan,  
'That he has provd so false to me,  
I'll lie me to Young Bichen's gates,  
And see if he minds Susan Py.'

27 She has gone up thro' London town,  
Where many a lady she there did spy;  
There was not a lady in all London  
Young Susan that could outvie.

28 She has call'd upon a waiting-man,  
A waiting-man who stood near by:  
'Convey me to Young Bichen's gates,  
And well rewarded shal thou be.'

29 When she came to Young Bichen's gate  
She chapped loudly at the pin,  
Till down there came the proud porter;  
'Who's there,' he says, 'that would be in?'

30 'Open the gates, porter,' she says,  
'Open them to a lady gay,  
And tell your master, porter,' she says,  
'To speak a word or two with me.'

31 The porter he has open'd the gates;  
His eyes were dazzled to see  
A lady dress'd in gold and jewels;  
No page nor waiting-man had she.

32 'O pardon me, madam,' he cried,  
'This day it is his wedding-day;  
He's up the stairs with his lovely bride,  
And a sight of him you cannot see.'

33 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And therefrom took out guineas three,  
And gave to him, saying, Please, kind sir,  
Bring down your master straight to me.

34 The porter up again has gone,  
And he fell low down on his knee,  
Saying, Master, you will please come down  
To a lady who wants you to see.

35 A lady gay stands at your gates,  
The like of her I ne'er did see;  
She has more gold above her eye  
Nor would buy a baron's land to me.

36 Out then spake the bride's mother,  
I'm sure an angry woman was she:  
'You're impudent and insolent,  
For ye might excepted the bride and me.'

37 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye proud woman,  
I'm sure sac loud as I hear you lie;  
She has more gold on her body  
Than would buy the lands, the bride, and thee!'

38 'Go down, go down, porter,' he says,  
'And tell the lady gay from me  
That I'm up-stairs wi my lovely bride,  
And a sight of her I cannot see.'

39 The porter he goes down again,  
The lady waited patiently:  
'My master's with his lovely bride,  
And he'll not win down my dame to see.'

40 From off her finger she 's taen a ring;  
'Give that your master,' she says, 'from me,  
And tell him now, young man,' she says,  
'To send down a cup of wine to me.'

41 'Here's a ring for you, master,' he says,  
'On her mid-finger she has three,  
And you are desird, my lord,' he says,  
'To send down a cup of wine with me.'

42 He hit the table with his foot,  
He kepd it with his right knee:  
'I'll wed my life and all my land  
That is Susan Py, come o'er the sea!'

43 He has gone unto the stair-head,  
A step he took but barely three;  
He opend the gates most speedily,  
And Susan Py he there could see.

44 'Is this the way, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'Is this the way you've guided me?  
I relieved you from prison strong,  
And ill have you rewarded me.'

45 'O mind ye, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'The vows and oaths that ye made to me,  
When ye lay bound in prison strong,  
In a deep dungeon of misery?'

46 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her into the palace fine;  
There was not a lady in all the palace  
But Susan Py did all outshine.

47 The day concluded with joy and mirth,  
On every side there might you see;  
There was great joy in all England  
For the wedding-day of Susan Py.

B. 17<sup>1</sup>. bids me. 22<sup>5,6</sup>. Connected with 23 in MS. 22<sup>6</sup>. send he.

C. a. 15<sup>2</sup>. How y you.

b. 3<sup>3</sup>. omits house. 4<sup>2</sup>. omits foot.

7<sup>1</sup>. omits dear.

7<sup>3</sup>. For she's . . . of the prison.

7<sup>4</sup>. And gane the dungeon within.

8<sup>1</sup>. And when.

8<sup>2</sup>. Wow but her heart was sair.

9<sup>1</sup>. She's gotten. 11<sup>1</sup>. thir twa.

13<sup>2</sup>. I kenna. 13<sup>4</sup>. kensnae.

14<sup>1</sup>. fell out. 15<sup>2</sup>. How y you.

16<sup>1</sup>. till. 16<sup>2</sup>. As fast as ye can gang.

16<sup>3</sup>. tak three.

16<sup>4</sup>. To hand ye unthoicht lang.

18<sup>1</sup>. Syne ye. 18<sup>2</sup>. And bonny.

19<sup>3</sup>. And I will.

20<sup>2</sup>. As fast as she could gang.

20<sup>3</sup>. she's taen.

20<sup>4</sup>. To hand her unthoicht lang.

22<sup>1</sup>. And sae bonny did.

22<sup>4</sup>. till. 24<sup>2</sup>. And her mind misgae by.

24<sup>1</sup>. That 'twas. 25<sup>2</sup>. markis three.

25<sup>4</sup>. Bid your master. 27<sup>4</sup>. did never.

29<sup>1</sup>. and spak. 29<sup>3</sup>. be fine.

29<sup>4</sup>. as fine. 32<sup>2</sup>. out of.

34<sup>1</sup>. at the first. 35<sup>2</sup>. gang.

36<sup>1</sup>. Send her back a maid.

D. Written throughout without division into stanzas.

7. A like repetition occurs again in the Skene MSS: see No 36, p. 316.

10<sup>1,2</sup>. One line in the MS. The metre, in several places where it is incomplete, was doubtless made full by repetition: see 19<sup>1,2</sup>.

14<sup>1</sup>. This line thus: (an a Leash of guid gray hounds). The reciter evidently could remember only this point in the stanza.

16, 17. Whan she cam to Young Beachens gate

Is Young Beachen at hame

Or is he in this counrie

He is at hame is hearly (?) said

Him an sigh an says her Susie Pay

Has he quite forgotten me

19<sup>1,3</sup>. Probably sung, the stair, the stair; win up, win up.

22<sup>3,4</sup>. The latter half of the stanza must be supposed to be addressed to Young Beachen.

26<sup>1,2</sup>. He took her down to yon gouden green.

27<sup>1</sup>. Sh's. 29<sup>2</sup>. my name.

After 29 o' stanza belonging apparently to some other ballad:

Courteess kind, an generous mind,

An winna ye answer me?

An whan the hard their lady's word,

Well answered was she.

E. 6<sup>1-6</sup> was introduced, with other metrical passages, into a long tale of 'Young Beichan and Susy Pye,' which Motherwell had heard related, and of which he gives a specimen at p. xx. of his Introduction: "Well, ye must know that in the Moor's castle there was a massymore, which is a dark dungeon for keeping prisoners. It was twenty feet below the ground, and into this hole they closed poor Beichan. There he stood, night and day, up to his waist in puddle water: but night or day it was all one to him, for no ae styme of light ever got in. So he lay there a lang and weary while, and thinking on his heavy weird, he made a murnfu sang to pass the time, and this was the sang that he made, and grat when he sang it, for he never thought of ever escaping from the massymore, or of seeing his ain country again :

'My hounds they all run masterless,

My hawks they flee from tree to tree;

My youngest brother will heir my lands,

And fair England again I'll never see.

'Oh were I free as I hae been,

And my ship swimming once more on sea,

I'd turn my face to fair England,

And sail no more to a strange countrie.'

"Now the cruel Moor had a beautiful daughter, called Susy Pye, who was accustomed to take a walk every morning in her garden, and as she was walking ae day she heard the sough o' Beichan's sang, coming as it were from below the ground," etc., etc.

F. 3<sup>3</sup>. dungeon (donjon). 6<sup>1</sup>. only lands.

6<sup>2</sup>. only castles. 8<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

10<sup>a</sup>. ha she has gane in : *originally* has she  
gane in.

13<sup>a</sup>. Many, *with Seven written over*: Seven in  
14<sup>a</sup>.

20. *After this stanza*: Then the porter gaed  
up the stair and said.

25. *After this stanza*: Then Lord Beichan  
gat up, and was in a great wrath, and  
said. <sup>1</sup>

31. ae: *indistinct, but seems to have been one  
changed to ae or a.*

**H.** 4<sup>a</sup>. carts and wains *for* earts o wine qf A 2<sup>a</sup>.  
B 2<sup>a</sup>. *We have wine in H 4<sup>a</sup>, I 3<sup>a</sup>, and wine  
is in all likelihood original.*

*Christie, I, 31, abridges this version, making  
“a few slight alterations from the way he  
had heard it sung:” these, and one or two  
more.*

2<sup>a</sup>. wadna bend nor bow.

7<sup>a</sup>. The Moor he had.

25<sup>a</sup>. But Beichan courted.

**I.** 1<sup>a</sup>. Bechin was pronounced Beekin.

**K.** 1. *Before this, as gloss, or remnant of a pre-  
ceding stanza*: She came to a shepherd,  
and he replied.

2. *After this, in explanation*: She gave Lord  
Bechin a slice of bread and a bottle of  
wine when she released him from prison,  
hence the following.

3<sup>a</sup>. to him.

4. *After this*: He had married another lady,  
not having heard from his Sophia for seven  
long years.

**L.** “This affecting legend is given . . . precisely  
as I have frequently heard it sung on Saturday  
nights, outside a house of general refreshment (familiarly termed a wine-vaults)  
at Battle-bridge. The singer is a young  
gentleman who can scarcely have numbered  
nineteen summers. . . . I have taken down  
the words from his own mouth at different  
periods, and have been careful to preserve  
his pronunciation.” [*Attributed to Charles  
Dickens.*] *As there is no reason for indicating  
pronunciation here, in this more than  
in other cases, the phonetic spelling is re-  
placed by common orthography. Forms of  
speech have, however, been preserved, ex-  
cepting two, with regard to which I may  
have been too nice.*

1<sup>a</sup>. hisself. 5<sup>a</sup>, 9<sup>a</sup>. guv.

**M.** 10<sup>a</sup>. in for wi (?): wi in 5<sup>a</sup>.

12<sup>a</sup>, 40<sup>a</sup>. bend. *Possibly, however, understood  
to be bend = leather, instead of ben = bane,  
bone.*

13<sup>a</sup>, 47<sup>a</sup>. on thought.

**N.** a. Susan Py, or Young Bichens Garland.  
Shewing how he went to a far country,  
and was taken by a savage Moor and cast  
into prison, and delivered by the Moor's  
daughter, on promise of marriage; and  
how he came to England, and was going  
to be wedded to another bride: with the  
happy arrival of Susan Py on the wedding  
day. Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnston,  
1815.

b. 3<sup>a</sup>. his own.

4<sup>a</sup>. A week, a week, but only.

7<sup>a</sup>. own land.

7<sup>a</sup>. And foreign lands no more.

11<sup>a</sup>. young man. 13<sup>a</sup>. he lay.

24<sup>a</sup>. her trunks. 25<sup>a</sup>. was the.

28<sup>a</sup>. that stood hard by. 28<sup>a</sup>. thou shalt.

29<sup>a</sup>. She knocked. 31<sup>a</sup>. waiting-maid.

32<sup>a</sup>. For this is his.

34<sup>a</sup>. up the stairs. 34<sup>a</sup>. will you.

36<sup>a</sup>. Ye might.

37<sup>a</sup>. Sae loud as I hear ye lie.

39<sup>a</sup>. And a sight of him you cannot see.

40<sup>a</sup>. To bring. 42<sup>a</sup>. I'll lay.

44<sup>a</sup>. way that you've used me.

47<sup>a</sup>. wedding of.

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

## 1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

P. 1 b. **A.** Add: Mündel, Elsässische Volkslieder, p. 27, No 24. Second line from the bottom, for seven read ten.

2 a. Add: **H. J. H.** Schmitz, Sitten u. s. w. des Eider Volkes, I, 159; five pairs of riddles and no conclusion. (Köhler.) **I.** Alfred Müller, Volkslieder aus dem Erzgebirge, p. 69; four pairs of riddles, and no conclusion. **J.** Lemke, Volksthümliches in Ostpreussen, p. 152; seven riddles guessed, "nun bin ich Deine Frau."

2 b. (The Russian riddle-ballad.) So a Kosak: "I give thee this riddle: if thou guess it, thou shalt be mine; if thou guess it not, ill shall it go with thee." The riddle, seven-fold, is guessed. Metlinskiy, Narodnyya yuzhnorusskiya Pyesni, pp 363 f. Cf. Snegirev, Russkie prostonarodnye Prazdniki, II, 101 f.

2 b, note. For Kaden substitute Casetti e Imbriani, C. p. delle Provincie meridionali, I, 197 f. (Köhler.)

## 2. The Elfin Knight.

P. 6 b. **J.** Read: Central New York; and again in **J.**, p. 19 a. Add: **M.** Notes and Queries, 4th Series, III, 605.

7 a, note. Another ballad with a burden-stem is a version of 'Klosterrøvet,' **C.** MSS of 1610, and later, communicated to me by Svend Grundtvig.

7 b. Add: **O.** 'Ehestandsaussichten' [Norrenberg], Des Dalkener Fiedlers Liederbuch, 1875, p. 88, No 99. (Köhler.)

8-12. Jagić, in Archiv für slavische Philologie, 'Aus dem südslavischen Marchenschatz,' V, 47-50, adds five Slavic stories of the wench whose ready wit helps her to a good marriage, and Köhler, in notes to Jagić, pp. 50 ff., cites, in addition to nearly all those which I have mentioned, one Slavic, one German, five Italian, one French, one Irish, one Norwegian, besides very numerous tales in which there is a partial agreement. Wollner, in Leskien and Brügman's Litauische Volkslieder und Märchen, p. 573, cites Slavic parallels to No 34, of which the following, not previously noted, and no doubt others, are apposite to this ballad: Afanasief, VI, 177, No 42, a, b; Trudy, II, 611-614, No 84, 614-616, No 85; Dragomanov, p. 317, No 29; Sadok Bargez, p. 33; Kolberg, Lud, VIII, 206; Kulda, II, 68.

11 a, line 4. The Baba-Yaga, a malignant female spirit, has the ways of the Rusalka and the Vila, and so the Wendish Pszczolnica, the 'Mittagsfran,' and the

Serpolina: Afanasief, II, 333; Veekenstedt, Wendische Sagen, p. 197, No 14, p. 108 f., No 19, p. 109 f., No 4. The Red Etin puts questions, too, in the Scottish tale, Chambers, Popular Rhymes, 1870, p. 92. There is certainly no occasion to scruple about elf or elf-knight. Line 16 f. The same in Snegirev, IV, 8.

14 b. For the legend of St Andrew, etc., see, further, Gering, Isländsk Eventyri, I, 95, No 24, 'Af liskapi ok puka,' and Köhler's references, II, 80 f. (Köhler.)

15 a. **A.** Dr Davidson informs me that the introductory stanza, or burden-stem, exists in the form:

Her plaidie awa, her plaidie awa,  
The win blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa.

16 a. **C.** This version is in Kinloch MSS, VII, 163. 3 is wanting.

6. Married ye soll never get nane  
Till ye mak a shirt without a seam.

7. And ye maun sew it seamless,  
And ye maun do it wi needle, thredless.

10. *wanting.* 12. I hae a bit o land to be corn.

14 is *wanting.* 16. loof — glove.

17 is *wanting.*

3, 10, 14, 17, are evidently supplied from some form of **B.**

20.

## M

Similar to **F-H:** Notes and Queries, 4th Series, III, 605, communicated by W. F., Glasgow, from a manuscript collection.

1 As I went up to the top o yon hill,

Every rose springs merry in't time

I met a fair maid, an her name it was Nell,

An she lauged to be a true lover o mine

2 Ye'll get to me a cambrie sark,  
An sew it all over without thread or needle.  
Before that ye be, etc.

3 Ye'll wash it down in yonder well,  
Where water neer ran an dew never fell.

4 'Ye'll bleach it doun by yonder green,  
Where grass never grew an wind never blew.

5 'Ye'll dry it doun on yonder thorn,  
That never bore blossom sin Adam was born.'

6 'Four questions ye have asked at me,  
An as mony mair ye'll answer me.

7 'Ye'll get to me an acre o land  
Aween the saut water an the sea sand.

8 'Ye'll plow it wi a ram's horn,  
An sow it all over wi one peppercorn.

9 'Ye'll shear it wi a peacock's feather,  
An bind it all up wi the sting o an adder.

10 'Ye'll stook it in yonder saut sea,  
An bring the dry sheaves a' back to me.

11 'An when ye've done and finished your wark,  
Ye'll come to me, an ye've get your sark.'  
An then shall ye be true lover o mine

### 3. The Fause Knight upon the Road.

P. 20 a. Add : C. 'The False Knight,' communicated by Mr Maemath, of Edinburgh.

For the fool getting the last word of the princess, see, further, Kohler, Germania, XIV, 271; Léskien u. Brügman, Litanische Volkslieder u. Marchen, p. 469, No 33, and Wollner's note, p. 573.

21, note. I must retract the doubly hasty remark that the Shetland belief that witches may be baffled by flitting with them is a modern misunderstanding.

Mr George Lyman Kittredge has called my attention to Apollonius of Tyana's encounter with an *empusa* between the Caucasus and the Indus. Knowing what the spectre was, Apollonius began to revile it, and told his attendants to do the same, for that was the resource, in such cases, against an attack. The empusa went off with a shriek. Philostratus's Life of Apollonius, II, 4. Mr Kittredge referred me later to what is said by Col. Yule (who also cites Philostratus), Marco Polo, I, 183, that the wise, according to Mas'udi, revile ghouls, and the ghouls vanish. Mr Kittredge also cites Luther's experience: how, when he could not be rid of the Devil by the use of holy writ and serious words, "so hatte er ihm oft mit spitzigen Worten und lachерlichen Posse vertrieben; . . . quia est superbus spiritus, et non potest ferre contemptum sui." Tischreden, in Auswahl, Berlin, 1877, pp 152-154.

Sprites of the more respectable orders will quit the company of men if scolded : Walter Mapes, De Nugis

Curialium, ed. Wright, p. 81. Alpenburg, Deutsche Alpenszenen, p. 312. No 330. So Thetis, according to Sappho, left Pelus when he reviled her: Scholia in Apolloni Argonautica, IV, 816. (Mannhardt, Wald- und Feldkulte, II, 60, 68.)

22.

### C

Obtained by Mr Maemath from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, formerly of Airds of Kells, Stewartby of Kirkcudbright, Galloway, who learned it many years ago from the wife of Peter McGuire, then cotman at Airds.

1 'O whare are ye gaun ?'  
Says the false knight upon the road:  
'I am gaun to the schule.'  
Says the wee boy, and still he stood.

2 'Wha's aught the sheep on yonder hill ?'  
'They are my papa's and mine.'

3 'How many of them's mine ?'  
'A' them that has blue tails.'

4 'I wish you were in yonder well :'  
'And you were down in hell.'

### 4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.

P. 22 b. D. Add : d. 'The historical ballad of May Culzean,' an undated stall-copy.

20 b. Another Dutch version (Frisian), spirited, but with gaps, is given by Dykstra and van der Meulen, In Doaze tol alde Snijspnaren, Frjentsjer, 1882, p. 118, 'Jan Alberts.' 66 vv. (Kohler.)

D. Jan Alberts sings a song, and those that hear it know it not. It is heard by a king's daughter, who asks her mother's leave to go out for a walk, and is told that it is all one where she goes or stays, if she keeps her honor. Her father says the same, when she applies for his leave. She goes to her bedroom and dresses herself finely, dons a gold crown, puts her head out of the window, and cries, Now am I Jan Alberts' bride. Jan Alberts takes her on his horse; they ride fast and long, with nothing to eat or drink for three days. She then asks Jan why he gives her nothing, and he answers that he shall ride to the high tree where hang fourteen fair maids. Arrived there, he gives her the choice of tree, sword, or water. She chooses the sword, bids him spare his coat, for a pure maid's blood goes far, and before his coat is half off his head lies behind him. The head cries, Behind the bush is a pot of grease; smear my neck with it. She will not smear from a murderer's pot, nor blow in a murderer's horn. She mounts his horse, and rides far and long. Jan Alberts' mother comes to meet her, and asks after him. She says he is not far off, and is sporting with fourteen

maids. Had you told me this before, I would have laid you in the water, says the mother. The maid rides on till she comes to her father's gate. Then she cries to her father to open, for his youngest daughter is without. The father not bestirring himself, she swims the moat, and, the door not being open, goes through the glass. The next day she dries her clothes.

30 a, 37 a. There is a Low German version of the first class, **A-F**, in Spee, *Volkstümliches vom Niederrhein*, Köln, 1875, Zweites Heft, p. 3, 'Schöndill,' 50 vv. (Kohler.)

**AA.** Schöndill's parents died when she was a child. Schön-Albert, knowing this, rides to her. She attires herself in silk, with a gold crown on her hair, and he swings her on to his horse. They ride three days and nights, with nothing to eat or drink. She asks whether it is not meal-time; he replies that they are coming to a linden, where they will eat and drink. Seven women are hanging on the tree. He gives her the wale of tree, river, and sword. She chooses the sword; would be loath to spot his coat; whips off his head before the coat is half off. The head says there is a pipe in the saddle; she thinks no good can come of playing a murderer's pipe. She meets first the father, then the mother; they think that must be Schön-Albert's horse. That may be, she says; I have not seen him since yesterday. She sets the pipe to her mouth, when she reaches her father's gate, and the murderers come like hares on the wind.

**BB.** Alfred Müller, *Volkslieder aus dem Erzgebirge*, p. 92, 'Schon Ulrich' [and Trautendlein], 36 vv. (Kohler.) Like **T**, without the song.

**CC.** A. Schlosser, *Deutsche Volkslieder aus Steiermark*, 1881, p. 338, No 309, 'Der Ritter und die Maid.' (Kohler: not yet seen by me.)

**DD.** Curt Mündel, *Elsässische Volkslieder*, p. 12, No 10, a fragment of fifteen verses. As Anna sits by the Rhine combing her hair, Heinrich comes along on his horse, sees her weep, and asks why. It is not for gold and not for goods, but because she is to die that day. Heinrich draws his sword, runs her through, and rides home. He is asked why his sword is red, and says he has killed two doves. They say the dove must be Anna.

32 b. **H**, line 10. Read: umbrunnen.

39 a, line 1. Read: contributed by Hoffmann.

39 a, third paragraph. Kozlowski, Lud, p. 54, No 15, furnishes a second and inferior but still important form of **A** (Masovian).

**Ab.** Ligar (afterwards Jasia, Golo) bids Kasia take all she has. She has already done this, and is ready to range the world with him. Suddenly she asks, after they have been some time on their way, What is that yonder so green? Jasia replies, Our house, to which we are going. They go on further, and Kasia again inquires abruptly, What is that yonder so white? 'That is my eight wives, and you shall be the ninth: you are to die, and will be the tenth.' 'Where is the gold, the maidens' gold?' 'In the linden, Ka-

sia, in the linden; plenty of it.' 'Let me not die so wretchedly; let me draw your sword for once.' She drew the sword, and with one stroke Jasia's head was off.

39 b. To the Polish versions are further to be added: **NN.** Pioski wieśniaczek nad Dzwiny, p. 41, No 51; **OO.** Roger, p. 78, No 138; **PP.** Roger, p. 69, No 125; **QQ.** ib., p. 79, No 140; **RR.** p. 81, No 142; **SS.** p. 79, No 139. The last three are imperfect, and **QQ.**, **RR.**, have a beginning which belongs elsewhere. Jasia suggests to Kasia to get the key of the new room from her mother by pretending headache, and bids her take gold enough, **NN.** **OO.** They go off while her mother thinks that Kasia is sleeping, **NN.**, **OO.**, **QQ.** They come to a wood, **NN.**, **PP.** (which is corrupt here), **SS.**; first or last, to a deep stream, **NN.**, **OO.**, **QQ.**, **SS.**; it is red sea in **RR.**, as in **J**. Jasia bids Kasia return to her mother, **NN.** (twice), **RR.**; bids her take off her rich clothes, **OO.**, to which she answers that she has not come here for that. John throws her into the water, **NN.**, **OO.**, **QQ.**, **SS.**, from a bridge in the second and third. Her apron catches on a stake or post; she begs John for help, and gets for answer, 'I did not throw you in to help you: you may go to the bottom,' **OO.** She swims to a stake, to which she clings, and John hews her in three, **QQ.** Fishermen draw out the body, and carry it to the church, **NN.**, **OO.** She apostrophizes her hair in **QQ.**, **SS.**, as in **G**, **I**, **J**, and in the same absurd terms in **QQ.** as in **J**. John is pursued and cut to pieces in **OO.**, also broken on the wheel. **PP.** closely resembles German ballads of the third class. Katie shouts three times: at her first cry the grasscurls up; at the second the river overflows; the third wakes her mother, who rouses her sons, saying, Katie is calling in the wood. They find John with a bloody sword; he says he has killed a dove. They answer, No dove, but our sister, and maltreat him till he tells what he has done with his victim: 'I have hidden her under the yew-bush; now put me on the wheel.'

39 b, line 13 of the middle paragraph. Read Pioski for Piesni, and omit the quotation marks in this and the line before.

40 b, line 2 (the girl's adding her hair to lengthen the cord). In the tale of the Sea-horse, Schieffner, *Awariische Texte, Memoirs of the St Petersburg Academy*, vol. xix, No 6, p. 11 f, a sixty-eell rope being required to rescue a prince from a well into which he had been thrown, and no rope forthcoming, the daughter of a seaking makes a rope of the required length with her hair, and with this the prince is drawn out. Dr Reinhold Kohler, who pointed out this incident to me, refers in his notes to the texts, at p. vii f, to the song of Sudai Margan, Radloff, II, 627-31, where Sudai Margan's wife, having to rescue her husband from a pit, tries first his horse's tail, and finds it too short, then her hair, which proves also a little short. A maid is then found whose hair is a hundred fathoms long, and her hair being tied on to the horse's tail, and horse, wife, and maid pulling together, the hero is drawn out. For climbing up by a

maid's hair, see, further, Kohler's note to Gonzenbach, No 53, II, 236.

49 b, line 7. A message is sent to a father by a daughter in the same way, in Chodzko, *Les Chants historiques de l'Ukraine*, p. 75; cf. p. 92, of the same. Tristram sends messages to Isonde by linden shavings inscribed with runes: Sir Tristrem, ed. Kolbing, p. 56, st. 187; Tristramps Saga, cap. 54, p. 68, ed. Kolbing; Gottfried von Strassburg, vv. 14427-141.

49 b, line 36. For **G**, I, read **G**, J.

49, note f. In a Ruthenian ballad a girl who runs away from her mother with a lover tells her brothers, who have come in search of her, I did not leave home to go back again with you : Golovatsky, Part I, p. 77, No 32; Part III, i, p. 17, No 4, p. 18, No 5. So, "I have not poisoned you to help you," Part I, p. 206, No 32, p. 207, No 33.

41 a, second paragraph. Golovatsky, at 1, 116, No 29, has a ballad, found elsewhere without the feature here to be noticed, in which a Cossack, who is watering his horse while a maid is drawing water, describes his home as a Wonderland, like John in Polish **Q**. "Come to the Ukraine with the Cossacks," he says. "Our land is not like this: with us the mountains are golden, the water is mead, the grass is silk; with us the willows bear pears and the girls go in gold." She yields; they go over one mountain and another, and when they have crossed the third the Cossack lets his horse graze. The maid falls to weeping, and asks the Cossack, Where are your golden mountains, where the water that is mead, the grass that is silk? He answers, No girl of sense and reason engages herself to a young Cossack. So in Zegota Pauli, P. I. ruskiego, p. 29, No 26 = Golovatsky, I, 117, No 30, where the maid rejoins to the glowing description, I have ranged the world: golden mountains I never saw; everywhere mountains are of stone, and everywhere rivers are of water; very like the girl in Grundtvig, 82 **B**, st. 7; 183 **A** 6, **E** 5, 6.

41 b, last paragraph. Several Bohemian versions are to be added to the single example cited from Waldau's *Bohmische Granaten*. This version, which is presumed to have been taken down by Waldau himself, may be distinguished as **A**. **B**, Sušil, *Moravské Národní Písni*, No 189, p. 191, 'Vrah,' 'The Murderer,' is very like **A**. **C**, Sušil, p. 193. **D**, Erben, *Prostomirodne české Písni* a Rukadla, p. 480, No 16, 'Zabité dívce,' 'The Murdered Maid.' **E**, p. 479, No 15, 'Zabitá sestra,' 'The Murdered Sister.' **B** has a double set of names, beginning with Black George,—not the Servian, but "king of Hungary,"—and ending with Indriasc. The

maid is once called Annie, otherwise Katie. At her first call the grass becomes green; at the second the mountain bows; the third the mother hears. **C** has marvels of its own. Anna entreats John to allow her to call to her mother. "Call, call," he says, "you will not reach her with your call; in this dark wood, even the birds will not hear you." At her first call a pine-tree in the forest breaks; at the second the river overflows; at the third her mother rises from the grave. She calls to her sons to go to Anna's rescue, and they rise from their graves. The miscreant John confesses that he has buried their sister in the wood. They strike off his head, and put a hat on the head, with an inscription in gold letters, to inform people what his offence has been. There is a gap after the seventh stanza of **D**, which leaves the two following stanzas unintelligible by themselves: 8, Choose one of the two, and trust nobody; 9, She made her choice, and shouted three times towards the mountains. At the first cry the mountain became green; at the second the mountain bowed backwards; the third the mother heard. She sent her sons off; they found their neighbor John, who had cut off their sister's head. The law-abiding, and therefore modern, young men say that John shall go to prison and never come out alive. In **E** the man, a young hunter, says, Call five times; not even a wood-bird will hear you. Nothing is said of the first call; the second is heard by the younger brother, who tells the elder that their sister must be in trouble. The hunter has a bloody rifle in his hand; how he is disposed of we are not told. All these ballads but **C** begin with the maid cutting grass, and all of them have the dove that is "no dove, but our sister."

Fragments of this ballad are found, **F**, in Sušil, p. 112, No 113, 'Nevesta nešt' astnici,' 'The Unhappy Bride'; **G**, p. 171, No 171, 'Zbojce,' 'The Murderer,' and there is a variation from **B** at p. 192, note 3, which is worth remarking, **H**. **F**, sts 11-14: "Get together what belongs to you; we will go to a foreign land;" and when they came to the turf, "Look my head through."\* Every hair she laid aside she wet with a tear. And when they came into the dark of the wood he cut her into nine [three] pieces. **G**, Katie meets John in a meadow; they sit down on the grass. "Look my head through." She weeps, for she says there is a black fate impending over her; "a black one for me, a red one for thee." He gets angry, cuts off her head, and throws her into the river, for which he is hanged. **H**, He sprang from his horse, robbed the maid, and laughed. He set her on the grass, and bade her look

\* "Cette action, si peu séante pour nous, est acréomplie dans maint conte grec, allemand, etc., par des jeunes filles sur leurs amants, sur des dragons par les princesses qu'ils ont enlevées, et, même dans une légende bulgare en vers, saint Georges reçoit le même service de la demoiselle exposée au dragon, dont il va la délivrer. Dizon, *Contes albanais*, p. 27, note. In the Bulgarian legend referred to, Bulgarski narodni pesni, by the brothers Miladinov, p. 31.

the saint having dozed off during the operation, the young maid sheds tears, and a burning drop falls on the face of George, and wakes him. This recalls the Magyar ballad, Molnár Anna, see p. 46. A Cretan legend of St George has the same trait: Jeannarakí, p. 2, v. 41. Even a dead lover recalled to the earth by his mistress, in ballads of the Lenore class, asks the same service: Golovatsky, II, 708, No 12; Sušil, p. 111, No 112, 'Umlee,' 'The Dead Man.'

his head through. Every hair she examined she dropped a tear for. "Why do you weep, Katie? Is it for your crants?" "I am not weeping for my crants, nor am I afraid of your sword. Let me call three times, that my father and mother may hear." Compare German **H** 10, 11; **Q** 8-10, etc., etc.

42 a. These Ruthenian ballads belong with the other Slavic parallels to No 4: **A**, Zegota Pauli, P. I. ruskiego, p. 21 = Golovatsky, III, i, 149, No 21; **B**, Golovatsky, III, i, 172, No 46. **A**. A man induces a girl to go off with him in the night. They wander over one land and another, and then feel need of rest. Why does your head ache? he asks of her. Are you homesick? "My head does not ache; I am not homesick." He takes her by the white sides and throws her into the deep Donau, saying, Swim with the stream; we shall not live together. She swims over the yellow sand, crying, Was I not fair, or was it my fate? and he dryly answers, Fair; it was thy fate. In **B** it is a Jew's daughter that is wiled away. They go in one wagon; another is laden with boxes [of valuables?] and pillows, a third with gold pennies. She asks, Where is your house? Over those hills, he answers. He takes her over a high bridge, and throws her into the Donau, with, Swim, since you were not acquainted with our way, our faith!

42 a. **A**, line 2. Read: Puymaigre.

43 a. **D**. Add: Poésies populaires de la France, IV, fol. 332, Chanson de l'Aunis, Charente Inférieure; but even more of the story is lost.

44 a. A ballad in Casetti e Imbriani, C. p. delle Province meridionali, II, 1, begins like 'La Contadina alla Fonte' (see p. 393 a), and ends like 'La Monferrina Incontaminata.' Of the same class as the last is, I suppose, Nannarelli, Studio comparativo sui Canti popolari di Arlena, p. 51, No 50 (Kohler), which I regret not yet to have seen.

45 a. Portuguese **C**, **D**, in Alvaro Rodrigues de Azevedo, Romanceiro do Archipelago da Madeira, p. 57, 'Estoria do Bravo-Francô,' p. 60, 'Gallo-frango.'

47. A story from Neumünster about one Gortmicheel, a famous robber, in Müllenhoff, p. 37, No 2, blends features of 'Hind Etin,' or 'The Maid and the Dwarf-King,' No 41, with others found in the Magyar ballad, p. 45 f. A handsome wench, who had been lost seven years, suddenly reappeared at the home of her parents. She said that she was not at liberty to explain where she had been, but her mother induced her to reveal this to a stone near the side-door, and taking up her station behind the door heard all. She had been carried off by a robber; had lived with him seven years, and borne him seven children. The robber, who had otherwise treated her well, had refused to let her visit her home, but finally had granted her this permission upon her promising to say nothing about him. When the time arrived for her daughter to go back, the mother gave her a bag of peas, which she was to drop one by one along the way. She was kindly received,

but presently the robber thought there was something strange in her ways. He laid his head in her lap, inviting her to perform the service so common in like cases. While she was doing this, she could not but think how the robber had loved her and how he was about to be betrayed by her, and her remorseful tears dropped on his face. "So you have told of me!" cried the astute robber, springing up. He cut off the children's heads and strung them on a willow-twigs before her eyes, and was now coming to her, when people arrived, under the mother's conduct, who put a stop to his further revenge, and took their own. See the note, Müllenhoff, p. 592 f.

57 a. **D**. Insert: d. A stall-copy lent me by Mrs Alexander Forbes, Liberton, Edinburgh. (See p. 23, note §.)

62 b. Insert after c :

d. 1<sup>1,2</sup>. Have ye not heard of fause Sir John,  
Wha lived in the west country?

*After 2 a stanza nearly as in b.*

5 wanting.

6<sup>1</sup>. But he 's taen a charm frae aff his arm.

6<sup>2</sup>. follow him.

7<sup>2</sup>. five hundred. 7<sup>3</sup>. the bravest horse.

8<sup>1</sup>. So merrily.

8<sup>1</sup>. Which is called Benan Bay.

9, 11. wanting.

12. Cast aff, cast aff. 12<sup>4</sup>. To sink.

13. *Nearly as in b.*

14. 'Cast aff thy coats and gay mantle,  
And smock o Holland lawn,  
For ther'r owre costly and owre guid  
To rot in the sea san.'

15. 'Then turn thee round, I pray, Sir John,  
See the leaf flee owre the tree,  
For it never befittit a book-learned man  
A naked lady to see.'

*Sir John being a Dominican friar, according to the historical preface.*

18. As fause Sir John did turn him round,  
To see the leaf flee owre the [tree],  
She grasped him in her arms sma,  
And flung him in the sea.

17. 'Now lie ye there, ye wild Sir John,  
Whar ye thought to lay me;  
Ye wad hae drownd me as naked's I was  
born,  
But ye's get your claes frae me!'

18. Her jewels, costly, rich and rare,  
She straight puts on again;  
She lightly springs upon her horse,  
And leads his by the rein.

21<sup>a</sup>. O that's a foundling.

22. Then out and spake the green parrot,  
He says, Fair May Culzean,  
O what hae ye done wi you brave knight?

23. 'Haud your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
An I se be kind to thee;  
For where ye got ae handfu o' groats,  
My parrot shall get three.'

25. 'There came a cat into my eage,  
Had nearly worried me,  
And I was calling on May Culzean  
To come and set me free.'

27 *wanting.* 28<sup>a</sup>. Carleton sands.  
29<sup>a</sup>. Was dashed. 29<sup>a</sup>. The golden ring.

### 5. Gil Brenton.

P. 62 a, last three lines. Read: said by Lockhart to be Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's half-sister.  
66 b, lines 2, 3. Read: 37 **G**, 38 **A**, **D**, and other versions of both.

66 b, line 4. 'Bitte Mette,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folke-minder*, V, 57. No. 7, affords another version.

66 b, last line. For other cases of this substitution see Legrand, *Recueil de Contes populaires grecs*, p. 257, 'La Princesse et sa Nourrice'; Kohler, *Romania*, XI, 551-84, 'Le conte de la reine qui tua son sénéchal'; Neh-Manzer, *ou Les Neuf Loges, conte, traduit du persan par M. Lescallier*, Gênes, 1808, p. 55, 'Histoire du devin Afeczell.' (Kohler.) The last I have not seen.

67 a, note \*, line 37. Read: a Scotch name.

84 b. The same artifice is tried, and succeeds, in a case of birth delayed by a man's clasping his hands round his knees, in Asbjørnsen, *Norske Huldre-Eventyr*, I, 20, 2d ed.

85 a, first paragraph. A story closely resembling Heywood's is told in the *Zimmerische Chronik*, ed. Barack, IV, 262-64, 1882, of Heinrich von Dierstein; Liebrecht in *Germania XIV*, 401. (Kohler.) As the author of the chronicle remarks, the tale (Heywood's) is in the *Malleus Maleficarum* (1620, I, 158 f).

85 a, third paragraph. Other cases resembling Gonzenbach, No 54, in *Pitré, Fiabe, Novelle, etc.* I, 173, No 18; Comparetti, *Novelline popolari*, No 33, p. 139. (Kohler.)

85, note. Add: (Kohler.)

85 b. Birth is sought to be maliciously impeded in Swabia by crooking together the little fingers. *Lam-mert, Volksmedizin in Bayern, etc.*, p. 165. (Kohler.)

### 7. Earl Brand.

P. 88. Add:

**G**. 'Gude Earl Brand and Auld Carle Hude,' the *Paisley Magazine*, 1828, p. 321, communicated by W. Motherwell.

**H**. 'Auld Carle Hood, or, Earl Brand,' *Campbell MSS.* II, 32.

**I**. 'The Douglas Tragedy,' 'Lord Douglas' Tragedy,' from an old-looking stall-copy, without place or date.

This ballad was, therefore, not first given to the world by Mr Robert Bell, in 1857, but nearly thirty years earlier by Motherwell, in the single volume of the *Paisley Magazine*, a now somewhat scarce book. I am indebted for the information and for a transcript to Mr Murdoch, of Glasgow, and for a second copy to Mr Macmurch, of Edinburgh.

92 a. Add: **I**. 'Hildebrand,' Wigström, *Folkkäntning*, II, 13. **J**. 'Fruden Gyllenborg,' the same, p. 24.

96 a. *Boðvar Bjarki*, fighting with great effect as a huge bear for Hrólfs Kraki, is obliged to return to his ordinary shape in consequence of Hjalti, who misses the hero from the fight, mentioning his name: *Saga Hrólfs Kraka*, c. 50, *Formular Síugur*, I, 101 ff. In Hjaltners ok Ölvars *Saga*, c. 20, F. 8 III, 506 f. Hörðr bids his comrades not call him by name while he is fighting, in form of a sword-fish, with a walrus, else he shall die. A prince, under the form of an ox, fighting with a six-headed giant, loses much of his strength, and is nigh being conquered, because a lad has, contrary to his prohibition, called him by name. *Asbjørnsen og Moe, Norske Folkeventyr*, 2d ed., p. 419. All these are cited by Moe, in *Nordisk Tidskrift*, 1879, p. 286 f. Certain kindly domestic spirits renounce relations with men, even matrimonial, if their name becomes known: *Mannhardt, Wald- und Feldkunst*, I, 103.

97 b. Insert: **Spanish**. *Milá, Romancerillo Catalán*, 2d ed., No 206, **D**, p. 161: *olivera y oliverá*, which, when grown tall, join.

**Servian**. Add: Karadshitch, I, 345, vv. 225 ff, two pines, which intertwine. In **I** 309, No 421, they plant a rose over the maid, a vine over the man, which embrace as if they were Jani and Milenko. The ballad has features of the Earl Brand class. (I, 239, No 341 = Talvj, II, 85.)

**Russian**. Hilferding, *Onezhskya Byliny*, col. 154, No 31, laburnum (?) over Basil, and cypress over Sophia, which intertwine; col. 696, No 134, express and willow; col. 1242, No 285, willow and cypress.

Little Russian (Carpathian Russians in Hungary), Golovatsky, II, 710, No 13: John on one side of the church, Annie on the other; rosemary on his grave, a lily on hers, growing so high as to meet over the eubrue. Annie's mother cuts them down. John speaks from the

grave : Wicked mother, thou wouldest not let us *live* together ; let us rest together. Golovatsky, I, 186, No 8 : a maple from the man's grave, white bireh from the woman's, which mingle their leaves.

**Slovenian.** Štúr, O národních Písniach a Povestech Plemen slovanskych, p. 51 : the lovers are buried east and west, a rose springs from the man's grave, a lily from the maid's, which mingle their growth.

**Wend.** Add: Haupt and Schmaler, II, 310, No 81.

**Breton.** Add: Villemarqué, Barzaz Breiz, 'Le Seigneur Nann et La Féée,' see p. 379, note §, of this volume.

98a. **Armenian.** The ashes of two lovers who have been literally consumed by a mutual passion are deposited by sympathetic hands in one grave. Two rose bushes rise from the grave and seek to intertwine, but a thorn interposes and makes the union forever impossible. (The thorn is *creed*. The young man was a Tatar, and his religion had been an insuperable obstacle in the eyes of the maid's father.) Baron von Haxthausen, Transkaukasie, I, 315 f. (Köhler.)

A Middle High German poem from a MS. of the end of the 14th century, printed in Haupt's Zeitschrift, VI, makes a vine rise from the common grave of Pyramus and Thisbe and descend into it again : p. 517. (Köhler.)

J. Grimm notes several instances of this marvel (not from ballads), Ueber Frauennamen aus Blumen, Kleineere Schriften, II, 379 f, note \*\*.

104.

## G

The Paisley Magazine, June 2, 1828, p. 321, communicated by William Motherwell. "Sung to a long, drawling, monotonous tune."

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'Gude Earl Brand, I long to see  
Faldee faldee fal deediddle a dee  
All your grey hounds running over the lea,  
And the brave knights in the valley'
- 2 'Gude lady fair, I have not a steed but one,  
But you shall ride and I shall run.'
- 3 'They're ower moss and they're ower mure,  
And they saw neither rich nor pure.'
- 4 Until that they came to auld Karl Hude ;  
He's aye for ill and never for gude.'
- 5 'Gude Earl Brand, if ye love me,  
Kill auld Karl Hude, and gur him die.'
- 6 'O fair ladie, we'll do better than sae:  
Gie him a penny, and let him gae.'

7 'Gude Earl Brand, whare hae ye been,  
Or whare hae ye stown this lady sheen ?'

8 'She's not my lady, but my sick sister,  
And she's been at the wells of Meen.'

9 'If she was sick, and very sair,  
She wadna wear the red gold on her hair.'

10 'Or if she were sick, and like to be dead,  
She wadna wear the ribbons red.'

11 He cam till he cam to her father's gate,  
And he has rappit furious thereat.'

12 'Where is the lady o this hall ?'  
'She's out wi her maidens, playing at the ball.'

13 'If you'll get me fyfteen wale wight men,  
Sae fast as I'll fetch her back again.'

14 She's lookit ower her left collar-bane :  
'O gude Earl Brand, we baith are taen.'

15 'Light down, light down, and hold my steed ;  
Change never your cheer till ye see me dead.'

16 'If they come on me man by man,  
I'll be very laith for to be taen.'

17 'But if they come on me one and all,  
The sooner you will see me fall.'

18 O he has killd them all but one,  
And wha was that but auld Karl Hude.'

19 And he has come on him behind,  
And put in him the deadly wound.'

20 O he has set his lady on,  
And he's come whistling all along.'

21 'Gude Earl Brand, I see blood :'  
'It's but the shade o my scarlet robe.'

22 They cam till they cam to the water aiflood ;  
He's lighted down and he's wushen aff the blood.'

23 His mother walks the floor alone :  
'O yonder does come my poor son.'

24 'He is both murderd and undone,  
And all for the sake o an English loon.'

25 'Say not sae, my dearest mother,  
Marry her on my eldest brother.'

26 She set her fit up to the wa,  
Faldee faldee fal deediddle adee  
She's fallen down dead amang them a'.  
And the brave knights o the valley

## H

Campbell MSS, II, 32.

1 Did you ever hear of good Earl Brand.  
Aye lally an lilly lally  
And the king's daughter of fair Scotland?  
And the braw knights o Airly

2 She was scarce fifteen years of age  
When she came to Earl Brand's bed.  
Wi the braw knights o Airly

3 'O Earl Brand, I fain wad see  
Our grey hounds run over the lea.  
Mang the braw beuts o Airly

4 'O,' says Earl Brand, 'I've nae steads but  
one.  
And you shall ride and I shall run.  
Oer the braw heights o Airly

5 'O,' says the lady, 'I hae three,  
And ye shall hae yeer choice for me.'  
Of the braw steeds o Airly

6 So they lap on, and on they rade,  
Till they eame to auld Carle Hood.  
Oer the braw hills o Airly

7 Carl Hood's aye for ill, and he's no for good,  
He's aye for ill, and he's no for good.  
Mang the braw hills o Airly

8 'Where hae ye been hunting a' day,  
And where have ye stolen this fair may?  
I the braw nights sae airly

9 'She is my sick sister dear,  
New cond home from another sister.'  
I the braw nights sae early

10 'O,' says the lady, 'if ye love me,  
Gie him a penny fee and let him gae.'  
I the braw nights sae early

11 He's gane home to her father's bower,

12 'Where is the lady o this ha?'  
'She's out wi the young maids, playing at the  
ba.'  
I the braw nights so early

13 'No,' says another, 'she's riding oer the moor,  
And a' to be Earl Brand's whore.'  
I the braw nights so early

14 The king mounted fifteen weel armed men,  
A' to get Earl Brand taen.  
I the braw hills so early

15 The lady looked over her white horse mane :  
'O Earl Brand, we will be taen.'  
In the braw hills so early

16 He says, If they eome one by one,  
Ye'll no see me so soon taen.  
In the braw hills so early

17 So they came every one but one,  
And he has kill'd them a' but ane.  
In the braw hills so early

18 And that one came behind his back,  
And gave Earl Brand a deadly stroke.  
In the braw hills of Airly

19 For as sair wounded as he was,  
He lifted the lady on her horse.  
In the braw nights so early

20 'O Earl Brand, I see thy heart's bluid !'  
'It's but the shadow of my searlet robe.'  
I the braw nights so early

21 He came to his mother's home ;

22 She looked out and cryd her son was gone,  
And a' for the sake [of] an English loon.

23 'What will I do wi your lady fair ?'

'Marry her to my eldest brother.'  
The bravest knight i Airly

21<sup>1</sup>. to her. 21<sup>1</sup>, 22 are written as one stanza.

## I

A stall-copy lent me by Mrs Alexander Forbes, Liberton, Edinburgh.

1 'Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she said,  
'And draw to your arms so bright;  
Let it never be said a daughter of yours  
Shall go with a lord or a knight.'

2 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And draw to your armour so bright;  
Let it never be said a sister of yours  
Shall go with a lord or a knight.'

3 He looked over his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,  
And her father that lov'd her tenderly.

4 'Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he  
said,  
'And hold my steed in thy hand,  
That I may go fight with your seven brethren  
bold,  
And your father who's just at hand.'

5 O there she stood, and bitter she stood,  
And never did shed a tear,  
Till once she saw her seven brethren slain,  
And her father she lov'd so dear.

6 'Hold, hold your hand, William,' she said,  
'For thy strokes are wondrous sore;  
For sweethearts I may get many a one,  
But a father I neer will get more.'

7 She took out a handkerchief of holland so  
fine  
And wip'd her father's bloody wound,  
Which ran more clear than the red wine,  
And forked on the cold ground.

8 'O chuse you, chuse you, Margret,' he said,  
'Whether you will go or bide !'  
'I must go with you, Lord William,' she said,  
'Since you've left me no other guide.'

9 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
And they slowly both rode away.

10 Away they rode, and better they rode,  
Till they came to yonder sand,  
Till once they came to yon river side,  
And there they lighted down.

11 They lighted down to take a drink  
Of the spring that ran so clear,  
And there she spy'd his bonny heart's blood,  
A running down the stream.

12 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
'For I fear that you are slain ;'  
'T is nought but the shade of my scarlet  
clothes,  
That is sparkling down the stream.'

13 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
And slowly they rode away.

14 Ay they rode, and better they rode,  
Till they came to his mother's bower ;  
Till once they came to his mother's bower,  
And down they lighted there.

15 'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
And make it saft and fine,  
And lay my lady close at my back,  
That I may sleep most sound.'

16 Lord William he died eer middle o the night,  
Lady Margret long before the morrow ;  
Lord William he died for pure true love,  
And Lady Margret died for sorrow.

17 Lord William was bury'd in Lady Mary's kirk,  
The other in Saint Mary's quire ;  
Out of William's grave sprang a red rose,  
And out of Margret's a briar.

18 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad fain been near ;  
And by this you may ken right well  
They were twa lovers dear.

105 b. D. 10. For Kinlock (twice) read Kinloch ; and read I, 330.

The stanza cited is found in Kinloch MSS., VII, 95 and 255.

107 b. There is possibly a souvenir of Walter in Suſil, p. 105, No 107. A man and woman are riding on one horse in the mountains. He asks her to sing. Her song is heard by robbers, who come, intending to kill him and carry her off. He bids her go under a maple-tree, kills twelve, and spares one, to carry the booty home.

### 9. The Fair Flower of Northumberland.

P. 111 a. B b, as prepared by Kinloch for printing, is found in Kinloch MSS., VII, 105.

Add: F. 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland,' Gibb MS., No 8.

117.

### F

Gibb MS., No 8: 'The Fair Flower o Northumberland,' from Jeannie Stirling, a young girl, as learned from her grandmother.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 She stole the keys from her father's bed-head,  
O but her love it was easy won!  
She opened the gates, she opened them wide,  
She let him out o the prison strong.
- 2 She went into her father's stable,  
O but her love it was easy won!  
She stole a steed that was both stout and  
strong,  
To carry him hame frae Northumberland.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 3 'I'll be cook in your kitchin,  
Noo sure my love has been easy won!  
I'll serve your own lady with hat an with  
hand,  
For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'
- 4 'I need nae cook in my kitchin,  
O but your love it was easy won!  
Ye'll serve not my lady with hat or with hand,  
For ye maun gae back to Northumberland.'

- 5 When she gaed hame, how her father did ban!  
'O but your love it was easy won!  
A fair Scottish girl, not sixteen years old.  
Was once the fair flower o Northumber-  
land!'

### 10. The Twa Sisters.

Page 118 b. K is found in Kinloch MSS., VII, 256.  
Add: V. 'Benorie,' Campbell MSS. II, 88.

W. 'Norham, down by Norham,' communicated by Mr Thomas Lugton, of Kelso.

X. 'Binnorie,' Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 7, one stanza.

Y. Communicated to Perey by Rev. P. Parsons, April 7, 1770.

119 a. Note \*, first line. Read: I, 315.

120 a, first paragraph. "A very rare but very stupid modern adaptation, founded on the tradition as told in Småland, appeared in Göteborg, 1836, small 8vo, pp 32: Antiquiteter i Thorskinge. Fornminnnet eller Kummel-Ruman, tolkande Systersveket Brollops-dagen." The author was C. G. Lindblom, a Swedish priest. The first line is:

"En Näskonung bodde på Illvedens fjäll."

Professor George Stephens.

120 a. Note \*, lines 3, 4. Read: and in 14, 15, calls the drowned girl "the bonnie miller's lass o Binorie," meaning the bonnie miller o Binorie's lass.

124 a, last paragraph. A drowned girl grows up on the sea-strand as a linden with nine branches: from the ninth her brother carves a harp. "Sweet the tone," he says, as he plays. The mother calls out through her tears, So sang my youngest daughter. G. Tillemann, in Livona, ein historisch-poetisches Taschenbuch, Riga u. Dorpat, 1812, p. 187, Ueber die Volkslieder der Letten. Dr R. Kohler points out to me a version of this ballad given with a translation by Bishop Carl Chr. Ulmann in the Dorpater Jahrbücher, II, 404, 1834, 'Die Lindenharfe,' and another by Pastor Karl Ulmann in his Lettische Volkslieder, übertragen, 1874, p. 199, No 18, 'Das Lied von der Jung-ten.' In the former of these the brother says, Sweet sounds my linden harp! The mother, weeping, It is not the linden harp; it is thy sister's soul that has swum through the water to us; it is the voice of my youngest daughter.

124 b, first paragraph. In Bohemian, 'Zakletá deera,' 'The Daughter Cursed,' Erben, 1864, p. 466 (with other references); Moravian, Suſil, p. 143, No 146. Dr R. Kohler further refers to Peter, Volksthümliches aus Österreichisch-Schlesien, I, 209, 'Die drei Spielente;' Meinert, p. 122, 'Die Erle;?' Vernaleken, Almensagen, p. 289, No 267, 'Der Ahornbaum.'

125 b. Add to the citations: 'Le Siſſet enchanté,' E. Cosquin, Contes populaires lorrains, No 26, Romania, VI, 565, with annotations, pp 567 f; Kohler's Nachträge in Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie, II, 350 f; Engelin u. Lahn, Der Volksmund in der Mark Brandenburg, I, 105, 'Dia 3 Brüöder;' Sebillot, Littérature orale de la Haute Bretagne, p. 220, Les Trois Frères, p. 226, 'Le Siſſet qui parle.' (Kohler.)

132. I. 104. Read: for water.

K. Say: Kinloch MSS., VII, 256.

12. And I'll gie the hail o my father's land.  
 2. The first tune that the bonnie fiddle playd,  
   'Hang my sister Alison,' it said.  
 3. 'I wad gie you.'  
 136 a. **R b.** Read: Lanarkshire.

## V

Campbell MS., II, 88.

1 There dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
   Benorie, O Benorie  
   The youngste o them was the fairest flower.  
   In the merry milldams o Benorie

2 There cam a wooer them to woo,  
   . . . . .

3 He's gien the eldest o them a broach and a real,  
   Because that she loved her sister weel.  
   At etc.

4 He's gien the eldest a gay penknife,  
   He loved the youngest as dear as his life.  
   At etc.

5 'O sister, O sister, will ye go o'er yon glen,  
   And see my father's ships coming in?'  
   At etc.

6 'O sister dear, I darena gang,  
   Because I'm feard ye throw me in.'  
   The etc.

7 'O set your foot on yon sea stane,  
   And was yeer hands in the sea foam.'  
   At etc.

8 She set her foot on yon sea stane,  
   To wash her hands in the sea foam.  
   At etc.

9 . . . . .  
   But the eldest has thrown the youngest in.  
   The etc.

10 'O sister, O sister, lend me your hand,  
   And ye' se get William and a' his land.'  
   At etc.

11 The miller's daughter cam out clad in red,  
   Seeking water to bake her bread.  
   At etc.

12 'O father, O father, gae fish yeer mill-dam,  
   There's either a lady or a milk-[white] swan.'  
   In etc.

13 The miller cam out wi his lang cleek,  
   And he cleekit the lady out by the feet.  
   From the bonny milldam, etc.

14 Ye wadna kend her pretty feet,  
   The American leather was sae neat.  
   In etc.

15 Ye wadna kend her pretty legs,  
   The silken stockings were so neat tied.  
   In etc.

16 Ye wadna kend her pretty waist,  
   The silken stays were sae neatly laced.  
   In etc.

17 Ye wadna kend her pretty face,  
   It was sae prettily preend o'er wi lace.  
   In etc.

18 Ye wadna kend her yellow hair,  
   It was sae besmeared wi dust and glar.  
   In etc.

19 By cam her father's fiddler fine,  
   And that lady's spirit spake to him.  
   From etc.

20 She bad him take three taits o her hair,  
   And make them three strings to his fiddle sae  
   rare.  
   At etc.

21 'Take two of my fingers, sae lang and sae  
   white,  
   And make them pins to your fiddle sae neat.'  
   At etc.

22 The ae first spring that the fiddle playd  
   Was, Cursed be Sir John, my ain true-love.  
   At etc.

23 The next spring that the fiddle playd  
   Was, Burn burd Hellen, she threw me in.  
   The etc.

## 2, 3. In the MS. thus :

There came . . .  
 Benorie . . .  
 He's gien . . .  
 At the merry . . .  
 Because that . . .  
 At the merry . . .

## 8, 9. In the MS. thus :

She set . . .  
 Benorie . . .  
 To wash . . .  
 At the . . .  
 But the eldest . . .  
 The bonny . . .

From 18 on, the burden is

, O Benorie, O Benorie.

8 He could not catch her by the waist.  
 For her silken stays they were tight laced.

9 But he did catch her by the hand,  
 And pulled her poor body unto dry land.

10 He took three taets o her bonnie yellow hair,  
 To make harp strings they were so rare.

11 The very first tune that the bonnie harp  
 played  
 Was The eldest has cuisten the youngest away.

## X

Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 7.

I see a lady in the dam,  
 Binnorie, oh Binnorie  
 She shenes as sweet as ony swan.  
 I the bonny milldams o Binnorie

## W

Communicated by Mr Thomas Lugton, of Kelso, as sung by an old cotter-woman fifty years ago; learned by her from her grandfather.

1 Ther were three ladies playing at the ba,  
 Norham, down by Norham  
 And there cam a knight to view them a'.  
 By the bonnie mill-dams o Norham

2 He courted the eldest wi diamonds and rings,  
 But he loved the youngest abune a' things.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
 And pull my poor body unto dry land.'

4 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your glove,  
 And you shall have my own true love!'

5 'Oot cam the miller's daughter upon Tweel,  
 To carry in water to bake her bread.'

6 'Oh father, oh father, there's a fish in your  
 dam;  
 It either is a lady or a milk-white swan.'

7 'Oot cam the miller's man upon Tweel,  
 And there he spied a lady lying dead.'

## Y

Communicated to Percy, April 7, 1770, and April 19, 1775, by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, near Ashford, Kent: "taken down from the mouth of the spinning-wheel, if I may be allowed the expression."

1 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 Hey down down dery down  
 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 And the bough it was bent to me  
 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 And he had daughters one, two, three.  
 I'll prove true to my love,  
 If my love will prove true to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

2 He gave the eldest a gay gold ring,  
 But he gave the younger a better thing.

3 He bought the younger a beaver hat;  
 The eldest she thought much of that.

4 'Oh sister, oh sister, let us go run,  
 To see the ships come sailing along!'

5 And when they got to the sea-side brim,  
 The eldest pushed the younger in.

6 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
 I'll make you heir of my house and land.'

7 'I'll neither lend you my hand nor my glove,  
Unless you grant me your true-love.'

8 Then down she sunk and away she swam,  
Until she came to the miller's mill-dam.

9 The miller's daughter sat at the mill-door,  
As fair as never was seen before.

10 'Oh father, oh father, there swims a swan,  
Or else the body of a dead woman.'

11 The miller he ran with his fishing hook,  
To pull the fair maid out o' the brook.

12 'Wee'll hang the miller npon the mill-gate,  
For drowning of my sister Kate.'

139 a. **K.** I wad give you, is the beginning of a new stanza (as seen above).

141 b. **S.** Read: 1<sup>o</sup>. *MS.*, Orless.

### 11. The Cruel Brother.

P. 141. **B**, **L**. Insert the title, 'The Cruel Brother.' Add: **L**. 'The King of Fairies,' Campbell MSS, II, 19.

**M.** 'The Roses grow sweet aye,' Campbell MSS, II, 26.

**N.** 'The Bride's Testamen.' Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, one stanza.

142 b, second paragraph, lines 5, 6. Say: on the way kisses her arm, neck, and mouth.

Add, as varieties of 'Rizzardo bello':

**B.** 'Luggieri,' Contado aretino, communicated by Giulio Salvatori to the Rassegna Settimanale, Rome, 1879, June 22, No 77, p. 485; reprinted in Romania, XI, 391, note.

**C.** 'Rizzol d'Amor,' Guerrini, Aleuni Canti p. romagnoli, p. 3, 1880.

**D.** 'La Canzóne de Nuccinzé,' Pitré e Salomone-Marino, Archivio per Tradizioni popolari, I, 213, 1882.

143. Slavic ballads resembling 'Graf Friedrich.'

Moravian, Sušil, 'Něst'astna svatba,' 'The Unhappy Wedding,' No 89, c, d, pp 85 f. A bridegroom is bringing home his bride; his sword slips from the sheath and wounds the bride in the side. He binds up the wound, and begs her to hold out till she comes to the house. The bride can eat nothing, and dies in the night. Her mother comes in the morning with loads of cloth and feathers, is put off when she asks for her daughter, reproaches the bridegroom for having killed her; he pleads his innocence.

Servian, Karadshitch, I, 309, No 421, 'Jani and Milenko,' belongs to this class, though mixed with portions of at least one other ballad ('Earl Brand'). Milenko woos the fair Jani, and is favored by her mother and by all her brothers but the youngest. This brother goes hunting, and bids Jani open to nobody while he is away, but Milenko carries her off on his horse. As they are riding over a green hill, a branch of a tree catches in Jani's dress. Milenko attempts to cut the branch off with his knife, but in so doing wounds Jani in the head. Jani binds up the wound, and they go on, and presently meet the youngest brother, who hails Milenko, asks where he got the fair maid, discovers the maid to be his sister, but bids her Godspeed. On reaching his mother's house, Milenko asks that a bed may be prepared for Jani, who is in need of repose. Jani dies in the night, Milenko in the morning. They are buried in one grave; a rose is planted over her, a grape-vine over him, and these intertwine, "as it were Jani with Milenko."

143 b, after the first paragraph. A pallikar, who is bringing home his bride, is detained on the way in consequence of his whole train leaving him to go after a stag. The young man, who has never seen his bride's face, reaches over his horse to give her a kiss; his knife disengages itself and wounds her. She begs him to staunch the blood with his handkerchief, praying only to live to see her bridegroom's house. This wish is allowed her; she withdraws the handkerchief from the wound and expires. Dozon, Chansons p. bulgares, 'Le baiser fatal,' p. 270, No 49.

143 b, sixth line of the third paragraph. Read: 'Lord Randal.'

144 a, line 4. 'Catarina de Lió;' in Milt, Romancierillo Catalan, 2d ed., No 307, p. 291, 'Trato feroz,' seven versions.

Line 15. Cf. Bladé, Poésies p. de la Gascogne, II, 51.

144 b, first paragraph. A mother, not liking her son's wife, puts before him a glass of mead, and poison before the wife. God exchanges them, and the son drinks the poison. The son makes his will. To his brother he leaves four black horses, to his sister four cows and four calves, to his wife a house. "And to me?" the mother asks. "To you that big stone and the deep Danube, because you have poisoned me and parted me from my beloved." Susil, 'Matka travička,' pp 154, 155, No 157, two versions.

144 b, second paragraph. 'El testamento de Amelia,' No 220, p. 185, of the second edition of Romancierillo Catalan, with readings of eleven other copies, **A-F**, **A-F**. In **B**, only have we an ill bequest to the mother. After leaving her mother a rosary, upon the mother's asking again, What for me? the dying lady says, I will leave you my chopines, clogs, so that when you come downstairs they may break your neck.

There are testaments in good will also in 'Elveskud,' Grundtvig, No 47, IV, 836 ff, **L** 11, 15, **M** 17, **O** 17-19.

151.

## L

Campbell MSS, II, 19.

1 There were three ladies playing at the ba,  
With a hey and a lilly gay  
When the King o Fairies rode by them a'.  
And the roses they grow sweetie

2 The foremost one was clad in blue;  
He askd at her if she'd be his doo.

3 The second of them was clad in red;  
He askd at her if she'd be his bride.

4 The next of them was clad in green;  
He askd at her if she'd be his queen.

5 'Go you ask at my father then,  
And you may ask at my mother then.

6 'You may ask at my sister Ann,  
And not forget my brother John.'

7 'O I have askd at your father then,  
And I have askd at your mother then.

8 'And I have askd at your sister Ann,  
But I've quite forgot your brother John.'

9 Her father led her down the stair,  
Her mother eombd down her yellow hair.

10 Her sister Ann led her to the cross,  
And her brother John set her on her horse.

11 'Now you are high and I am low,  
Give me a kiss before ye go.'

12 She's lootit down to gie him a kiss,  
He gave her a deep wound and didna miss.

13 And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,  
And he has stabbitt her to the heart.

14 'Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
'I think our bride looks pale an wan.'

15 'Ride up, ride up,' says the middle man,  
'I see her heart's blude trinkling down.'

16 'Ride on, ride,' says the Fairy King,  
'She will be dead lang ere we win hame.'

17 'O I wish I was at yonder cross,  
Where my brother John put me on my horse.'

18 'I wish I was at yonder thorn,  
I wad curse the day that ere I was born.'

19 'I wish I was at yon green hill,  
Then I wad sit and bleed my fill.'

20 'What will you leave your father then ?'  
'The milk-white steed that I ride on.'

21 'What will you leave your mother then ?'  
'My silver Bible and my golden fan.'

22 'What will ye leave your sister Ann ?'  
'My good lord, to be married on.'

23 'What will ye leave your sister Pegg ?'  
'The world wide to go and beg.'

24 'What will you leave your brother John ?'  
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'

25 'What will you leave your brother's wife ?'  
'Grief and sorrow to end her life.'

*Burden in all but 1, 2, 13, lilly hey; in 16, 17, 18,  
spring sweetie; in 22, smell sweetie.*

## M

Campbell MSS, II, 26.

1 There was three ladies playing at the ba,  
With a hay and a lilly gay  
A gentleman cam amang them a'.  
And the roses grow sweet aye

2 The first of them was clad in yellow,  
And he askd at her gin she'd be his marrow.

3 The next o them was clad in green;  
He askd at her gin she'd be his queen.

4 The last o them [was] clad in red;  
He askd at her gin she'd be his bride.

5 'Have ye asked at my father dear ?  
Or have ye asked my mother dear ?'

6 'Have ye asked my sister Ann ?  
Or have ye asked my brother John ?'

7 'I have asked yer father dear,  
And I have asked yer mother dear.'

8 'I have asked yer sister Ann,  
But I've quite forgot your brother John.'

9 Her father dear led her thro them a',  
Her mother dear led her thro the ha.'

10 Her sister Ann led her thro the eloss,  
And her brother John stabbed her on her  
horse.'

11 'Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'

12 'Ride up,' cries the bonny bridegroom,  
'I think the bride be bleeding.'

13 'This is the bludy month of May,  
Me and my horse bleeds night and day.'

14 'O an I were at yon green hill,  
I wad ly down and bleed a while.'

15 'O gin I was at yon red cross,  
I wad light down and corn my horse.'

16 'O an I were at yon kirk-style,  
I wad lye down and soon be weel.'

17 When she cam to yon green hill,  
Then she lay down and bled a while.

18 And when she cam to yon red cross,  
Then she lighted and eorned her horse.

19 'What will ye leave your father dear?'  
'My milk-white steed, which cost me dear.'

20 'What will ye leave your mother dear?'  
'The bludy clothes that I do wear.'

21 'What will ye leave your sister Ann?'  
'My silver bridle and my golden fan.'

22 'What will ye leave your brother John?'  
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'

23 'What will ye leave to your sister Pegg?'  
'The wide world for to go and beg.'

24 When she came to yon kirk-style,  
Then she lay down, and soon was weel.'

15<sup>1</sup>. green cross.  
17<sup>2</sup>. bleed.

## N

Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, January 1, 1830, No 4.

Then out bespak the foremost priest :  
Wi a heigh ho and a lilly gay  
I think she's bleedin at the breast.  
The flowers they spring so sweetly

## 12. Lord Randal.

P. 151.

B. Add : Kinloch MSS, VII, 89.

D. Read : a. 'Lord Randal,' Minstrelsy, etc. b. 'Lord Randal,' Campbell MSS, II, 269.

I. Add : h. Communicated by Mr George M. Richardson. i. Communicated by Mr George L. Kittredge.

K. b. Insert after Popular Rhymes : 1826, p. 295. Add : d. 'The Crowdlin Don,' Kinloch MSS, I, 184.

Add : F. 'Lord Ronald, my son,' communicated by Mr Macneath, of Edinburgh.

Q. 'Lord Randal,' Pitcairn's MSS, III, 19.

R. 'Little wee toorin dow,' Pitcairn's MSS, III, 13, from tradition.

153 a. I failed to mention, though I had duly noted them, three versions of 'L'Avvelenato,' which are cited by Professor D'Aneona in his *Poesia popolare Italiana*, pp 106 ff.

D. The Canon Lorenzo Panciatichi refers to the ballad in a 'Cicalata in lode della Padella e della Frittura,' recited at the Crusca, September 24, 1656, and in such manner as shows that it was well known. He quotes the first question of the mother, "Dove andastù a cena," etc. To this the son answered, he says, that he had been poisoned with a roast eel; and the mother asking what the lady had cooked it in, the reply was, In the oil pot.

E. A version obtained by D'Aneona from the singing of a young fellow from near Pisa, of which the first four stanzas are given. Some verses after these are lost, for the testament is said to supervene immediately.

F. A version from Lecco, which has the title, derived from its burden, 'De lu cavalieri e figliu de re,' A. Trifone Nutricati Briganti, Intorno ai Canti e Racconti popolari del Leccese, p. 17. The first four stanzas are cited, and it appears from these that the prince had cooked the eel himself, and, appropriately, in a gold pan.

154 a. first paragraph. F is given by Meltzl, Acta Comparationis, 1880, column 113 f, in another dialect.

154 b. Magyar. The original of this ballad, 'A megégett János,' 'Poisoned John' (as would appear, in the Székler idiom), was discovered by the Unitarian Bishop Kriza, of Klausenburg, and was published by him in J. Arany's 'Koszoru,' in 1861. It is more exactly translated by Meltzl in the Acta Comparationis

Litterarum Universarum, 1880, vii, columns 30f, the original immediately preceding. Aigner has omitted the second stanza, and made the third into two, in his translation. The Szekler has ten two-line stanzas, with the burden, Ah, my bowels are on fire! Ah, make ready my bed! In the second stanza John says he has eaten a four-footed crab; in the sixth he leaves his elder brother his yoke of oxen; in the seventh he leaves his team of four horses to his younger brother. Also translated in Ungarische Revue, 1883, p. 139, by G. Heinrich.

**B.** another Szekler version, taken down by Meltzl from the mouth of a girl, is in seven two-line stanzas, with the burden, Make my bed, sweet mother! 'János,' Acta, cols 140f, with a German translation. John has been at his sister-in-law's, and had a stuffed chicken and a big cake. At his elder sister's they gave him the back of the axe, bloody stripes. He bequeaths to his elder sister remorse and sickness; to his sister-in-law six oxen and his wagon; to his father illness and poverty; to his mother kindness and beggary.

156 b, second paragraph. Polish: add Roger, p. 66, No 119. Add further: Little Russian, Golovatsky, Part I, pp. 206, 207, 209, Nos 32, 33, 35. Masovian, Kozłowski, No 14, p. 52, p. 53. (Sacharov, IV, 7 = Ćelakovský, III, 108.)

157 a, second paragraph. Kaden translates Nannarelli, p. 52. (Köhler.)

157 b. Italian **A** is translated by Evelyn Carrington in The Antiquary, III, 156 f. **D** also by Freiligrath, II, 226, ed. Stuttgart, 1877.

158 a. **B.** Found in Kinloch MSS, VII, 89. The sixth stanza is not there, and was probably taken from Scott, **D**.

160 a. **D.** Read: **a.** Minstrelsy, etc. **b.** Campbell MSS, II, 269.

163 a. **I.** Add: **h.** By Mr George M. Richardson, as learned by a lady in Southern New Hampshire, about fifty years ago, from an aged aunt. **i.** By Mr George L. Kittredge, obtained from a lady in Exeter, N. H.

164 a. **K.** Insert under **b**, after Scotland: 1826, p. 295. Add: **d.** Kinloch MSS, I, 184.

164 b. **K** 6<sup>2</sup>. Read: head and his feet.

165.

## P

Communicated by Mr Macbeth, of Edinburgh, as derived from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, formerly of Airds of Kells, now (January, 1883) of Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire, who learned it more than fifty years ago from Mary Williamson, then a nurse-maid at Airds.

1 'Where hae ye been a' day, Lord Ronald, my son?

Where hae ye been a' day, my handsome young one?'

'I've been in the wood hunting; mother, make my bed soon,

For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

2 'O where did you dine, Lord Ronald, my son?

O where did you dine, my handsome young one?'

'I dined with my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,

For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

3 'What got you to dine on, Lord Ronald, my son?

What got you to dine on, my handsome young one?'

'I got eels boiled in water that in heather doth run,

And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

4 'What did she wi the broo o them, Lord Ronald, my son?

What did she wi the broo o them, my handsome young one?'

'She gave it to my hounds for to live upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

5 'Where are your hounds now, Lord Ronald, my son?

Where are your hounds now, my handsome young one?'

'They are a' swelled and bursted, and sae will I soon,

And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

6 'What will you leave your father, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your father, my handsome young one?'

'I'll leave him my lands for to live upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

7 'What will you leave your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your brother, my handsome young one?'

'I'll leave him my gallant steed for to ride upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

8 'What will you leave your sister, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your sister, my handsome young one?'  
'I'll leave her my gold watch for to look upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

9 'What will you leave your mother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What will you leave your mother, my handsome young one?'  
'I'll leave her my Bible for to read upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

10 'What will you leave your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your sweetheart, my handsome young one?'  
'I'll leave her the gallows-tree for to hang upon,  
It was her that poisoned me ;' and so he fell down.

Q

Pitcairn's MSS, III, 19. "This was communicated to me by my friend Patrick Robertson, Esq., Advocate,\* who heard it sung by an old lady in the North Country; and though by no means enthusiastic about popular poetry, it struck him so forcibly that he requested her to repeat it slowly, so as he might write it down." Stanzas 2-5 "were very much similar to the set in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and were not taken down."

1 'O whare hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?  
O whare hae ye been, my handsome young man?'  
'Oer the peat moss mang the heather, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

6 'What leave ye to your father, Lord Randal, my son?  
What leave ye to your father, my handsome young man?'  
'I leave my houses and land, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

7 'What leave ye to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What leave ye to your brother, my handsome young man?'  
'O the guid milk-white steed that I rode upon,  
For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

8 'What leave ye to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What leave ye to your true-love, my handsome young man?'  
'O a high, high gallows, to hang her upon,  
For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

## R

Pitcairn's MSS, III, 11. "From tradition: widow Stevenson."

1 'Whare hae ye been a' day, my little wee toorin dow ?'  
'It's I've been at my grandmammy's; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

2 'And what did ye get frae your grandmammy, my little wee toorin dow ?'  
'It's I got a wee bit fishy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

3 'An what did ye do wi the banes o it, my little wee toorin dow ?'  
'I gied it to my black doggy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

4 'An what did your little black doggy do syne, my little wee toorin dow ?'  
'He shot out his head, and his feet, and he died; as I do, mammy, now.'

\* Afterwards a judge, with the name of Lord Robertson, but universally known as Peter Robertson, celebrated for his wit and good fellowship as well as his law, friend of

Scott, Christopher North, and Lockhart; "the Paper Lord, Lord Peter, who broke the laws of God, of man, and metre." Mr Macnath's note.

## S

Communicated to Percy by Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, near Ashford, Kent, April 19, 1775: taken down by a friend of Mr Parsons "from the spinning-wheel, in Suffolk."

1 'Where have you been today, Randall, my son ?'

Where have you been today, my only man ?'

'I have been a hunting, mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, fain wond lie down.

Dear sister, hold my head, dear mother, make my bed,

I am sick at the heart, fain wond lie down.'

2 'What have you eat today, Randal, my son ?'

What have you eat today, my only man ?'

'I have eat an eel; mother, make,' etc.

3 'What was the colour of it, Randal, my son ?'

What was the colour of it, my only man ?'

'It was neither green, grey, blue nor black,  
But speckled on the back; make,' etc.

4 'Who gave you eels today, Randal, my son ?'

Who gave you eels today, my only man ?'

'My own sweetheart; mother, make,' etc.

5 'Where shall I make your bed, Randal, my son ?'

Where shall I make your bed, my only man ?'

'In the churebyard; mother, make,' etc.

6 'What will you leave her then, Randall, my son ?'

What will you leave her then, my only man ?'

'A halter to hang herself; make,' etc.

166 a. Insert after C :

D. b. Disordered : b 1 = a 1 ; b 2 = a 4 ; b 3 =  
a 5<sup>1-2</sup> + a 2<sup>3-4</sup>; b 4 = a 3 ; a 2<sup>1-2</sup>, 5<sup>3-4</sup>, are  
wanting.

b. 1<sup>3</sup>, been at the hunting.

3<sup>2</sup>, I fear ye've drunk poison.

3<sup>3</sup> = a 2<sup>3</sup>, I supd wi my auntie.

4<sup>1-2</sup> = a 3<sup>1-2</sup>, your supper.

*This copy may be an imperfect recollection of a.*

166 b.

I. h. Four stanzas only, 1, 2, 6, 7.

1<sup>2</sup>, my own little one.

1<sup>4</sup>, at the heart . . . and fain.

6<sup>1</sup>, will you leave mother.

7<sup>1</sup>, will you leave grandma. 7<sup>2</sup>, a rope.

k. Seven stanzas.

1<sup>3</sup>, to see grandmother.

1<sup>4</sup>, sick at heart, and fain.

2<sup>2</sup>, Striped eels fried.

3 = a 6, d 5, h 3.

3<sup>1-2</sup>, Your grandmother has poisoned you.

3<sup>3</sup>, I know it, I know it.

4 = a 6, 4<sup>1-2</sup>, would you leave mother.

5 = a 8, b 9, h 7.

5<sup>1-2</sup>, would you leave sister.

5<sup>3</sup>, A box full of jewels.

6 = a 7; 7 = a 8.

6<sup>1-2</sup>, would you leave grandmother.

6<sup>3</sup>, A rope for to hang her.

7<sup>1-2</sup>, O where shall I make it.

K. Add after c :

d. 1<sup>1</sup>, my bonnie wee crowdin, and always.

2<sup>1</sup>, frae your stepmither.

2<sup>2</sup>, She gied me a bonnie wee fish, it was baith  
black and blue.

5<sup>1</sup>, my ain wee dog.

6<sup>1</sup>, And whare is your ain wee dog.

6<sup>2</sup>, It laid down its wee headie and deed,  
And sae maun I do nou.

Q. "The second, third, fourth, and fifth stanzas were very much similar to the set Lord Ronald, in Scott's Border Minstrelsy, and as Mr Robertson was hurried he did not take down the precise words." MS. p. 21.

Ronald is changed to Randal in 6, 7, but is left in 8.

R. Written in four-line stanzas.

13. Edward.

P. 168 a, first paragraph. Add : Swedish E. Aminson, Bidrag till Södermanlands Kulturstoria, III, 37, eight stanzas. Nine stanzas of Finnish B are translated by Schott, Acta Comparationis, 1878, IV, cols 132, 133. The murder here is for wife-seduction, a peculiar and assuredly not original variation.

168 b. B is translated by Adolph von Marées, p. 27; by Graf von Platen, II, 329, Stuttgart, 1847; after Herder into Magyar, by Dr Karl von Szász.

14. Babylon; or, The Bonnie Banks o  
Fordie.

P. 172 a. Swedish. Professor George Stephens points me to two localized prose outlines of the story, one from Småland, the other from Skane; 'Truls och hans barn,' in the Svenska Fornminne-förbundens Tidskrift, II, 77f.

15. Leesome Brand.

P. 179 a. Swedish. II. Add : I, 'Risa lill,' Wigstrom, Folkdiktning, II, 28.

180 a, lines 25, 26. Read : **A, G, M, X.**

181 a. **German.** Add : **D,** ‘Der Ritter und seine Geliebte,’ Ditzfurth, Deutsche Volks- und Gesellschaftslieder des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts, p. 11, No. 13. (Kohler.)

181 b. **French.** **C.** A still more corrupted copy in Poésies populaires de la France, III, fol. 143, ‘La fausse morte.’ **D.** Fol. 215 of the same volume, a very pretty ballad from Périgord, which has lost most of the characteristic incidents, but not the tragic conclusion.

182 b, first paragraph. A similar scene, ending happily, in I Complementi della Chanson d’Huon de Boredaux, pubblicati da A. Graf, pp 26 ff. (Kohler.)

183 b, stanzas 27, 28. Compare :

Modhren lärde sonnenn sinn:  
‘Sküler tu diur och sküler tu råå;

‘Sküler tu diur och sküler tu råå,  
Then salige hindenn lätt tu gå!'

‘Den fortrollade Jungfrun,’ Arwidsson, II, 260, No 136, **A** 1, 2.

### 17. Hind Horn.

P. 187. **F.** Insert the title ‘Young Hyndhorn.’

**G.** Insert: Kinloch MSS, VII, 117.

192. Dr Davidson informs me that many years ago he heard a version of ‘Hind Horn,’ in four-line stanzas, in which, as in ‘Horn et Rymenbild’ and ‘Horn Childe and Maiden Rinnild,’ Horn took part in a joust at the king’s court,

An young Hind Horn was abune them a’.

He remembers further only these stanzas :

‘O got ye this o the sea sailin,  
Or got ye t’o the lan?  
Or got ye t’o the bloody shores o Spain,  
On a droont man’s han?’

‘I got na’t o the sea sailin,  
I got na’t o the lan,  
Nor yet upo the bloody shores o Spain,  
On a droont man’s han.’

193 b (2). Add : ‘Herr Lovmand,’ Kristensen, I, 136, No 52.

194. A corrupt fragment of a ballad, ‘Der Bettler,’ in Schroer’s Ausflug nach Gottschee, p. 210 f (Kohler), retains features like ‘Hind Horn.’ The beggar comes to a wedding, and sits by the stove. The bride kindly says, Nobody is thinking of the beggar, and hands him a glass of wine. He says, Thanks, fair bride; thou wast my first wife. Upon this the bridegroom jumps over the table, crying, Bachelor I came, and bachelor will go.

The Epirots and Albanians have a custom of betrothing or marrying, commonly in early youth, and of then parting for a long period. A woman was lately (1875) buried at Iannina who, as the archbishop boasted in the funeral discourse, had preserved her fidelity to a husband who had been separated from her thirty years. This unhappy usage has given rise to a distinct class of songs. Dozon, Chansons populaires bulgares, p. 294, note.

195 b (5). The German popular rhymed tale of Henry the Lion is now known to have been composed by the painter Heinrich Gotting, Dresden, 1585. Germania, XXVI, 453, No 527.

198 a, to first paragraph. For the marvellous transportation in these stories, see a note by Liebrecht in Jahrbücher für rom. u. eng. Literatur, III, 147. In the same, IV, 110, Liebrecht refers to the legend of Hugh of Halton, recounted by Dugdale in his Antiquities of Warwickshire, II, 646, ed. of 1730, and Monasticon Anglicanum, IV, 90 f, ed. 1823 (and perhaps in Dugdale’s Baronage of England, but I have not found it there). Hugo is another Gerard: the two half-rings miraculously unite. (Kohler.) See, also, Landau on Torello, ‘Der Wunderritt,’ Quellen des Dekameron 1884, pp 193–218.

198 b, third paragraph. Other versions of ‘Le Retour du Mari’: Fleury, Littérature Orale de la Basse-Normandie, p. 288; E. Legrand, Romania, X, 374, also from Normandy.

A ballad of the nature of ‘Le Retour du Mari’ is very popular in Poland: Kolberg, No 22, pp 224 ff, some dozen copies; Wojecki, I, 287; Wojecki, II, 311 = Kolberg’s c; Lipiński, p. 159 = Kolberg’s i; Konopka, p. 121, No 20; Kozłowski, No 5, p. 35, p. 36, two copies. In Moravian, ‘První milujejší,’ ‘The First Love,’ Sušil, No 135, p. 131. The general course of the story is that a young man has to go to the war the day of his wedding or the day after. He commits his bride to her mother, saying, Keep her for me seven years; and if I do not then come back, give her to whom you please. He is gone seven years, and, returning then, asks for his wife. She has just been given to another. He asks for a fiddle [pipe], and says he will go to the wedding. They advise him to stay away, for there will be a disturbance. No, he will only stand at the door and play. The bride jumps over four tables, and makes a courtesy to him on a fifth, welcomes him and dismisses the new bridegroom.

199 a, end of the first paragraph. I forgot to mention the version of Costantino, agreeing closely with Camarda’s, in De Rada, Rapsodie d’un poema albanese raccolte nelle colonie del Napoletano, pp 61–64.

200. A maid, parting from her lover for three years, divides her ring with him. He forgets, and prepares to marry another woman. She comes to the nuptials, and is not known. She throws the half ring into a cup, drinks, and hands the cup to him. He sees the half ring, and joins it to his own. This is my wife, he says. She delivered me from death. He annuls his

marriage, and espouseth the right woman. Miklosisch, Ueber die Mundarten der Zigeuner, IV. Märchen u. Lieder, 15th Tale, pp 52–55, at the end of a story of the class referred to at p. 401 f. (Köhler.)

A personage appeared at Magdeburg in 1348 in the disguise of a pilgrim, asked for a cup of wine from the archbishop's table, and, in drinking, dropped into the cup from his mouth the seal ring of the margrave Waldemar, supposed to have been long dead, but whom he confessed or avowed himself to be. Kloden, Diplomatische Geschichte des für falsch erklärten Markgrafen Waldemar, p. 189 f. (Köhler.)

A wife who long pursues her husband, lost to her through spells, drops a ring into his broth at the feast for his second marriage, is recognized, and they are happily re-united : The Tale of the Hoodie, Campbell, West Highland Tales, I, 63–66.

In a pretty Portuguese ballad, which has numerous parallels in other languages, a long-absent husband, after tormenting his wife by telling her that she is a widow, legitimates himself by saying: Where is your half of the ring which we parted? Here is mine: 'Bella Infanta,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 11, 14, Braga, Cantos p. do Archipelago Açoriano, p. 300; 'Dona Infanta,' 'Dona Catherina,' Braga, Romancero Geral, pp 3 f. 7.

See, further, for ring stories, Wesselofsky, Nene Beiträge zur Geschichte der Salomonsgage, in Archiv für Slavische Philologie, VI, 397 f.; Hahn, Nengriechische Märchen, No. 25.

The cases in which a simple ring is the means of recognition or confirmation need, of course, not be multiplied.

200 a, line twenty-four. For Alesha read Alysha.

205. **G.** In Kinloch MSS, VII, 117. After "from the recitation of my niece, M. Kinlear, 23 August, 1826," is written in pencil "Christy Smith," who may have been the person from whom Miss Kinlear derived the ballad, or another reciter. Changes are made in pencil, some of which are written over in ink, some not. The printed copy, as usual with Kinloch, differs in some slight respects from the manuscript.

## I

a. From the recitation of Miss Jane Webster, formerly of Airds of Kells, now of Dalry, both in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, December 12, 1882. b. From Miss Jessie Jane Macmath and Miss Agnes Macmath, nieces of Miss Webster, December 11, 1882; originally derived from an old nurse. Communicated by Mr Macmath, of Edinburgh.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 She gave him a gay gold ring,  
Hey lilelu and how lo lan  
But he gave her a far better thing.  
With my hey down and a hey diddle downie

2 He gave her a silver wan,  
With nine bright laverocks thereupon.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 Young Hynd Horn is come to the lan,  
There he met a beggar man.

4 'What news, what news do ye betide?'  
'Na news but Jeanie's the prince's bride.'

5 'Wilt thou give me thy begging weed?  
And I'll give thee my good grey steed.'

6 'Wilt thou give me thy auld grey hair?  
And I'll give ye mine that is thrice as fair.'

7 The beggar he got on for to ride,  
But young Hynd Horn is bound for the bride.

8 First the news came to the ha,  
Then to the room mang the gentles a'.

9 'There stands a beggar at our gate,  
Asking a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.'

10 'I'll ga through nine fires hot  
To give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's  
sake.'

11 She gave him the drink, and he dropt in the  
ring;  
The lady turned baith pale an wan.

12 'Oh got ye it by sea, or got ye it by lan?  
Or got ye it off some dead man's han?'

13 'I got it not by sea, nor I got it not by lan,  
But I got it off thy milk-white han.'

14 'I'll cast off my dress of red,  
And I'll go with thee and beg my bread.'

15 'I'll cast off my dress of brown,  
And follow you from city to town.'

16 'I'll cast off my dress of green,  
For I am not ashamed with you to be seen.'

17 'You need not cast off your dress of red,  
For I can support thee on both wine and  
bread.'

18 'You need not cast off your dress of brown,  
For I can keep you a lady in any town.'

19 'You need not cast off your dress of green,  
For I can maintain you as gay as a queen.'

207 b. Add : **F.** 1<sup>2</sup>, 71, 9<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>, Hyndhorn.

208. **I.** b. 1-3, 6, 8, 10, 14, 16-19, *wanting*.

*Burden 2:* Wi my hey-dey an my hey  
deedle downie.

51. O gie to me your aul beggar weed.

11. She gave him the eup, and he dropped  
in the ring :  
O bmt she turned pale an wan !

*Between 11 and 12:*

O whaur got e that gay gold ring ?

• • • •

13<sup>2</sup>. your ain fair han.

15. O bring to me my dress o broun,  
An I'll beg wi you frae toun tae toun.

216 a. Sir Orfeo has been lately edited by Dr Oscar Zielke : Sir Orfeo, ein englisches Feenmärchen aus dem Mittelalter, mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen, Breslau, 1880.

## 20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 218. **D.** b. Kinloch MSS, VII, 23. Insert again at p. 221.

**F.** a. Also in Motherwell's MS., p. 514. Insert again at p. 222.

**I.** a. Also in Motherwell's MS., p. 475. Insert again at p. 223.

Add : **N.** 'The Loch o the Loanie,' Campbell MSS, II, 264.

219 b. Add to the German versions of 'The Cruel Mother.' **M.** Pater Amand Baumgarten, Aus der volksmassigen Ueberlieferung der Heimat : IX, Geburt, Heirat, Tod, mit einem Anhang von Liedern, p. 140, [Das ausgesetzte Kind.] **N.** A. Schlosser, Deutsche Volkslieder aus Steiermark, p. 336, No 306, 'Der alte Halter und das Kind' (not yet seen by me). (Kohler.)

220 a. A ballad of Slavic origin in Nesselmann's Littauische Volkslieder, No 380, p. 322, resembles the German and Wendish versions of 'The Cruel Mother,' with a touch of 'The Maid and the Palmer,' (G. L. Kittredge.)

220 b, line 7. Read : Hausschatz.

225.

**N**

Campbell MSS, II, 264.

1 As I lookit oer my father's castle wa,  
All alone and alone O  
I saw two pretty babes playng at the ba.  
Down by you green-wood sidie

2 'O pretty babes, gin ye were mine,'  
Hey the loch o the Loanie  
'I would clead ye o the silk sae fine.'  
Down by that green-wood sidie

3 'O sweet darlings, gin ye were mine,'  
Hey the loch o the Loanie  
'I would feed ye on the morning's milk.'  
Down by that green-wood sidie

4 'O mither dear, when we were thine,'  
By the loch o the Loanie  
'Ye neither dressd ns wi silk nor twine.'  
Down by this green-wood sidie

5 'But ye tuke out your little pen-knife,'  
By, etc.  
'And there ye tuke yer little babes' life.'  
Down by the, etc.

6 'O mither dear, when this ye had done,'  
Alone by, etc.  
'Ye unkirtled yersel, and ye wrapt us in 't.'  
Down by the, etc.

7 'Neist ye houkit a hole forntent the seen,'  
All alone and alone O  
'And tearless ye stappit your little babes in'  
Down by the, etc.

8 'But we are in the heavens high,'  
And far frae the loch o the Loanie  
'But ye hae the pains o hell to d[r]ie.'  
Before ye leave the green-wood sidie

226 a. **C.** Cunningham, as Mr Macmath has reminded me, has made this stanza a part of another ballad, in Cromek's Remains, p. 223.

231. **Catalan.** The Romancero Catalan, in the new edition, p. 10, No 12, 'Magdalena,' gives another version, with the variations of eight more copies, that of the Observaciones being now **C.**

232. Add : **Italian.** Iye, Canti popolari istriani, p. 366, No 11, 'S. Maria Maddalena.' Mary's father, dying, left her a castle of gold and silver, from which

one day she saw Jesus pass. She wept a fountain of tears to wash his feet, and dried his feet with her tresses. Then she asked for a penance. She wished to go into a cave without door or windows, sleep on the bare ground, eat raw herbs, and drink a little salt water; and this she did. In 'La Maddalena,' Guerrini, Alzuni C. p. romagnoli, p. 7, there is no penance.

## 22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 236 a. Spanish. Milá's new edition, Romance-rillo Catalan, No 31, 'El romero acusado de robo,' pp. 36-38, adds six copies, not differing in anything important. In C, the youth, un estudiant, n'era ros com un fil d'or, blanqu com Santa Catarina.

I may note that Thomas Becket stands by his votaries when brought to the gallows as effectually as St James. See Robertson, Materials, etc., I, 369, 471, 515, 524.

238. Note † should have been credited to R. Kohler.

238 b, second paragraph. Professor George Stephens informs me that the miracle of the cock is depicted, among scenes from the life of Jesus, on an *antependium* of an altar, derived from an old church in Slesvig, and now in the Danish Museum. Behind a large table sits a crowned woman, and at her left stands a crowned man, who points to a dish from which a cock has started up, with beak wide open. At the queen's right stands an old woman, simply clad and leaning on a staff. This picture comes between the Magi announcing Christ's Birth and the Massacre of the Innocents, and the crowned figures are judged by Professor Stephens to be Herod and Herodias. Who the old woman should be it is not easy to say, but there can be no connection with St James. The work is assigned to the last part of the fourteenth century.

239. Most of the literature on the topic of the restoration of the roasted cock to life is collected by Dr R. Kohler and by Ferdinand Wolf, in *Jahrbücher für romanische u. englische Literatur*, III, 58 ff, 67 f. Dr Kohler now adds these notes: The miracle of St James, in Hermann von Fritslar's *Heiligenleben*, Pfeiffer's *Deutsche Mystiker des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts*, I, 168 f; Hahn, *Das alte Passional* (from the Golden Legend), p. 223, v. 47-p. 225, v. 82; Lutolf, *Sagen, Branche und Legenden aus Lucern*, u. s. w., p. 367, No. 334; von Alpenburg, *Deutsche Alpensagen*, p. 137, No. 135; Sepp, *Althayerischer Sagenschatz*, pp. 652 ff, 656 f.

239 b. Three stone partridges on a buttress of a church at Mühilhausen are thus accounted for. In the early days of the Reformation a couple of orthodox divines, while waiting dinner, were discussing the prospect of the infection spreading to their good city. One of them, growing warm, declared that there was as much chance of that as of the three partridges that were roasting in the kitchen taking flight from the spit. Immediately there was heard a fluttering and a cooing in the region

of the kitchen, the three birds winged their way from the house, and, lighting on the buttress of Mary Kirk, were instantly turned to stone, and there they are. Thüringen und der Harz, mit ihren Merkwürdigkeiten, u. s. w., VI, 20 f. (Kohler.)

240 a. The monk Andrius has the scene between Judas and his mother as in *Cursor Mundi*, and attributes to Greek writers the opinion that the roasted cock was the same that caused Peter's compunction. Musasia, *Sulla legenda del legno della Croce*, Sitz. Ber. der phil.-hist. Classe der Wiener Akad., LXIII, 206, note. (Kohler.)

“About the year 1850 I was on a visit to the rector of Kilmeen, near Clonakilty, in the county of Cork. My friend brought me to visit the ruins of an old castle. Over the open fireplace in the great hall there was a stone, about two or three feet square, carved in the rudest fashion, and evidently representing our Lord's sufferings. There were the cross, the nails, the hammer, the scourge; but there was one piece of sculpture which I could not understand. It was a sort of rude semi-circle, the curve below and the diameter above, and at the junction a figure intended to represent a bird. My friend asked me what it meant. I confessed my ignorance. ‘That,’ said he, ‘is the cock. The servants were boiling him for supper, but when the moment came to convict the *apostol* he started up, perched on the side of the pot, and astonished the assembly by his salutation of the morning.’” Notes and Queries, 5th series, IX, 412 a. (Kohler.)

A heathen in West Gothland (*Vestrogothia*) had killed his herdsman, Torsten, a Christian, and was reproached for it by Torsten's wife. Pointing to an ox that had been slaughtered, the heathen answered: Tam Torstennum tuum quem sanctum et in celis vivere existimas, plane ita vivum credo prout hunc hoven quem in frusta caeciliendum conspicis. Mirum dictu, vix verba finiverat, cum e vestigio bos in pedes se erexit vivus, stupore omnibus qui adstabant attonitus. Quare sacellum in loco codem erectum, multaque miracula, presertim in pecorum curatione, patrata. Ioannis Vastovii *Vitis Aquilonia, sive Vita Sanctorum regni Sweo-gothici emend. et illustr.* Er. Benzelius filius, Upsalie, 1708, p. 59. (Kohler.)

240 b. Man begegnet auf alten Holzschnitten einer Abbildung von Christi Geburt, welche die dabei stehenden Thiere erklärt werden soll. Der Hahn auf der Stange krahet da: *Christus natus est!* der Ochse brüllt mit überschreitender Stimme drein: *Uhi?* und das Lämmlein bläheret die Antwort: *Bethlehem!* Roehholz, Alemannisches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel aus der Schweiz, p. 69 f. (Kohler.)

241 a. Wer sind die ersten Vorboten Gottes? Der Hahn, weil er kraht, “Christ ist geboren.” Der Tauber, weil er ruft, “Wo?” Und der Ziegenbock, weil er schreit, “Z Bethlehem.” Pater Amand Baumgarten, *Ans der volksmässigen Ueberlieferung der Heimat*, I, Zur volkstümlichen Naturkunde, p. 94. (Kohler.) Hahn: Kikeriki! Gott der Herr lebt!

Ochs : Wo? Wo?

Geiss : Muh! zu Bethlehem!

Sinroek, Das deutsche Kinderbuch, 2d ed., p. 173, No 519; 3d ed., p. 192, No 787. (Kohler.)

Quando Christo nascen disse o gallo; *Jesus-Christo e ná . . . á . . . á . . . do* (nádo). J. Leite de Vasconcellos, *Tradições populares de Portugal*, p. 148, No 285 b.

242. Note. Add : W. Creizenach, Judas Ischarioth in Legende und Sage des Mittelalters, in Paul and Braune's Beiträge, II, 177 ff.

## 25. Willie's Lyke-Wake.

P. 217 b. Add : E. 'Willie's Lyke-Wake.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 51. b. Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 122.

249 b. Swedish. Add: D. Aminson, Bidrag till Södermanlands Kulturlistoria, II, 18.

French. 'Le Soldat au Convent,' Victor Smith, *Vieilles Chansons recueillies en Velay et en Forez*, p. 24, No 21, or Romania, VII, 73; Fleury, *Littérature Orale de la Basse Normandie*, p. 310, 'La Religieuse'; *Poésies populaires de la France*, III, fol. 289, fol. 297. A soldier who has been absent some years in the wars returns to find his mistress in a convent; obtains permission to see her for a last time, puts a ring on her finger, and then "falls dead." His love insists on conducting his funeral; the lover returns to life and carries her off.

249 b. A. Magyar. The ballad of 'Handsome Tony' is also translated by G. Heinrich, in *Ungarische Revue*, 1883, p. 155.

The same story, perverted to tragedy at the end, in Golovatsky, II, 710, No 13, a ballad of the Carpathian Russians in Hungary.

250. Dr R. Kohler points out to me a German copy of A. B. C., which I had overlooked, in Schröer, Ein Ausflug nach Gottschee, p. 266 ff., 'Hansel junct.' The mother builds a mill and a church, and then the young man feigns death, as before. But a very cheap tragic turn is given to the conclusion when the young man springs up and kisses his love. She falls dead with fright, and he declares that since she has died for him he will die for her. So they are buried severally at one and the other side of the church, and two bly stocks are planted, which embrace "like two real married people;" or, a vine grows from one and a flower from the other.

252. This is the other form referred to at p. 217 a.

## E

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 51. b. Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 122.

1 · If my love loves me, she lets me not know,  
That is a dowie chance;

I wish that I the same could do,

Tho my love were in France, France,  
Tho my love were in France.

2 · O lang think I, and very lang,

And lang think I, I true;  
But lang and langer will I think  
Or my love o me rue.

3 · I will write a broad letter,

And write it sae perfite,  
That an she winna o me rue,  
I'll bid her come to my lyke.'

4 Then he has written a broad letter,

And seald it wi his hand,  
And sent it on to his trne love,  
As fast as boy could gang.

5 When she looked the letter upon,

A light laugh then gae she;  
But ere she read it to an end,  
The tear blinded her ee.

6 · O saddle to me a steed, father,

O saddle to me a steed;  
For word is come to me this night,  
That my true love is dead.'

7 · The steeds are in the stable, daughter,

The keys are easten by;  
Ye cannot won to-night, daughter,  
To-morrow ye 'se won away.'

8 She has cut aff her yellow locks,

A little aboon her ee,  
And she is on to Willie's lyke,  
As fast as gang could she.

9 As she gaed ower yon high hill head,

She saw a dowie light;  
It was the candles at Willie's lyke,  
And torches burning bright.

10 Three o Willie's eldest brothers

Were making for him a bier;  
One half o it was guude red gowd,  
The other siller clear.

11 Three o Willie's eldest sisters

Were making for him a sark;  
The one half o it was cambrie fine,  
The other needle wark.

12 Out spake the youngest o his sisters,  
As she stood on the fleer:  
How happy would our brother been,  
If ye'd been sooner here!

13 She lifted up the green covering,  
And gae him kisses three;  
Then he lookd up into her face,  
The blythe blink in his ee.

14 O then he started to his feet,  
And thus to her said he:  
Fair Annie, since we're met again,  
Parted nae mair we'se be.

b. "Given with some changes from the way the  
editor has heard it sung."  
2<sup>2</sup>. I trow. 3<sup>1</sup>. But I. 3<sup>2</sup>. That gin.  
7<sup>2</sup>. the night.

### 28. Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane.

P. 256. This ballad is in Pitcairn's MSS., III, 49. It was from the tradition of Mrs Gammel. The last word of the burden is Machey, not May-hay, as in Maidment.

### 29. The Boy and the Mantle.

P. 270 b. If a girl takes a pot of boiling water off the fire, and the pot ceases to boil, this is a sign of lost modesty. Lammert, *Volksmedizin und medizinischer Aberglaube in Bayern*, u. s. w., p. 146.

### 30. King Arthur and King Cornwall.

P. 274. A Galien in verse has been found in the library of Sir Thomas Phillips, at Cheltenham. Romania, XII, 5.

### 31. The Marriage of Sir Gawain.

P. 292 b, last paragraph but one. Add: 'Gorvomb,' Arnason, II, 375, Powell, Icelandic Legends, Second Series, 366, 'The Paunch.' Gorvomb, a monstrous creature, in reward for great services, asks to have the king's brother for husband, and in bed turns into a beautiful princess. She had been suffering under the spells of a step-mother.

### 39. Tam Lin.

P. 335. Add: J. 'Young Tamlane,' Kinloch MSS., V, 391.

335 a. The stanzas introduced into I a were from 'Mr Beattie of Meikledale's Tamlane,' as appears from a letter of Scott to Laidlaw, January 21, 1803. (W. Macmath.)

336 b, third paragraph. Add: Aminson, Bidrag, etc., IV, 6, No 27.

Fourth paragraph, line 9. Read: in it which.

338 a. An old woman is rejuvenated by being burnt to bones, and the bones being thrown into a tub of milk : Ralston, Russian Folk-Tales, p. 59, 'The Smith and the Demon,' Afanasiief, Legendui, No 31, from Dahl's manuscript collection.

356. The following is perhaps the version referred to by Dr Joseph Robertson: see p. 335.

### J

"A fragment of Young Tamlane," Kinloch MSS., V, 391. In Dr John Hill Burton's handwriting, and perhaps from the recitation of Mrs Robertson (Christian Leslie), mother of Dr Joseph Robertson.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 'The night, the night is Halloween,  
Tomorrow's Hallowday,

2 'The night, the night is Halloween,  
Our seely court maun ride,  
Thro England and thro Ireland both,  
And a' the world wide.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'The firsten court that comes ye bye,  
You'll lout, and let them gae ;  
The seconden court that comes you bye,  
You'll hail them reverently.

4 'The thirden court that comes you by,  
Sae weel's ye will me ken,  
For some will be on a black, a black,  
And some will be on a brown,  
But I will be on a bluid-red steed,  
And will ride neist the queen.

5 'The thirden court that comes you bye,  
Sue weel's ye will me ken.  
For I'll be on a bluid-red steed,  
Wi three stars on his crown.

6 'Ye'll tak the horse head in yer hand,  
And grip the bridle fast :  
The Queen o' Elfin will gie a cry,  
"True Tammas is stown awa!"'

7 'And I will grow in your twa hands  
An adder and an eel ;  
But the grip ye get ye'll hold it fast,  
I'll be father to yer chiel.

8 'I will wax in your twa haws  
As hot as any coal ;  
But if you love me as you say,  
You'll think of me and thole.

9 'O I will grow in your twa hands  
An adder and a snake ;  
The grip ye get now hold it fast,  
And I'll be your world's mait.

10 'O I'll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
And out at your gown hem,  
And I'll stand up before thee then  
A freely naked man.

11 'O I'll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
And out at your gown hem,  
And I'll stand before you then,  
But clauithing I'll haе name.

12 'Ye'll do you down to Carden's Ha,  
And down to Carden's stream,  
And there you'll see our seely court,  
As they come riding hame.'

\* \* \* \* \*

13 'It's nae wonder, my daughter Janet,  
True Tammas ye thought on ;  
An he were a woman as he's a man,  
My bedfellow he should be.'



1 The night, the night is Halloween,  
Tomorrow's Hallowday, our seely court  
maun ride,  
Thro England and thro Ireland both,  
And a' the wairld wide.

Cf. A 25, 26; D 16; G 30; I 33, 34.  
8<sup>4</sup>. think and of me thole.

#### 41. Hind Etin.

P. 363, note. Compare, for style, the beginning of  
'Hind Horn' G, H, pp 205, 206.

#### 43. The Broomfield Hill.

P. 393 a, first paragraph. In Gongu-Rólys kvaði, Hammershaimb, Færoiske Kvæder, No 16, p. 140, sts 99-105, Lindlin remains a maid for two nights, and loses the name the third, but the sleep-rune or thorn which should explain this does not occur.

393 b, third paragraph. Add: 'Kurz gefast,' Alfred Müller, Volkslieder aus dem Erzgebirge, p. 90.

#### 45. King John and the Bishop.

P. 410. Translated after Percy's Reliques also by von Marées, p. 7, No 2.

503 a, fifth paragraph (ring stories). Add: W. Freiherr von Tettau, Ueber einige bis jetzt unbekannte Erfurter Drucke, u. s. w., Jahrbücher der königlichen Akademie zu Erfurt, Neue Folge, Heft VI, S. 291, at the end of an excellent article on Ritter Morgeners Wallfahrt. (Kohler.)















